



How would you play
this Auction hand?

A and B are partners, Y and Z are partners.

A holds — Clubs, K, 4; Diamonds, Q, 5, 2; Hearts, J, 10, 9, 7, 2; Spades, 8, 4, 2.
B holds — Clubs, 10, 9, 7, 3; Diamonds, J, 10, 7; Hearts, K, Q, 8; Spades, J, 10, 7.
Y holds — Clubs, 8, 2; Diamonds, A, K, 9, 6, 4, 3; Hearts, 6, 3; Spades, Q, 9, 5.
Z holds — Clubs, A, Q, J, 6, 5; Diamonds, 8; Hearts, A, 5, 4; Spades, A, K, 6, 3.
Z deals and wins the bid with his declaration of One No Trump. A leads Jack of Hearts; Z plays Three of Hearts from dummy. What should B play? What should Z play? How many tricks can Z make in No Trump?
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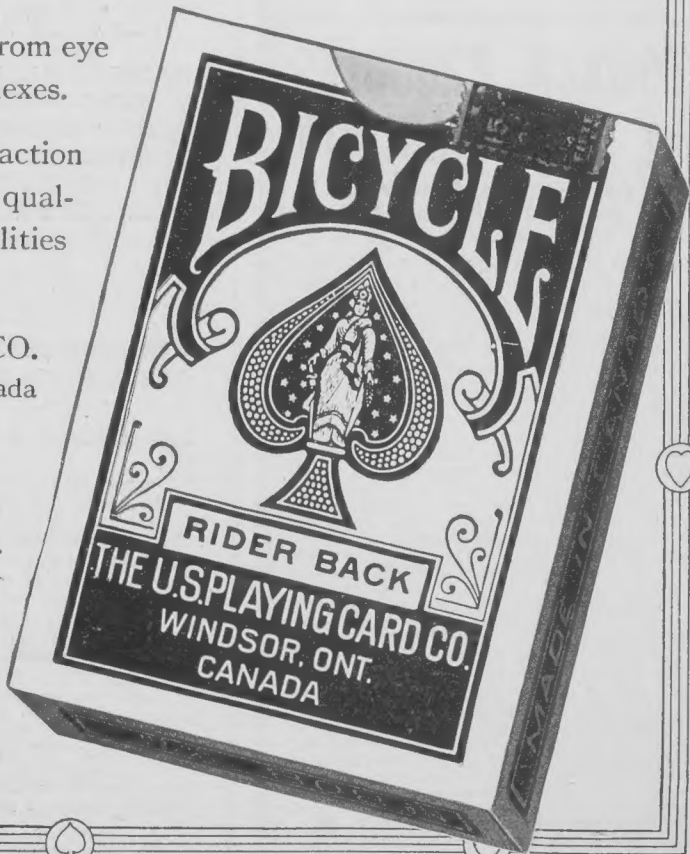
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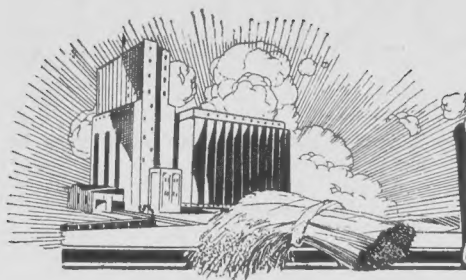
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EDITORIAL



The Law of Self-Abnegation

ON a hill in the wilderness of Judea, the Son of Man saw the road leading from the sea away to the countries in the East, the road, with its caravans bearing untold wealth. He saw also the long road on which armies marched from the North East to the South—from Syria to Egypt. In the distance He could see perhaps the Mountain of Zion with its priest-filled temples and its crowds of worshippers. Would He become Lord of Commerce? No. Would He become King of earthly kings? No. Would He become head of the priestly order? No. He would go back to His little village and go about doing good. He would, in losing His life-opportunity, find it. He would set up a new kingdom. He would inject a new meaning into commerce and a new Spirit into religion. Thus, He made His choice. How wise and noble it was the world can testify.

Suppose His principle were applied to all conditions in life to-day, what would it mean, and how would it work out in practice? In personal life it would mean that giving rather than getting would be the aim of existence. The capitalist would see how much, rather than how little, he could pay his men, and the men would consider how much, rather than how little, they could give in real service. Hasn't experience repeatedly shown that the way of warring is not the way to peace and progress? The street railway always asking for a higher fare still loses money. In Edinburgh, with the fare reduced to a two-cent rate, it pays. This at least is said to be the case. A business man, adding twenty, forty and even a hundred per cent to the price of goods fails hopelessly because he is known to be untrustworthy, but the man who is content with small profit secures the patronage of the people. A money lender charging high rates loses his reputation and his custom, and the little provincial bank with its moderate demand grows in favor. Is it not true in every field that he who is satisfied to lose, is in the end sure to gain?

Will it not be equally true in national affairs? We will not be great in any real sense if our highest aim is to rise on the wrecks of other nations. Just as the man who loses himself in the service of others finds his own realization, so the nation that does most for the advancement of the world at large will in the end realize its highest usefulness. If Canada is to be first among the nations, it is not by struggling to crush others, but by endeavoring to help them. The world has seen exactly what attempts at national self seeking will accomplish. War is damnable. It ruins both him who attacks and him who defends. The surest way for a land to minister to its own growth is to assist other nations to grow. In losing itself a nation will surely find itself.

Sane Democracy

DEMOCRACY has such a chance to-day as it has not had since the golden days of Athens. The larger part of the world is offered to it if it can but take and keep the prize. But if it relies as of old upon mere numbers, if the many use their power to despoil the few, if democracy again follows the tyrants of Asia in yielding to the delusion that wealth which is stolen will continue to be created, if it teaches citizens to look to the State for the support which they have made no serious effort to gain for themselves, then the great experiment will again fail and the new hopes will go the way of the old. But if it strengthens the character of the citizen while asserting his rights, if it insists that there can be no rights without duties, no wealth without industry, no liberty without order, no equality of opportunity except one based upon the inequality of talents, no progress to the new world but by partial acceptance and partial modification of the old, then the good citizen will have his chance and with the aid of hope and time will lay the foundations of the new world.

Preserving the Eyes

MORE than sixty per cent. of young people in America suffer from eyestrain. Among the causes are the poor lighting or over lighting of homes and schools, and the reading habits of the people. Thousands of children every year have to give up study because their eyesight will not permit them to read books. Probably one of the most trying ordeals for young people is to spend an evening at the movies.

One of the duties of every country is to make provision for eyetests of all pupils attending school. It is hardly necessary to say that every care should be taken to ensure good lighting of class-rooms and good printing of all text-books.

Providing for the Needy

THAT there are needy families in every land goes without saying. That the needs in some cases are due to improvidence, extravagance or laziness is beyond dispute. That other cases are unavoidable and pitiful every social worker truly knows. It is to the credit of mankind that whenever there is real need there is willing response on the part of those able to give assistance. As an instance take the City of New York. In 1912 an appeal was made on behalf of the most needy cases, and the sum of \$3,630 was collected. Since then, every Christmas

Canadian Characteristics

IT IS pleasant to think that we can be whatever we think we are. The new psychology teaches this, and being an agreeable thought we just naturally reach out and grasp it. We can bolster our belief with many examples too, and altogether make out a good case. Assuming then, that we can become whatever we think we are, it would be well for us as a young nation to begin to give ourselves certain agreeable characteristics. Let us boldly say we have them already.

We are a loyal people. We are proud of our traditions, our history, our pioneers, with their records of endurance and bravery; we read Canadian books and magazines in preference to all others; we know our own poetry and delight in it; we do not belittle our glorious heritage; we will not give our own country a bad name when we go abroad; we will not even decry our weather; we will declare to the last that although the thermometer is low, we do not feel the cold, and that when it rains we do not mind it; that the wind is invigorating and the hot weather good for the crops; all these things we will say to the last.

We will not be ashamed of our accent; neither will we try to talk like any other people. We will even bring home with us, after a journey across the water, the same accent that went with us. We will try to speak clearly, plainly, gracefully, always, with no aping of other nations; keeping the pure well of the English language, undefiled. It will not hurt our feelings for people to recognize us as Canadians by our speech.

We are a polite and courteous people, especially to strangers. We will always be ready to give true directions to motorists, to help them out of mud holes; to lend them gas in time of emergency; to make them welcome, in a hundred ways:—We will do more. We will nag at our own governments until splendid highways are established, so that mud holes are unknown, and excellent road maps are available, so that no stranger can lose his way. We will make our "Welcome Stranger" signs mean something. We will be so polite and neighborly, and pleasant that the tourists who come in the summer will decide to come back, and live with us forever.

We will be—no I mean we are—an open minded people, eager to learn, ready to be taught, with the windows of our Soul, as someone said, always open toward heaven. We will always remember that the unforgivable mental sin, is the closed mind. We will eagerly learn of other nations, without prejudice; we will read at least one American newspaper regularly, and one from England, and try to get our neighbor's point of view to the end that we may understand them more clearly and love them better.

All these things we will claim for our own, so confidently that they will become our own.

Rellie L. McClung

the Times has given detailed statements showing the circumstances of the neediest hundred families. At Christmas 1923, the sum contributed was \$175,085. This sum went to put 1,200 people on their feet. In other cities even greater things have been done. Winnipeg, by consolidating its budget for philanthropic institutions has been able to put all of them on a sound financial footing, but it has in addition raised through private effort a great amount for the support of needy families. That community which best cares for its needy enjoys life most. There is nothing in the world that pays such dividends as sharing comforts with others.

The Priceless Heritage

IN his review of the biographies of two great self-made men, viz: George Cadbury and Robert C. Ogden, Mr. P. W. Wilson has something to say about the great text-book which they both studied so jealously and which became part of their lives.

Speaking first of the men themselves, he says:—"The Archbishop of Canterbury does not know his Bible better than did George Cadbury, and perhaps not as well. And in Philadelphia the gallery of the Sunday School at Holland Church was usually crowded with visitors anxious to hear Ogden's twenty-minute address. These men were laymen. But they had their parish. The insufferable superiorities of mere wealth were counteracted in that case by achievement in a less material field."

Speaking of the Book itself, their inspiration and guide, and model of good speech these are his words:—

"For the Bible is not only a shrine in itself; it is a portal. Often I have wandered through a museum or gallery of pictures, or dipped into some book, and have then said to myself how much of it would have been to me ill-understood or unintelligible if I had not known the Bible. It is the Bible that is printed in picture on the Swiss tiles of an old stove. It is the Bible that is carved on a sixteenth century cabinet, that is woven into tapestries now priceless, or delicately chased on some jewelled reliquary. Your Rubens, and your Rembrandt, your Durer and your Giotto, yes, and your Sargent, when he painted prophets for Boston instead of portraits for Britain, leave you far behind, unless you know your Bible. The Bible may be read to-day but briefly and badly in our Protestant Churches, but go outside among the poets and artists who have lasted and you will find into what best company this literature leads (or educates) you. For anything except the good it spoils the palate. It is an acid test of the merely ephemeral. But it is a genuine preservative of what ought to endure. It was in the Bible that John Bunyan found the cadences of his Pilgrim's Progress, and John Bright the majestic simplicity of his speeches, and Abraham Lincoln his Gettysburg address. And it is to be doubted whether any statesman, any writer in the countries that speak English, has risen to a real eminence without having, as it were, the Bible in him. Morley may have died an agnostic, but that meant less for him than the fact that he was born and died an evangelical. Whatever in the Bible he rejected he had first known."

And now that because of controversy and disagreement, it is impossible to put this great Book before children in school, it is more imperative that it become more and more the text book of the home and the solace of all individuals in their silent hours of meditation.

Peace

IT is well to recall those words of General Smuts, which were an indictment against European methods of securing peace, and yet no overstatement of truth.

"We are now more than four years from the Peace of Versailles, but there has been no peace yet. The economic and industrial structure of Europe is cracking in all directions. Weariness and despair are sapping the morale of the peoples. Military hysteria is sapping their depleted financial resources. Everywhere you see armed men, everywhere gigantic armies, even among the small new States which cannot possibly afford them. In spite of the disappearance of the German Army there are now almost a million and a half more men under arms than in August, 1914. The black hordes of Africa have been called in to redress the moral and political balance of this mother-continent of civilization. The human principles are everywhere derided and degraded. The standards of living for the peoples are everywhere sinking to lower levels. Famine for large numbers is not far off. Can we continue much longer on this march to destruction, this pilgrimage, this crusade of suicide on which Europe has started?"

Why has European political method brought us to this pass? Because it has failed to learn the lesson which Germany's policy and fate have vainly attempted to teach—that any nation's interest is bound up with the common interest of mankind, and that the pursuit of the latter is the pursuit of the former. If Europe falls to pieces no house will stand, but if any nation wishes to play the role of Samson it is free to make the choice.

The only way out is through the exercise of good-will. It ought to be apparent that further warfare means revolution, and yet there are forces in Europe still urging war and preparing new engines of destruction.

THE LOTUS THRONE

By Ethel Kirk Grayson

IT was snowing cherry blossoms. Pink flakes drifted upon the lacquer bridge, filling every crevice with their delicate, blurred masses, or covering the water beneath with a fairylike brocade. Even the bronze Buddha seemed less formidable than usual, gazing forth with passive, unblinking eyes from the sombre foliage of an overshadowing cryptomeria. I could scarcely believe, that mild February morning, that he was really four hundred years old. I felt so absurdly young and frolicsome myself, so thrilled with the beauty of the Embassy garden, so glad to be alive, so very prone to quarrel with an obsequious peddler of Damascene ware. And perhaps I err in courtesy when I call him a peddler. He was, strictly speaking, a trusted representative of one of Tokyo's large curio stores, situated in the Ginza, and had been sent to me by his firm at my own request. I wanted to select a wedding gift for a cousin in New York.

"You like. Yes, you buy?" He held up a butterfly pendant. He was slender and insinuating, even in the kimono of heavy dark gray silk. His eyes were black, and filled with light, and beneath the olive satin of his skin one was sensible of trained and flexible muscles, crouching like springs of steel.

"No, thanks, Yamara. It doesn't appeal to me. How much will you take for this?" I picked up a gold card-case, etched with black pines, and fingered it lovingly.

"I want—" he smiled and bowed ingratiatingly—"I want eighty yen, Missy. Yes!"

"I know you want it, Yamara, but I asked you what you would take. Please adhere closely to the matter in hand."

My language was not intelligible, so Yamara only bowed and smiled more profusely than ever. "Eighty yen, yes!" he repeated with emphasis.

"You are a humbug, Yamara, and your sole mission in life is to gull the public. Come, now, let's strike a bargain. I'll make it eighty yen if you promise to throw in that darling little Cloisonne vase, the black and ruby one. Will you?"

Yamara, smiling, murmured something about a fixed price.

"Perfect nonsense," I exclaimed vehemently, "there is no such thing as a fixed price in the Orient and you know it as well as I do. Come, now," and I jingled my chatelaine seductively. "Do I get it, or do I not?"

Yamara, still smiling, deliberated. "Yes!" he said at length, "eighty yen! Yes! You get!"

An hour later, at tiffin, I openly gloated over my triumph. Cecil looked at me with amazed, slightly superior British smile. "My dear Aileen! What an insatiable thirst for spoil you do possess! Really, you Americans—"

"My dear Cecil," I interrupted, sweetly, "do you not remember telling me once that the finest stroke of international diplomacy you ever achieved was merely marrying me, and don't you suppose the very best bargain I ever made was that one by which I obtained your worthy self. Reduced after being jilted by Lady Lilian Bankcroft—"

"Aileen, you know I was never actually engaged to the creature."

I couldn't resist a knowing grin. It is such fun to get Cecil going. The last phrase, I may add, a remnant of my Ohio school days. Then, before I had time to say any more, Loki entered with a letter for me.

"Cecil! Whatever do you think. We are to have a visit from Claire Yeomans. Let me see—she sails from Hongkong on the 'Chio Maru'—Good gracious, Cecil, it's due tomorrow."

"Not that woman who talked about the oyster suppers they used to have in the church 'back home', and made such a ridiculous fuss over the Admiral's autograph—"

"Cecil!" I exclaimed "how perfectly stupid of you! Tom Elwood's fiancée!"

"Oh!" with dawning intelligence, "I remember distinctly now. Ripping girl, Claire, a really enchanting girl."

"Yes," I drawled languidly, "although she would look much better if her eyebrows were a trifle darker and her face more animated."

"Ah, quite so," said Cecil quickly, probably recollecting that I have never encouraged him to rave over other women. "I didn't for one instant mean to compare her to you, Old Dear."

Perceiving him to be contrite I immediately waxed cruel. "Don't waste any admiration over Claire, Cecil. She'd only laugh at you, you know, especially since your hair has begun to thin at the temples, and your shoulders get the least bit saggy."

My long-suffering husband looked a shade more bewildered than usual. Then, light breaking over his face, he came around to my chair. And after an interval, "I'll have to send a wire to Tom at once," I remarked, "and invite him to visit us while Claire is here."

Cecil readily assented. Tom has business interests in Kobe, and is an extremely attractive young fellow, I may add. One of your big, broad-shouldered, clear-eyed, muscular men—open as the day, and naive as an April morning. I have always been especially fond of him, and immediately upon receiving his wire of acceptance I instructed the cook to make an extra supply of persimmon chutney, because good old Tom had always raved over it.

IN due season Claire arrived, fragile, slender, dainty chin resolutely tilted. My brother Fred used to say that she had the backbone of a wind flower, and the indomitable mouth of a Major-General. I thought of his words as I kissed her and poured forth effusive greetings. "Dear child! You don't know how perfectly delighted—"

Her hand stiffened. "Who—who is that?" she asked in a highly displeased tone.

"You mean Tom, dear. Just a little surprise I arranged. I thought it would be so nice for you both."

"Quite charming of you, Aileen," she answered coldly, and actually swept by poor old Tom with a toss of her head and a supercilious, "How do you do? I hope you are still enjoying Japan."

I was perfectly aghast. Cecil, attributing this strange behaviour to the very natural shyness of a demure maiden greeting her affianced lover, immediately proceeded to make matters worse by a facetious remark. Mortified beyond words, I finally succeeded in getting everybody bundled into the waiting jinrikushas, (we fancied that Claire would prefer the novelty of the Japanese vehicle to our own official carriage), and presently arrived at the Embassy in a decidedly flustered condition. Why had Tom not informed me of the state of affairs? The idea of placing one's hostess in such a silly predicament!

I directed Airma, my little maid, to conduct Claire to her room, and a few minutes later I followed. Airma was kneeling before a steamer trunk, deftly unpacking the guest's finery. Claire herself was standing outside on the little balcony, gazing over the multitude of flat roofs, and the leaden waters of the bay.

"It is quite different, isn't it?" I ventured. "One writer has compared

it to a pond, with the stiff gray leaves of water-lilies overlapping one another."

"Yes," she said absently. And then, as if in a mood of desperate indignation, "Aileen," she burst forth, "what on earth possessed you to invite Tom Elwood here?"

"My dear Claire! You are the least bit unreasonable, are you not? You were raving over Tom day and night when I saw you last. How was I to know—"

"Well, I'm not raving now," she interrupted coolly, "and it was just like his stupidity to come anyway. I suppose he thought I would fall into his arms the moment I caught sight of him, tearful and repentant. Well, he will find that I am not so vacillating."

"What was it all about, anyway?" I questioned meekly.

Claire appeared slightly nonplussed for a moment, and further enquiries only elicited some vague remarks concerning a girl and a bracelet. Tom had given her a bracelet and begged her never to part with it—Claire, I mean—and she loaned it to another girl to wear on some very particular occasion, and had been even honorable enough to tell him about it in a letter. Tom had behaved frightfully. He had talked about the fickleness of women, and been awfully jealous and horrid—Oh dear, why enumerate the silly details? From the flimsiest of causes had evidently developed the most stubborn of quarrels. Of course Tom was willing to make up (she imparted this fact somewhat grudgingly) and was very sorry for all that had occurred—"you know his big, blue-eyed, sentimental school boy nonsense. Aileen," but Claire, for her part, was determined never to yield, and she was tremendously glad that she had escaped, and nothing in the world would ever permit her to renew the engagement. She ended up with, "I'm truly sorry, dear, you asked him here. He has not delicacy to go away quietly, you see, so I am afraid that my own visit will necessarily have to be shortened. Of course you realize how I feel under the circumstances."

"Quite," I agreed pleasantly, "but we will not let you go until we have initiated you into the beauties of Tokyo, Claire. Come, now, put on your prettiest frock, and prepare to ensnare my husband. He is more than half in love with you already, you know, and I'll promise to take care of Tom."

Claire was very willing to go on with the task of bewitching Cecil—I could see that at a glance. However, all women feel that way about him, and I never worry. He is constructed of steel and is absolutely bomb-proof. And I can assure you, when Claire Yeomans comes dancing into dinner in cornflower blue net embroidered in silver, with a wreath of silver morning-glories in her fair hair, any woman would find comfort in reflecting that her husband's maternal grandfather had been a bishop, and his paternal grandfather an archbishop, and that the entire Meredith family had fairly bristled with distinguished churchmen throughout half a dozen generations.

Claire was pitilessly cruel to Tom. The poor boy looked so crestfallen that I could have shaken her with the greatest of pleasure, though Cecil, when I confided this to him, was idiotic enough to take her part. Poor lad! I suppose

it is not his fault that he belongs to the gullible sex.

At any rate, I did my very best to bring the severed lovers together in the days that ensued, and, I am ashamed to acknowledge it, I proved but a sorry failure. Claire was the soul of perversity. She avoided him, she flouted him, she openly scorned him. And Tom—good, faithful old Tom—held steadfast to his desire of reconciliation as a limpet to a rock. I tried to urge other tactics upon him. I wanted him to be less pliable, less obedient to her slightest nod, less devoted and untiring. Hopeless! A flat and positive defeat! And the "sorrow's crown of sorrow" came in the person of Count Oscar Dreckendorf, a notable guest from Copenhagen.

I will admit that he was attractive. Tall, military, good looking and amiable, a fine linguist, easy in conversation, graceful and polished in manner—what impressionable girl of twenty-two could fail to be captivated by his splendid bearing and dazzling qualities? Poor old Tom! He was lamentably cast into the shade. "If he could only quote from Tagore!" I often groaned aloud, "and if he cared more about old Satsuma, and less about yacht races!"

I just couldn't endure the thought of Tom Elwood's disappointment. He was my brother's chum at Oberlin, and I wore his frat pin over my own heart for two whole days. (That was before I met Cecil.) He was generous and handsome and lovable, and yet Claire Yeomans tossed him aside like a worn glove, and went everywhere with the Count—to Kamakura, to tea-houses and dances and flower exhibitions, to the Imperial theatre, and the picnic at Kameido. I could have forgiven her for the snapshots she had taken with him, in rikushas and sampans, and beneath blossomed cherry trees and temple portals (everyone does that in Japan), but I felt that I could never pardon her for the languishing glances she bestowed upon him, or for the unfeigned happiness which his companionship afforded her. I was furiously annoyed, sixteen hours out of the twenty four, and Cecil, naturally, was the only person upon whom I could vent my real feelings.

"Never mind, Old Dear," he would say with brutal cheerfulness, "better not interfere, you know. She'll probably cool off in time." And then, after a moment's reflection, "Extraordinary thing, Aileen, the way girls are invariably taken in by this heel-clicking business. Continental rot, I say! Tom Elwood, now, is an awfully decent chap—"

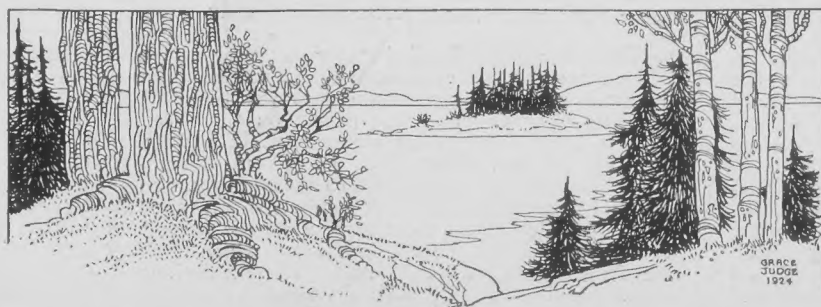
"Don't, Cecil. He's fading away before our very eyes, and I simply can't bear it."

"Oh, he will pull through all right. Aileen. Takes more than a fortnight to dissolve a man of Tom's calibre." And that was all the comfort I could obtain.

TEN days later it fell to my dismal lot to conduct our guests to a ball at the French Embassy, alone and unaided. Cecil, unfortunately, had been summoned to Yokohama two days before, and detained there on pressing business. Oh! the agony of chaperoning an eternal triangle! Claire was inexpressibly lovely that night, in floating, diaphanous robes of palest green, with ropes of filmy pearls, and a cloak of lavender velvet just slipping from her white shoulders. "Spirit of moonlight," I heard the gallant Count whisper, and for the life of me I could not help agreeing with him. The Count himself was even more debonair than usual, while Tom had the hot and embarrassed look of a Freshman attending his first college prom, attired in the variegated miseries of a borrowed dress-suit.

A vivid assemblage thronged the brilliantly lighted ball-room. There were the men who represented great nations, glittering with jewelled orders, and there were resplendent dowagers and deferential under-secretaries; naval

Continued on page 56



THE HOMEWARD TRAIL

By H. Mortimer Batten

"A DOG that won't tackle a fox ain't worth a cuss! I wouldn't give five straws for him."

That was Tom Loam's opinion, his gaze fixed the while on the short-tailed wire-haired young hopeful which shared his unkempt solitude, and unfortunately several people had several times heard him utter it. "That purp," he would pursue, punctuating his sentences by that hard sucking at a burnt-out pipe which so many woodsmen consider essential when special emphasis is needed—"That purp comes of good stock. His mother hunted with the Sinnington five seasons away in England, and when she got too old for that she hunted another five with the Wharfedale otter hounds. A dorg in a thousand she was. His father was the Duke of York—"

But at this juncture Tom's visitors usually prepared for sleep, for they knew that he would carry on with intermittent suckings for another hour and a half. Anyway, Tom was a dog man, so he should know!

Meantime Tom's puppy blundered into the same silly mischief and burnt his nose on the same hot stove with monotonous regularity. Daily he buried his master's huge slippers in the snow, which was about the best thing he could have done with them, and daily he was wallowed for it. Whatever his father and mother might have been, and judging from Rag's appearances they were nothing out of the ordinary, he was just a short-sighted, silly, good-natured back-wood's puppy, entirely lacking in anything suggestive of a gift of profiting by previous and sorrowful experience. Still, the lumbermen at camp No. 7 fully believed, by sheer force of repetition, that Rag was "the goods" so far as hot-stuff copper-bottomed terriers were concerned.

It was the tail end of winter, and things were slack at Camp No. 7. Thus two of the men ran a fox into some boulders while sauntering along the shore of the Etomiami river, and thinking that here was an opportunity for Tom to try his dog, they walled the fox in. Then one of them went for Tom, while the

other mounted guard to make sure that Reynard did not escape.

The man was surprised that Tom showed so little enthusiasm, but anyway, he would come and bring the purp and his gun. The fox was a corpse, sure as little apples. On the way back they called at the camp, and about twenty-seven of "the boys," more remarkable for stubbly chins and broken noses than for any outward and visible signs of boyishness, accompanied them to the place where they had the fox. And on the way back they were again treated to Rag's pedigree, while Rag trotted ahead, carrying a stick and floundering foolishly into every drift.

On arriving there the terrier, with appropriate "ticings" from his master, was introduced into the hole into which the fox had disappeared, and ever ready to oblige he wriggled in as soon as he realized that this was what was required of him. "Now see that fox skit!" muttered Tom, and the atmosphere of expectancy was great.

But the men saw nothing of the sort. What they did see was Rag, emerging tail-foremost a good deal faster than he had entered—and uttering the while a panic-stricken "kia-wa-waw!"

As he emerged it became evident that the fox had bitten him, for his nose was bleeding. It became evident also that he was very much afraid, for with one pitiful look at his master he set off for home at a double, his tail firmly jammed between his legs.

There followed an impressive silence, while everyone looked at Tom. Then a roar of laughter went up, but Tom flushed a pale purple to the tattered brim of his sun-hat. They were laughing at his dog!—which was worse, far worse, than laughing at him. His dog had made a fool of him!—his dog, about which he had blown so much, and on which he had pinned his reputation! Rag had failed—Rag had let him down!

That was the simple truth, and Tom found it unacceptable. The humiliation of the position was, I say, more than he could stand, for he was a dog man. He had taken more pride in that pup than a racehorse owner takes in his most prized thoroughbred.



Rags

"Wall," drawled Tom, with terrible coolness, "I guess you boys is playing a trick on me. There's something more'n a fox in that hole—a wolverine, maybe, or a big husky timber wolf!"

The men then pointed out the fox tracks in the snow, but Tom would not look at them. It was more than any fox, he swore, that scared his dog like that, but, as he spoke, the fox, for no reason whatever, chose to vacate the hole at their very feet, and bolting across the river, was lost to view.

Tom was silent. Words failed him. He was outraged, humiliated, and it was just as well for Rag that he had gone straight home.

"The purp ain't worth a cuss!" one of the men remarked. "He's a throw-back; don't take after his father and mother. It's a pity, Tom. I'll give you two dollars for him."

And Tom, not knowing how to retrieve his dignity, remembering all that he had said—Tom, blind with anger and humiliation, blurted out—"You can have him. He's yours. I ain't no use for a purp like that."

He regretted it a moment after, but there was no going back. All the men

stood listening, watching, and now the man who had made the bid went over and thrust two dollar bills into Tom's hand. He crumpled the notes, and thrust them into his hip pocket as he turned away, his eyes on the ground. As though in a dream he heard the man who had bought Rag say—"I'm going down to Cross Creeks Tuesday, Tom. I'll come along for the purp on Monday afternoon."

Tom was glad to be alone, and he went his homeward way determined to treat Rag to the first real wallowing of his life. As soon as he was out of earshot the man who had bought Rag said to his chums: "You saw that, boys. You heard him agree and saw the money change hands. You can bear witness that there ain't no going back on it."

Of course they could. By the law of the land Rag was their camp-mate's property, but they felt that he had done a low-down thing by trading on old Tom's sense of pride, and they knew, moreover, that he had bought a good little terrier at about a twentieth of its value. Anyway, that was Tom's show, and Tom had been a hasty fool.

When the latter arrived home, he found that Rag had, in the interval, buried a slipper and reduced the other to rags, he did not, for some reason, flay the pup. Instead he sat for some time gazing absently into space; then he called the dog to him, took its little head between his hands, and gazed into its eyes till the pup tired of the proceeding. For Tom loved his dog.

He was a very honest man, but during the next few days he worked out all kinds of schemes by which he could cheat the lumberman and give back the two dollars. Most of them were so obvious that his sense of honesty forbade the carrying of them into effect, but when Monday morning came, Rag cleared up the whole business by simply disappearing. Certainly Tom did not look for him very far, and once or twice, when he found himself whistling, he cut it off short, lest Rag should hear and answer the supposed summons.

Shortly after mid-day the man turned up, and as they came face to face at the threshold, the lie leapt to Tom's lips.

"The purp—" he muttered—"the purp is dead!"

The other man smiled. "That's all right, Tom," he answered, "truth is, he came nosing round our camp early this morning, so I saved trouble by catching him and boxing him up ready for the trip. Thought I'd just let you know."

Again Tom colored. For the first time in his life he had been caught out in a lie, and he turned his face away. "Look here, Bill," he said rather huskily, "truth is, I want to go back on it. You caught me on the raw the other day, and I was a fool to sell the dorg at any price. I'll give you five dollars back for the two you gave me."

The man grinned; rather an unpleasant



He peered round and saw the bear striking at the small white thing, then he got up and shuffled on

THE GREEN REPORTER

By W. R. Bird

THERE were just two men in a smoking compartment of the Western Limited. To look at them one instinctively felt himself in the presence of prosperity and power. An old gentleman, dressed rather plainly, halted at the sight of them, humbly begged their pardon for intruding and went on to the next car firmly convinced that he had blundered into the private car of some millionaire manufacturer or railway president.

One of them, G. Gregory Feltham, was attired in a light grey suit of a cut and material that would run its cost into three figures. A huge diamond, that sparkled and shone with every movement, was set in a tie pin of generous proportions. He was a rather good-looking gentleman with a pink and white complexion and wore gold-rimmed eye-glasses. His stout figure indicated good living and yet—he was a travelling salesman, representing the famous Huntley Oil Burners.

His companion was also wonderfully arrayed. "Solomon in all his glory" did not have much on him, although he was dressed with faultless taste. His exquisitely manicured nails and carefully brushed hair showed scrupulous care. Rather sharp featured, with dark hair and eyes, his appearance suggested a Wall street speculator, but—he was on the road for the same firm. He also discoursed on the value of Huntley Burners.

The train stopped at a small station and a few passengers got aboard.

"Just pipe this jay, will you Gregory?" Munro indicated a young chap who was clambering aboard, awkwardly handling a heavy suitcase.

He was dressed in the clothes of an elderly man, a suit of sober black that did not fit him, obviously, a "ready-made." He wore heavy black shoes and—a loud pattern in hose. But most noticeable of all was his open, frank countenance; fresh as the country air, as innocent as a newborn babe, while the direct gaze of his light blue eyes revealed an implicit trust in the universe. A kind heart instantly felt sympathy for him cast among the cruel spectators of our day.

He cheerfully entered the compartment to the supreme disgust of the negro porter, and was the first person not to be duly impressed with the splendour of its occupants. Setting his suitcase down, he mopped his perspiring brow.

Grinning amiably he spoke. "Mighty hot, isn't it?"

"Yep," said G. Gregory, placing his travelling bag on the seat beside him to prevent the newcomer's presence. "Quite warm. Why didn't you let the porter handle your luggage?"

"Oh! I'm as strong as he is, likely," the youth beamed, "and they generally want ten cents for doing it."

J. Allison snickered outright. "That's right, mister," he said. "Save up your pennies, beside he might have run away with it."

"Are you travelling far?" G. Gregory inquired inquisitively.

"Down to Small River. I get off there."

"Well, so do I. Do you know that country?"

"Not much. Been there once or twice."

"My, you've travelled a lot," J. Allison spoke, admiringly. "What is your line—what do you do?"

The lad, who was still standing as if before a judge, looked up and down, blushing a bit.

"Well," he hesitated, "I never did it before and I've never told anyone, but I'm—I'm—a journalist."

"No, is that so? What paper do you represent?"

"Oh, I took the course from the Author's Guide and I'm sending my stuff to the big city papers."

"Do they pay you well?"

"I—I think so. You see I haven't sent any yet." Then he squirmed desperately as if to avoid further questioning. "What do you chaps do?" he demanded.

G. Gregory took pity on him. "Sit down somewhere," he said, condescendingly. "We travel for the Huntley Burner people and we're out to make a record this trip. They tell me it's good territory down Small River way. It's never been sold. We have a great rival in the National Burner Company and we are going to get over the ground ahead of them. Why don't you take an agency for something? I think it takes a lot of experience to succeed as a journalist."

The youth looked bewildered and disappointed. "Oh, I'm sure I couldn't sell things. Besides I've taken the course. It cost me eighty dollars on the installment plan. I must get something out of it."

"I'm sure you will do as well at writing as anything else," said J. Allison, with an almost perceptible sneer. "Tell me, fellow, what's the best way to get to Hartsville from Small River. It's a swampy district, I believe."

"Yes, not many cars go there. I guess agents generally hire a livery rig."

"How about Mayfield way?" queried G. Gregory, after a pause.

"I don't know much about it," their informant replied, "but I think there is a hotel there."

"Good," laughed G. Gregory. "When are you coming back?"

ahead of me and that was only the mildest of it. Listen! You know me; I'm not easily impressed and I'm no disciple of Sir Oliver Lodge or Conan Doyle, but I want to know a lot. I hired a rig down in the next town to drive across to Hartsville. I'll never travel that road again. It's swampy land and it was late when I got started, but I wanted to catch up to that National man. I'd like to have a look at him. Well, it was a nice warm night, but most awful dark. The stable people told me that the horse would follow the road without me driving at all, so I let him have his head. There's a stretch of about two miles where there's not a clearing. The trees grow close to the ditch on each side. It's a lonesome, weird spot. Well, the horse was jogging along pretty good and I was fighting mosquitoes with both hands, when all at once the nag stopped with a jerk, snorted and started to back. Before I could get hold of the reins—I saw it—within a few yards; two big burning eyes, never winking, looking straight at me, while the tall, white form was swaying back and forth as it came up the road. Before I could do much of anything that confounded horse upset me out. Luckily, the rig didn't go over; but the horse ran away clear back to the stable. I lit in some soft, wet moss. It was inky dark. I

I telephoned back and had to waste a day waiting for my luggage, so I missed sales right along."

"You sure had it rough," said G. Gregory, sympathetically. "But now hear me. I didn't have any visitations from the next world, but I nearly lost my life in a peculiarly horrible fashion. The car I hired broke down and I had to use a team, too. Then my second day out, it was in the forenoon, I cut across lots to a little two by twice shop. I was going by some old geezer's garden when the earth gave way beneath my feet. I dropped into space so quickly that I just managed to clutch some boards. There was an old make-shift covering for the hole—a disused well. Luckily for me the cover jammed about ten feet down or I would not be alive today. Well, I shouted and yelled till I was black in the face. My foot was caught between two sticks and pained me like anything. After a bit, about five minutes of hanging there, I felt like letting go and dropping. My arms were nearly pulled out of joint, when I happened to glance down. I had lost my glasses and you know I'm near sighted, but I could see the dry bottom of the well, about fifteen feet below me and there, coiled up, ready to strike, was the biggest rattlesnake I ever saw. How it got there I don't know; but there it was just waiting. I nearly fainted. I'm not a church man, but I prayed then, if ever I did. By and by, an old chap came to the well and looked down. Such a stupid old rube I never saw. I thought he would never get me out alive. It seemed to take him hours to get rope and help. I would never have been able to hang on, but for that loathsome reptile waiting there below. It makes me sick to think about it. When those chaps did get me out I had to pay them ten bucks for their trouble, but, believe me, I didn't mind. I had to take the day off to make up for it; my nerves were so bad and I feel shaky yet. And then that measly National agent got ahead of me. I saw our reporter friend, too, in Mayfield. He was a little down in the mouth over his first literary adventure and I think it will be his last."

"Yes," J. Allison grinned, faintly. "I saw him too. He said he thought he would try poetry after this trip. I guess the three of us were hoodooed. I don't care what old King Hal says I won't go over that ground again." (King Hal being Harold O'Malley, the president of the Huntley Burner Works.)

JUST at train time the green reporter drove up. Once more he lugged his heavy suitcase on board, but he was grinning from ear to ear again.

"How do you do, fellows," he said, "It's still warm, isn't it?" His companions didn't notice him much for a time. They seemed worried and occupied. Then G. Gregory inquired.

"Get any articles or stories for your paper?"

The amateur writer had another bashful fit. He colored furiously.

"Well, yes, I did get a few items and wrote up a couple of stories. I think they're pretty good. I've got the facts and the names anyway. Likely the papers will fix my story up."

G. Gregory yawned, then idly asked, "What did you get?"

"Oh, there was a chap—I got his name from a cheque he sent to a livery man—lost his horse and hat, then ran about two miles through a swamp road and told some farmers he'd been chased by a ghost. Some young fellow down that way had trapped an owl that was killing chickens. He tied an old shirt to its legs and let it go, just for a joke. I've written it up pretty good and I got the justice of peace to sign it as true."

J. Allison turned several different shades while he was speaking. He was pale and thoughtful for awhile; then he spoke. *Continued on page 55*



In India where water is one of the greatest blessings during the long hot months, the water carrier is called "Bihisti" or "the heaven-sent man." The picture shows two bihistis drawing water from a well.

"Next Saturday, I guess. I've got a flivver at Small River. It's a 1914 model, but I got it cheap."

"Rattling good car, I'll bet," J. Allison broke in.

A little later Small River was reached. It was only a small one-horse place. But it being late in the afternoon, the two travellers decided to put up for the night at the local hotel. They had just registered when they saw—and heard—their late companion go by in an ancient-looking Ford roadster with bright yellow wheels.

"That poor kid ought to have a keeper," said G. Gregory. "It's a shame that those Mail Course sharks are allowed to rob these ginks."

"Yes," J. Allison agreed, "but why in time don't these rubes stick on the farm where they belong? But a sucker like that is bound to get caught wherever he is. Let's go and see what we've got to put up with tonight."

THAT next Saturday the two representatives of the Huntley Oil Burner arrived back at the Small River hotel within a few hours of each other. Somehow they did not look so neat and dressy, while a rather wearied, worn look made them seem older.

"What luck, J. Allison?" asked Gregory.

"The—the—I can't find the words. Of all the miserable, rotten blasted, double dashed," he ground his teeth. "I didn't sell a dozen of those beastly burners the whole week. That smart Alex of the National got over my route

couldn't see a thing, but when I found and felt the road I started out pretty lively, as I figured I was pretty nearly through the woods. Suddenly I heard a great rushing sound; I'm sure the hair stood up on my head and a clammy feeling went through me like an electric current. I ducked my head even, for a soft mantle or cloak brushed my face as the 'thing' went by. It made an awful rustling noise. You can say what you like about spooks, but, man, I saw it and I tell you I felt it. I thought that something would grab me. Honest; I shut my eyes. When I looked there was nothing. It was all I could do to keep my legs moving, but I ran, somehow. I'd lost my hat and I was shivering and sweating by turns. Then came the most plaintive call, like a lost spirit. It paralyzed me. That 'thing' came straight back for me. It seemed to be about ten feet high and such fearful eyes; they glared and glittered. It just missed me again coming so close that it brushed my hair back. I distinctly felt some soft, creepy thing on my skin—ugh! never again!"

"You must have struck some moonshine," said G. Gregory. But J. Allison's expression convinced him that he was telling the truth.

"I'll swear to it, I was perfectly sober. I'll take my chances with anything natural, but this spirit stuff gets me. Well, some way or other I got to a light and told the people, but after hearing my story they wouldn't come outdoors even. But I finally hired a man further on to drive me into Hartsville. Then

A STRONG MAN'S LOVE

By Dorothy Shaw



IT was "Speech Day," and two young prizes and honors, stood apart from men, feeling a little flushed with the animated chattering groups of parents. John Bancroft and Frank Doxey had lost their parents; that accounted probably for their apart attitude.

"No idle time for me," said John Bancroft, "read that, Frank," and he handed his companion a letter. Frank Doxey read, smiled, took out of his own pocket a letter couched in similar terms, "Read that," he rejoined; and John read, threw back his handsome head with an amused laugh. "Shake," said John, and both young men gripped hands.

Great friends were those two. Nature had seemed to equip both mentally alike; for, just as two well-bred horses which pull evenly and step in concerted motion, they too, had stepped up through school and college career shoulder to shoulder; and now fate seemed again to have cast their paths together, for they had both been appointed confidential clerks to an important firm, "Dobson & Wright," who carried on a large and prospering business in sterling silverware at the town of Brentford, situated about twenty miles from the town of Wirksworth in the county of Derbyshire, England. A quaint, pretty town was Wirksworth, with its wonderful old church dating back to the ninth century; its Grammar School built in the fifteenth century; and its narrow streets; and round it was cast a literary glamor, for lovers of great works in literature visited this place, if only to view "Adam Bede's Cottage," famed in George Eliott's work, and it wore, especially on Speech Day, an atmosphere of learning and refinement.

Gradually the college grounds cleared, and, as fond parents passed out, such remarks as, "Ah, yes! Harry is getting down to real hard work," showed that masters had been asked about the progress of boys under their care. "Good-bye," and a black-gowned figure bowed out, smilingly, another group.

Standing within the shadow of two great oak trees, two men in earnest conversation might have been noticed. "It seems almost peculiar," Professor Benson remarked, "the way these two youths have gone mark for mark in almost every subject!"

"Yes," returned the Dean, "they seem inseparable even in their work; but," he went on, "Bancroft to my thinking is of the nobler mould."

"What makes you say that, Dean? You must remember they have missed the training of fond parents."

"Yes, yes! I've watched the development of both natures narrowly and often I've caught an expression on Bancroft's face almost approaching the sublime. Yes, he's got his mother's soul," and the Dean sighed. He could, had he wished, have given the professor then and there the reason for his celibacy.

"But Doxey is a fine fellow, Dean!"

"True, true! I shall still watch their development in business life, as I have followed their school careers. Both fine specimens—both," he said, "but sometimes business and its applications betray traits in character that otherwise would lie dormant."

"Dean, you make me feel sad; let's hope that those two promising characters will blossom into glorious manhood. Ah! here they come; no doubt thinking we are in ignorance of the nature of their correspondence." Both men smiled as Bancroft cried excitedly, "See, sir, Doxey and I have been appointed confidential clerks in that great firm of Dobson & Wright. Is it not a happy coincidence?" Congratulations and hearty handshakes followed, with good wishes for their future prosperity, and the Dean and Professor departed.

BRENTFORD owed its prosperity to the fact that the Midland Railway had centred there. It seemed a veritable bee-hive of human workers.

Its buildings of stone showed fine workmanship, and architecture of an outstanding quality was expressed in imposing business houses, wide streets

large windowed stores, electric running cars and beautiful aged churches; it boasted many schools with a staff of highly efficient teachers—the Nation's character moulders.

To this town came John Bancroft and Frank Doxey, both determined to succeed. Doxey, tall, lean and dark complexioned; eyes just a little too closely set together, showed selfish concentration; his square chin and high cheekbones denoted strong will power—yes, Doxey would get what he wanted. John Bancroft measured six feet in his socks; his handsome head was set on magnificently moulded shoulders; his erect carriage, his firmly moulded chin, with a mouth perhaps a trifle too large for the critical taste of the artist, often fell open in genial smile, and pleasant laughter; fine men both.

The years passed on quickly in a prosperous place; no grass grew under the feet of progress, and Doxey and Bancroft were still the same staunch, true friends. Both were a great success socially; hostesses greeted them in a very friendly manner; they made delightful intelligent guests, and very often were at the same house together. At one of these social events they were both introduced to Mildred Offiler, a beautiful girl. Her father, Mayor Offiler, owned a large brewery and other business concerns. Wealthy, and a widower, he loved his beautiful daughter devotedly. He was favorably impressed with both Doxey and Bancroft. He that both men were made of the stuff that would succeed. He was not aware, however, of the fact that both young men loved his daughter Mildred. Mayor Offiler had often been heard to say that no suitor might approach him who could not give Mildred the comfort and luxury similar to that in which she had been cradled and reared. Prosperous men are apt sometimes to forget their own climbings up the successful ladder; in their assured positions, they ignore the frantic efforts of younger men. Mayor Offiler's prosperity had not dropped into his arms all at once; but relentlessly he viewed young business men's attitude and financial position where Mildred was concerned. Mildred was quite aware of the fact, too, which perhaps accounted for her reticence; which in Bancroft's and Doxey's case only added fuel to the fire of love.

Doxey's love consumed him, his passion almost mastered his discretion. He brooded when alone; he was apt to pace his room in distraught agitation of mind; he lived in dread of another man wooing and winning Mildred. He walked to and fro with clenched hands, muttering, "All's fair in love and war. I must win her—but how?"—and he sank once more into his chair; deep, very deep, in thought.

In another part of the town, John Bancroft paced his room, too, in a similar state of mind. He, too, was repeating that time-worn quotation, but he challenged the quoter. He threw back his head asking: "Is all fair in love and war? Why," he reasoned, "should love be thrown into the same ugly vortex as war? Nay! Love is divine; war of the

devil! If I cannot win Mildred by fair means I will keep my mind clean, if only to view her beautiful body, which is the exquisite casket of a woman's pure soul." The Dean had indeed read aright John Bancroft's character. Yes, he had his mother's soul.

Bancroft and Doxey had risen equally in the firm's estimation, received equal promotion status; and on that hinged their determination to approach Mayor Offiler—and Doxey meant to win her. A rumour went around that he had come into quite a snug fortune, £250,000, and if that were true then Frank Doxey's chances outweighed Bancroft's altogether, for Mayor Offiler would not say "Nay" to a suitor who could boast a fortune of £250,000. Frank Doxey was indeed in luck's way.

The Town of Brentford was *en fete*; flags waved in the soft September air; gay bunting flapped mildly against the stone surfaces of important buildings; flowered garlands spanned the wide streets; the town seemed on the tip-toe of excitement. A large and wonderful public library was to be opened, and a Royal Personage, Prince Henry, had consented to perform the ceremony.

Mayor Offiler had given liberally, very liberally, towards the erection of the library; rare books, old manuscripts, up-to-date literature, everything dealing with literature of a high type would now be within reach of the inhabitants of Brentford. The Prince arrived, formally unlocked the building with the silver key, was banqueted, and returned to the metropolis. But the festivities did not end there; a ball on a magnificent scale was to celebrate the event of the Royal visit. Brentford was on the *qui vive*; a ball of such like proportions had never graced Brentford before. Two men had made up their minds to put their life's happiness to the test—Bancroft and Doxey meant to propose to Mildred Offiler.

IT was a portentous night. The music, dreamy and intoxicating, propelled graceful swaying figures through the enticing waltz. Frank Doxey and Mildred Offiler were partners. His white face showed the strain he laboured under. Perhaps his burning desire affected Mildred, for, under her well-bred demeanour slumbering fires broke forth. Doxey felt the opportune moment had arrived; he drew her arm within his with masterly tenderness, he guided her into the softly lit conservatory, and there amid the palms and sweetly scented flowering shrubs he passionately pleaded his love. Mildred was carried off her feet with his ardent wooing. He told her he could give her the same luxurious home, similar to that of her father's. The last barrier was down and Mildred murmured a tender "Yes" and was swept into Frank Doxey's arms. His fortune had arrived opportunely.

A man shrank back into the shadow of the friendly palms; his nails dug into his flesh, his lips were drawn and white; cautiously he wended his way to the exit. Air! O God! he must have air; the mingled perfume of evergreens and shrubs, and the softly-tinted lights mock-

ed his reeling senses; he staggered into the room for his coat, flung it over his arm, crushed his hat on his head and gained God's outdoors. Air! pure air! He stumbled blindly on; action, bodily exertion and the cool night air steadied John Bancroft's racing pulses and his throbbing brain. The painful throbs of his heart became less heavy and pounding; reason asserted herself. Ah! he was opposite Dobson & Wright's. He remembered some work he could finish; concentration on cold calculation of figures was the tonic he needed. It was nearly eleven, but what matter? Work, work would prove a narcotic—might even prove an anaesthetic—so it did; for as the hour of midnight struck, John stepped out of the office and descended the stairs.

"Good night, Mr. Bancroft," said a voice as he descended.

"Ah! Good night, Williams. Been enjoying yourself tonight?" asked John, for want of something better to say.

"Yes, I've been watching the dancers from the balcony. It's a gay scene, sir; were you there?"

"Yes, but I left early. Good night."

John paused under a street lamp to light his cigar. His hands were not quite steady and it was a few seconds before he succeeded in lighting his fragrant weed. As he drew his first indrawn puff, his eye caught sight of a small glittering object. He stooped and picked it up. So astonished was he that his cigar died out unnoticed. He halted and said to himself: "This! This, almost on the door-step of Dobson & Wright's. What does it mean?" He put it in his pocket and turned his drawn, set face homewards.

DREAD, consternation, confusion, suppressed excitement, fear, pallid fear, was written on the faces of the junior clerks of Dobson & Wright's. Theft! Bald, cold theft! A huge sum of money gone! Detectives had driven the younger members of the staff almost demented, questioning and cross questioning. Almost apologetically the chief of the detective force sought admittance to the office of the two confidential clerks, John Bancroft and Frank Doxey. Although white-faced and strained, Doxey answered all questions satisfactorily. He was at the ball until 2:30 a.m. The detective smiled and became slightly servile in his manner towards Doxey. Impending marriage with the wealthy heiress had already placed Doxey on a superior pedestal. Such were the forces of wealth.

He questioned Bancroft, who answered easily and satisfactorily until he was asked to state the time he had left the ball. He halted slightly and said: "About 10:30 p.m."

"Did you go straight to your apartment?"

"No," answered John shortly.

"Thank you," remarked the detective, minus servile attitude. Then turning to his assistant he said: "Call the janitor in." Williams came. "Did you leave the building on the night of the ball?"

"Yes."

"Where did you go?"

"To the balcony to watch the dancers."

"What time did you leave?"

"About 11:30."

"Did you come straight to the premises?"

"Yes."

"Did you see anyone outside on your way which made you feel suspicious?"

"No."

"As you ascended the stairs did you hear or meet anyone?"

A decided hesitancy marked the manner of the janitor, and a lightning flash from Bancroft's eyes and the janitor's, was mentally marked by the detective. He repeated his question, testily this time:

"Did you meet anyone on your way up?"

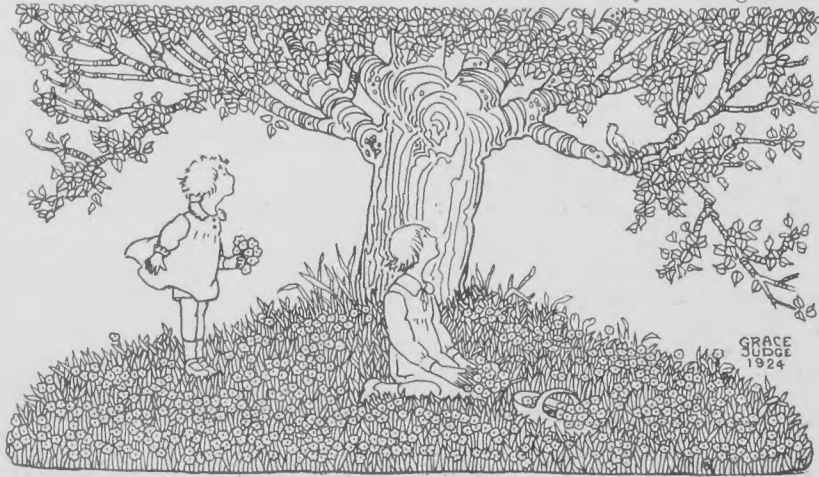
"Yes."

"Whom did you meet?"

"Mr. Bancroft was leaving the office."

"Thanks, you may go."

Continued on page 66



UMINGMUK, King of the Barrens

By Francis Dickie

NARROWER and narrower grew the queer tree-line, the trunks of which, where it stood out upon the tundra, were closer than Nature ever planted. Umingmuk, running first of all the calves, kept close to the old bull now fallen to the rear of the other mature animals from the shortening of his breath and quickly tiring limbs of age. Suddenly Umingmuk went sprawling. He, so sure of foot upon familiar Barren even where it was roughest, had struck an unfamiliar object: a long broken branch from off a spruce tree, left by one of the men in the recent building operations here. So great was Umingmuk's speed, his tripping feet threw him violently forward. His nose and nubs of horns plowed up the brittle moss. By the time he once more got to his feet and into motion, the last of the calves had swept past him and on a score of yards further where the queer forest narrowed even more sharply than before to an opening ten feet wide.

Chagrined by his fall and being distanced by his companions, Umingmuk started to overtake them. The hoofs of his sturdy limbs spurred the tundra in a spurt of speed. Then, with that queer convulsive movement peculiar to an animal stopping short its swiftly moving body when surprised, Umingmuk halted by a mighty effort within ten feet of the narrow opening, across which long poles were being hastily shoved from each side by the fast working Eskimo who had sprung seemingly by magic from among the trees. Not daring to tarry for the belated one for fear of losing all, they feverishly thrust the bars home across the entrance. As they did so the air was rent with bellows, high hoarse throatings from the little herd all trapped save Umingmuk in the cleverly made corral which Buffalo Smith and his Eskimos had built of spruce poles at the end of a gradually narrowing runway cunningly erected during the last six days of preparatory toiling for the round-up.

The day after viewing the herd, having carefully studied the lay of the country, Buffalo Smith and two thirds of his party had made an immense detour about the herd, their movements aided by a favoring wind, and come to near the end of the little trough-like stretch which in its formation so greatly aided the carrying out of their plan. On the Barren, a hundred feet out from the natural tree-line, the spruce stood close-ranked, in places a veritable thicket. Where the trees were slightly wider apart, and where the musk oxen might possibly have tried to go through—though of this Buffalo Smith had little fear if the drive was quietly conducted—posts had been driven, or poles fastened horizontally between natural standing trunks. The runway and corral completed, the party had made a return detour to their camp

Summary of Preceding Chapters

QUIETLY grazing with the rest of the herd in the warm afternoon sun of the Arctic summer, Omu, the mother of Umingmuk and Muktu, the twin musk-oxen calves, was suddenly startled by a scent in the air that she had not experienced for a long time. Many years before as a young calf her herd had been attacked by an Indian band, and never would she forget the terror of that day; the explosion of the rifles, the cries of the suffering animals, the dreadful slaughter that she had so luckily escaped. It was the man-scent she detected in the air today, and though it was very faint, she knew she was not mistaken. To her amazement the rest of the herd were not even uneasy. For five successive days Omu sniffed the air anxiously, but the odor did not come again, and her fears were finally calmed.

Buffalo Smith, the world-famous wild animal hunter, had sought many long weeks for his prize musk-oxen for a large zoological garden in London, England, and great was his satisfaction on the day of Omu's alarming discovery, to sight a herd of musk-oxen on the mossy barrens. Returning to his camp of over a hundred Eskimo men, women and older children, he commenced preparations, founded on long experience with the ways of these animals, for the capture of the herd.

The shallow valley wherein the herd lived was bounded on the north by a series of broken ridges and by the river, with its thick-set tree-line on the south. On the afternoon of the seventh day after Omu had caught the man-scent, the musk-oxen were amazed at the sudden uprising of a line of figures, spread far apart along the north side of the valley, closer together at the western end. Terror-stricken at this confirmation of her fears, Omu snorted a warning to the others, but they, ignorant of their danger and unsuspicious, were more curious than frightened, and followed her lead but slowly. Unhurriedly the herd moved at a walk toward the eastern opening of the valley, unhurriedly advanced the long line of figures. So different were the actions of these quiet people to the panic of that previous experience long ago, that Omu was puzzled, but her distrust remained, and as they continued at their slow pace, a vague dread of some impending danger, a sixth sense, if you will, manifested itself to the herd, and they moved forward more quickly. Suddenly Omu swung sharply to the north where the hunters were farther apart. Followed immediately a sharp signal whistle, the igniting of long strips of oil-soaked moss, and in an instant the barren before the musk-oxen was ablaze. Omu stopped short, wheeled, and led back to the eastern course, the herd following at a rapid trot. Faster and faster they galloped toward the narrow end of the valley, until the calves strung out in a long line behind. Straight down a narrow avenue of trees they rushed, not noticing in their excitement how a new line had sprung up about a dozen yards out on the tundra where trees had never grown before.

and then come down upon the musk ox and without noise or hurried movement headed the herd slowly onward to the runway.

Now staring wide-eyed with terror, Umingmuk, sole survivor remaining free, stood, held frozen to the spot by the scene before him; in the second moment of his standing saw his mother's loved head come crashing against the bars just placed in position, and in quick succession the other cows and the old bull and the young one surge against it and pass on like objects in a whirlpool, rushing madly around and around the circular

enclosure seeking an exit, striking their heads with furious futility against the first line of the triple-ranked spruce poles driven into the tundra to the frost-line and reinforced by cross-pieces at the top, and with tons of boulders, in the interior of the enclosure forming a wall before the poles to a height reaching to the musk oxen's knees. Three times Umingmuk saw his kin and companions come opposite and strike the now pole-barred entrance. But the bars, each about a foot apart, and reaching from the ground to a height of six feet, were of the stoutest spruce, peeled and slippery to make

easy their sliding through between the stout gate posts, four in number, driven close together, and with cross-pieces fastened between at intervals of a foot to carry the bar poles. Half of these had been laid ready at either side, the end fitted into position ready to be shoved home the instant following the musk oxen's entrance, to perform which task eight Eskimo had tensely waited back among the trees.

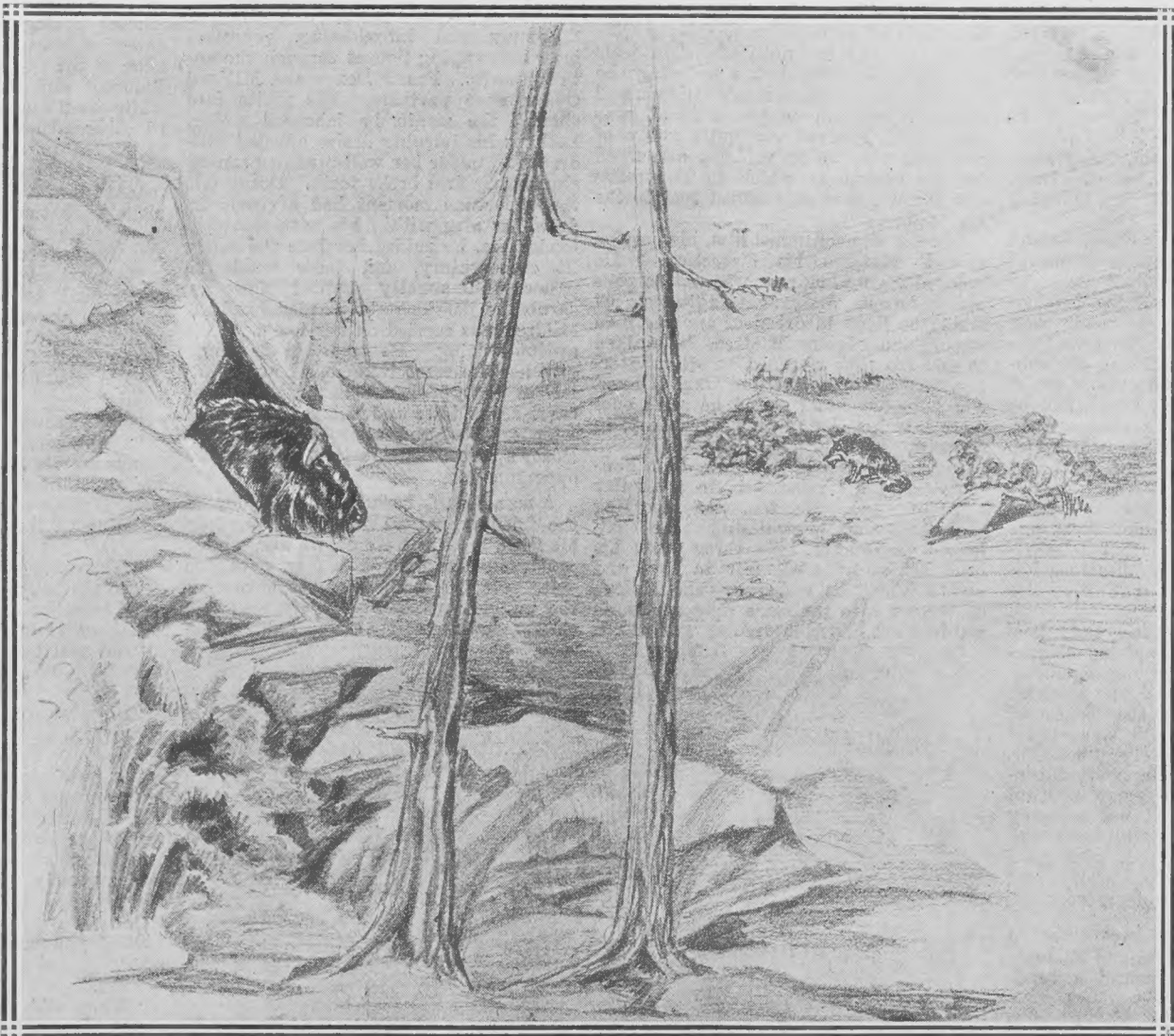
Suddenly through between two of the lower bars slightly wider than the others Muktu's infant head came pushing. But his broad chest and shoulders prevented further progress. His head, held on a line almost horizontal with his body as it came through the bars, he now turned in ordinary position, with the result that when he struggled to retreat on finding he could not get through, he had not sense enough to straighten out his head, and so by his action held himself fast. Bleating wildly he tugged and strained. His eyes stuck out with fright. Maddened by her offspring's cries and his predicament, Omu charged the bars again and again. Thrice in fury, with great bellying, louder than ever before, she crashed into the poled barrier.

Fearful the gate posts might not stand too many such assaults the Eskimo, standing by watching with interest the actions of the animals, now hurriedly with rough, jerking motion set Muktu free, and with yells and poking of sticks drove Omu away from the gate.

The entire capture and this minor incident had occupied scarcely two minutes. Yet Umingmuk might have stood watching longer save for new sounding suddenly striking upon his ear. He whirled to find what it portended: faced upon perhaps fifty of the natives from the western and north lines hurrying to the corral. They were still removed from him by a hundred yards, but quickly closing in.

Further retreat cut off to the eastward, Umingmuk ran back into the very face of the oncoming crowd; turning, however, sharply to the left side of the runway flanking the river and where every avenue of escape was closed by the clever intermingling of posts and horizontal poles with the regular line of spruce, one of naturally very close-standing trunks. Umingmuk lost precious seconds in finding out how firmly barred was this way. Conscious of the futility of further endeavor here, and vaguely sensing that the natural surroundings had somehow been tampered with, he swung away and out into the very middle of the ever-widening runway. His movements had been closely watched by Buffalo Smith and other hunters now sufficient in number to form a line between the sides of the runway, a line in which no hunter was more than five feet from the next one.

The men now were within thirty feet of the calf. He halted, his eyes upon them, his brain working fast in this the first great crisis of his life. From behind still sounded the bellying of the herd. Continued on page 58



So the grey wolf sat and gazed with great desire



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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

RAILS AND THEIR MEN

A tale of life on the rails

By Douglas Mack



OLD timers on the Division could doubtless recall Casey Nolan's advent into their midst, a personality not easily forgotten. Ruddy countenance framed by an Irish grin and tousled hair, he would josh with everyone along the line. Wheeling the Flying Devil, as he called her, out upon her run, his grinning lips would open wide:

"Keep your hand on the throttle
And your eye upon the rail."

It was then that fellow-workmen he passed would wave and yell: "Good luck, Casey!" And Casey, with a serious grimace that was not serious at all, invariably responded: "Luck, man? Now what do ya think of that? 'Tis brains that Casey uses!"

He was twenty-eight then, one of the younger men handling an engine. His inestimable attention to his duty attracted the consideration of executives; he joshed them as readily as the men who swept the depots. He had no accidents and bore the reputation of "bringing 'em in on schedule." And because of the Goddess of Luck is often fickle, there seemed some backing to his claim of brain exertion. Then one day, right after Casey got the Twentieth Century, from among his bachelor associates at least rose the cry that Casey's brains had fumbled, that his luck was gone aglimmering. He became a benedict!

The fortunate girl, as Casey boasted, was none other than a blue-eyed lass from where the river Shannon flows. "You ought to see her, son. She's a doll, a spring of Shamrock," after he unloosed his bomb. And further explained, "But I couldn't afford a palace befitting a queen like Patricia, or I would have married her before. So while you grimy gawks was throwin' your pay checks to the winds, Casey was usin' his head. I've got the bungalow now, down in little Glenwood, and I've got the queen. We'll have somethin' besides a fence runnin' round the shack after awhile and then—"

Casey broke off suddenly as he looked at his watch. I repeat he was a stickler for duty and schedule. He bowed with mock sarcasm and allowed suggestion to complete his proclamation. Down along the concrete he trotted to inspect and lubricate the magnificent shining flyer ready for Albany. With evident disregard she would show her heels even to huge New York.

"Keep your hand on the throttle
And your eye upon the rail."

"That poor nut will sing that on dying day," snorted Jerry Maughn. Jerry was afraid to even look sideways at anything in feminine makeup.

Two years eased by and Casey grew less and less interested in a certain picket fence. One morning a quiet-faced physician tiptoed out to him as he waited in the hallway, and whispered something. Thenceforth the fence was ignored entirely. "A boy," Casey repeated reverently, when he got his breath, "I'll make him an engineer!" Which was perhaps the original leak in the dike.

Patricia said he was going to college, was little Rodney (how hard had been Casey's relinquishing of "Michael") and the proud dad disagreed.

"Not on your life," he retorted. "He's goin' to follow in his father's footsteps, and I'm proud of it."

Conflicting Irish insistence, given time and thought, can wreck even a happy home. Patricia possessed, in company with her wonderful disposition, the true Celtic love of personal right,

Home Rule we'll say.

When Casey suddenly was shifted to the Albany-Buffalo run, he decided that they must move their residence to Albany. Patricia cried at the prospect of tearing away from quiet Glenwood and the attractive bungalow.

"We'll build another like it,"

Casey soothed.

"But Albany is big, and I don't like big towns with crowded streets and clanging cars. I want to stay here."

For a time Casey went back and forth but there came a time when, at the close of a tiresome day, he asserted his own fondness for home rule. The result was disastrous. In the heat of the argument Casey was invited to vacate permanently if he didn't like their home. And in the haze not yet cleared Casey agreed to go. Which he promptly regretted, but the stubborn pride that never allowed a train to come in tardy urged him to hold his silence. Thus they parted.

No more did Casey josh or sing, no longer could a decent answer be gotten from him. Grouch Nolan he became to the new companions who had known only his joviality. But this was merely until two jokesters had been crumpled by his pile-driving smashes. Then the name endured a fearsome demise.

Fireman that were chosen to fire for him suffered forced existence with him only as long as couldn't be avoided. Then one day came Bud Fraley.

In the eyes of Fraley there was a rollicking humor reminiscent of Casey's in their palmiest days. His hair was tousled too, and his lips were prone to sing. He sprang a favorite all his own:

"In a far-off shack awaitin',
Is a colleen I sure love—
She's fairer than a Princess
Is my blue-eyed dove."

Casey listened, and reddened. "That kid-stuff don't go in my cab. Get me?"

More out of respect for Casey's position than any fear for personal safety, Bud refrained from singing again in his engineer's presence. But his good nature could not be squelched so easily, nor curiosity quelled. What was responsible for the glumness of this smooth-faced

associate, he asked himself. Getting no satisfactory response he went to others. And he learned, piece by piece, the gripping story as rumor toted it. He drew, because

of a frank willingness, regular assignment to fire for Casey. On trips his eyes caught the range of Casey's makeup whenever possible and he did some deep thinking. He began to sense a growing sympathy for his grouchy companion.

Bud was of kindly heart. One could almost define the organ as being too soft. Beggars found him easy prey. Suffering by anyone smote him deeply. And Casey was in misery! All that bluster was to hide his grief, or chagrin, or whatever ruled his thoughts. Bud realized fully how his little song must have stirred this man, who, formerly a laughing, fun-loving individual, had been transformed into a snarling blusterer.

"These shacks far away," mused Bud, "and the blue-eyed lady waitin', usually ain't far enough away; raise the devil!" he added. Which was mild expression for Bud when he was disgruntled.

On the next run Bud tried humming as their train gained momentum out of Albany. Furtively he studied Casey for possible explosion. It came, a rip-snorting command not to be mistaken.

"Cut that damn noise or you can't ride on this outfit."

Bud obeyed, and reverted to thought. The ultimate decision led him to slyly gather added information regarding Casey. Bud became morose, sullen.

"The blamed fool," said one of the employees, "is gettin' just like Casey."

"S'pose some blue-eyed dame is baiting her hook for him, and he don't know whether to bite or not. Poor sucker, I could tell him!" Jerry Maughn, transferred also, crowded this out. Jerry was still shying at skirts.

TO see Bud Fraley standing in the doorway of Mrs. Casey Nolan's bungalow a few evenings later, one would have imagined as a speckled cap twirled in nervous fingers, that Jerry's assumption was correct. He had "fallen," or some-

thing, for a dame and that lady was none other than Mrs. Nolan herself. If fleeting time and disappointment had wrecked her loveliness, then she must have shamed all the world-renowned beauties before the break-off, reasoned Bud. At last he found his voice.

"Mrs. Nolan, I have—he, that is—may I sit down?"

The voice that replied shook Bud from tousled hair to shiny patent leather shoes. What she said is, and was to Bud unimportant. It was the way she said it!

"And that old grouch left a lady," anything less was entirely unfitting, "like her."

Bud finally managed to collect his senses and blurted his message. "Mr. Nolan is dying by inches for you—my dear." His lips trembled on the windup but he liked it; it made him feel mature, a guardian for her. He felt moved to kick himself generously for liking it. What right had he to feel affection for another man's wife?

"I am not concerned with Mr. Nolan's health," she said.

Bud sensed her calm to be a bluff. Otherwise, why did her lower lip quiver so perceptibly and turn, it seemed, even more crimson.

"But Mrs.—"

"Did he send you?" she interrupted.

Bud's brain began to function clearly again. His answer snapped out; impressive. "Gracious, no! If he knew I was here my job or life wouldn't be worth a tender full of slate." He commenced to stall, much as a baseball pitcher when arm revolts. "Little Bud gets real intimate with coal, and the like, you know."

This running off at the head, as Casey was wont to call it, was leading up to something vastly different than what Bud had anticipated. Why, Holy Mack-erel, he hadn't thought of trying . . .

But one can't reason if he is youthful, while a pretty woman in trouble sits near. So Bud resigned himself to banter, boldly spoken.

"I've often wondered why a man should become grouchy after managin' to escape a woman; now I know why Casey did." His Irish face was virtually sweating to grease her attitude toward this boldness. Apparently the lubricant proved of efficient quality.

"You are a total stranger to me; why should I listen when I am not interested?"

Discouraging it might have seemed, but for the way she said it!

Bud flared with excellent effect.

"A total stranger you call me, yet I have rode trip after trip in the same cab with your husband, and listened to his ravings, and—" Bud's hesitation was, fortunately for a negligible period, "and sob, Mrs. Nolan; sob for you, and little—eh, Mike, is it?"

"No it isn't!" she stormed, and Bud realized an error. Was it that she had for some reason turned against the Irish?

His temperature, which registered feeling toward this wife of his glum, work-a-day partner, began to fall. Then she smiled, and the mercury leapt upward. Bud laughed.

"You know," he said easily, confidently, "I think Casey is a dumbell?" A whole chapter for Bud Fraley, spoken in a mere handful of words. Surprising was the amiability with which she warmed to her visitor.

"If my son wasn't asleep, I would like to have you see him," she stated.

"If he's half as fair as his mother, I'd say he was handsome," Bud blarneyed.

Continued on page 63



Bud flared with excellent effect. "A total stranger you call me."



Painting the Pagoda

By
Ronald Tuckwell



BIRDS were singing in the trees and chirping coming sweetly to my the eaves—the sound of their gay ears as I stepped from the office into the early dusk of the Spring evening.

I had just settled a vexed question, and, close figuring having discovered the means of financing, I had purchased a good-sized accident policy.

The old mind was at peace. A pleasant evening was ahead—the Jones were coming for tea and cards. Old J. was a good sport—fine company.

Outside, everything spoke—nay, cried aloud—of Spring. Winter, stern old tight-wad, had finally loosened up and gone on a trip. Besides the birds, cheerily chorusing, bees were buzzing, crickets were chirping, girls were smiling—whoa! I'm getting sentimental! But Spring, gay old thing, had arrived.

Reaching home, I strode in jauntily—then stared around blankly. I observed the table nicely decorated with a real party meal. Friend wife had spread herself, as usual, for company. But the Jones

"Where are they—not here yet?" I asked.

"Who?" she queried in surprise.

"The Jones, of course," I replied testily.

"Why, Petey—they're coming to-morrow night." She smiled exasperatingly. "You're getting so absent-minded." (Chuckle.)

"Answer me this, Woman!" I cried. "If Jones and her isn't, or wasn't coming this evening—why the spread?" I pointed to the table, in triumph.

"Petey, dear-r—this is a treat for you," she cooed.

"Aha! So-ho" I was taken aback. What did she want this time, I pondered. I soon learnt.

TEA nicely under way, Friend Wife, smiling her sweetest, remarked unconcernedly: "Oh, by the way, Petey dear—really we ought to have the house painted this Spring? It's getting so shabby."

"Caesar's Ghost! So that's it!" I shouted. "Woman, we can't afford to paint the front step, even! I've just finished paying for an accident policy—and am financially minus, right now. That settles it!"

"Oh, b-but, Pete-ey de-a-rr" In that most exasperating way she insisted on getting my placid temper ruffled. "Pete-ey, the Jones are going to paint their's"

"Well, the Peter Green's aren't!" I refused to be inveigled into losing my temper over a trifle.

"Pete-ey" (Oh, lawdy! the water-works!) "You-u-u don't like mum-mum-me any more. You act horrid when I-I ask a little favor" (A little favor! O Logic—where in heck is thy female counter-part?)

Friend Wife left the room, sniffing. A sob reached my ears. I considered. It would take a cool hundred-and-fifty at least

Couldn't be done! I must be firm.... A wall floated in. She was getting the right key. Soon the chorus would be driving me

Aha! there it was! A double wail came. I hesitated—and was lost. (Beside a woman's tears and wails—poison gas is easy!)

"Well," I hollered, "it's over! You win! I'll see Brown, the Painter, in the morning."

There was a rush from the next room and Herself secured a half-nelson on my neck.

"Ouch!" I hollered. But what's the use? They get you coming and going!

BROWN spilled the beans in the morning. Two hundred was his price. Couldn't be done, I assured him. It was a "soak," anyway, I felt sure. He

couldn't expect me to keep himself and family all Summer by my getting him to paint my house!

I reported to Her. There were more tears—but I had a date with a man, and couldn't wait.

The Jones came. Mrs. J. was full of the topic of house painting. Color schemes was all she could talk of.

Jones chipped in occasionally—but I headed him off. Friend Wife threw reproachful glances in my direction repeatedly. They landed heavily. Otherwise, we spent a pleasant evening.

Despite everything, I remained firm. I would not mortgage my future just to give the ranch a new suit.

THINGS went from bad to worse. Beside the Jones place, now nicely painted in brown shades, the old baili-wack did look shabby. And the lovely Spring weather kept getting lovelier and more lovely. Every bally thing seemed to be sprucing up after the dreary Winter—except our tepee.

Then Friend Wife began kicking my sore shin. Like the generals they all are, she knew my weak spot.

"Oh-h," she wailed, "I wish I had married a man that made as mum-mum-much money as Mister Jones. His wife gets everything—and Pete-ey—sh-sh—she hardly knows me, since they painted. I wu-wish you were smarter, Pete-ey" (That's my sore shin.)

"Woman!" I hollered. "Jones is all right! A splendid chap. But, I'll have you know that what he can do for his wife, Peter Green can do for his! We shall paint! I will do it myself."

"Oh, Petey—you? But—you can't paint"

"There you go again! Is there anything I can do, in your estimation?"

"B-but—Petey"

"Cease, Woman! The house shall be painted. I will do it!" She subsided.

THE next few days were bugbears to me. Color charts littered the house. I could not decide on what color to use.

Eventually I choose a rich orange. But the trim was a stickler. I decided to ask her advice.

"The trim? Why, Petey, dear—I think if you trimmed it with orange too, it would be just l-lovely"

I almost choked. "Orange trimmed with orange!" (And they give 'em the vote!)

I decided on red trim. Nice, bright and snappy. Red-and-orange—fine combination.

Following sundry visits to the paint shops, I decided, in the interests of economy, to mix my own paint. Blithely I went at the task.

Ensued a week over which I will discreetly draw a veil. Every man to this trade—and I am an Insurance Agent. I quote, as a warning to the similarly inclined, a list of additional expenses, over and above the initial outlay:

"To:	
New pipe, replacing one let fall	\$ 5.00
*Swear words	.50
New Suit, replacing one ruined	35.00
New Pants replacing those ruined	6.00
*Swear words	3.40
New Brushes, account spoiling others	2.00
New Ladder, replacing one borrowed from Jones	10.00
*Swear words	7.40
Replacing three broken windows	4.60
*Swear words	.30
New Boots, replacing those ruined	9.00
*Swear words	14.00
Total	\$97.20

(*—Previous arrangement with Her—having to do with New Year's resolution.)

Continued on page 55



Like Grime on Ivory Those film-coats on your teeth

THIS is to offer you a test of a new way of teeth cleaning. Millions now employ it. The glistening teeth you see everywhere now show you how much it means.

New beauty, new protection come to users. No woman will ever go without the results when she knows them. Nor will she let her family go without them.

To combat the film

This method combats film on teeth—that viscous film you feel. It clings tenaciously. Unless you combat it, much of it remains. Food stains, etc., discolor it, then it forms dingy coats. That is why so many teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal. Very few people have escaped these film-caused troubles.

New ways to combat it daily

Dental science has found two effective film combatants. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods by

many careful tests. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

This tooth paste has brought a new dental era to millions of homes the world over. And largely through dental advice.

Two other great effects

Research proved two other things essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits, which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

These combined effects are bringing people everywhere a new conception of clean teeth.

You cannot doubt

No one can doubt these benefits. They are quickly seen and felt. One who once knows them will never again go without them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

The results will amaze and delight you. Cut out this coupon so you don't forget.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Made in Canada

REG. IN CANADA
Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

10 - DAY TUBE FREE 1431 Can

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 794, 191 George St. Toronto, Can.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

The scientific tooth paste now advised by leading dentists the world over.

CUT OUT THE
COUPON NOW



Keeping stride with her sons and daughters

The modern mother is a real factor in the lives of her children. She is keeping her youth, her charm

A NEW vision has come to the modern mother. With the simplification of home activities, she has at last begun to have time for a new outlook on life.

She is striving now to be more than a housewife—to be a mother in the fullest sense—to keep in the swing of youthful interests.

Keeping young involves more than looking young. It comes from the buoyancy of feeling young. It necessitates, first of all, the prevention of sickness. The sickly, weak mother is hardly an inspiring companion for her intense, eager children.

Feminine hygiene—a health measure

MODERN physicians find that most feminine illnesses are caused by bacterial in-

fections—which can be prevented. Regular feminine hygiene has come to be a recognized health measure for women.

Soap-and-water cleanliness is not sufficient for feminine hygiene. Complete antiseptic cleanliness is vital.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is today the leading antiseptic for this purpose, because it is both effective and safe. It is neutral. It contains no free alkali nor free acid. Diluted in correct proportion, it does not irritate. No antiseptic could be safer for the delicate internal tissues.

And "Lysol" is economical; one-half teaspoonful to one quart of water is all that is required to make the proper antiseptic solution for feminine hygiene.

Use "Lysol" as an antiseptic solution
One-half teaspoonful to one quart water
For feminine hygiene
When baby comes
For wounds
For the sickroom
For the bathroom

Use "Lysol" as a disinfecting solution
Two teaspoonfuls to one quart water
For the kitchen
In the toilet
For sweeping
For floors, cellars, dark corners.

Canadian Agents

HAROLD F. RITCHIE & Co., Inc., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto

Manufactured only by LYSOL INC., 635 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK CITY

COMPLETE directions for use are in every package. The genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant is put up only in brown glass bottles containing 3, 7 and 16 ounces. Each bottle is packed in a yellow carton. The 3-ounce bottle also comes in a special non-breakable package for travelers. Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant. Sold by all drug stores.

Lysol
Disinfectant

The ideal personal antiseptic



The Romance of "Many

THE little coastwise steamer in which we had rolled and bucked and skidded in and out among the islands and fiords of the North Pacific developed a case of love-sickness in addition to the numerous cases of *mal de mer*. It was the third day out from port. A brief respite had been granted us in the hovering of the boat at a small wharf where a whale was being systematically butchered to make a Siwash holiday, and the sickest land-lubber aboard rose and tottered to the rail to get a look at the solid earth since there wasn't time enough to plant his feet thereon.

It was then that "Many Bears" approached the captain.

"What! Wanta git married, do yuh?" roared the skipper, who was red-headed and behind schedule. "Well, why in Saturn couldn't yuh've sprung this on me before? We could have had the job done at Nanaimo. Now yuh'll have t' go on t' Prince Rupert!"

This however "Many Bears" couldn't or wouldn't do. He shook his head stubbornly and repeated his desire to be

chattered and grunted and one of them sought to express the full measure of her contempt for the skipper by spitting—she was chewing "*tabac*"—straight across the deck. The passengers were sympathetic to a degree. Even the whale blubbered.

But an hour later and the depression and gloom suddenly, magically lifted. For the rival of "Many Bears" instead of hobnobbing with Davy Jones was discovered by the second mate down in the Cook's galley peeling potatoes. He was an excellent swimmer. His tribal name was "Little Duck."

The lovers again besought the captain to conjure up a sky-pilot for them. The need for haste was the more apparent when it was explained that the girl's father had already betrothed her to the chief of a Sitka tribe who would be down at the dock with the village band to welcome her and carry her off.

"Very well, I'll put yuh both off at the salmon cannery," declared the captain, who was not above aiding and abetting Cupid, for all his brusqueness. "That'll be in the morning. From there



Sunnyside Cannery, Skeena River

married *pronto*. His demeanor was a blend of sulkiness and uneasiness and his speech a quaint, unreproducible mixture of Siwash and mission-school English. Behind him, coy, deferential and equally determined withal, stood the party of the second part, a pretty young squaw named "Silver Cloud". And this was the how of it: They had met in late summer at Agassiz where both worked in the same cannery, but "Many Bears" hadn't taken much notice because all the girls were after him anyway and what was one squaw among so many! But on the boat another guy began hanging around "Silver Cloud," and "Many Bears," who was such a bearcat with the ladies, resented the maiden's seeming indifference to his own charms and he pushed the fellow over the starboard rail into the Gulf of Georgia—we remembered hearing a splash on the second night out—so now, all being fair in love and on the high seas "Silver Cloud" rightfully became "Mrs. Many Bears." There was only the detail of the marriage ceremony, which the bride-elect insisted upon.

The skipper listened in silence and then making a megaphone of his hands he sang out to the whaling crew and the longshoremen and others on the dock: "Hey! Seen a justice o' th' peace round here this season?"

"Naw," came the reply. "Got a corpse aboard?"

"It's an Injun, under arrest. Thought maybe I could unload him here," explained the captain as he stepped on the signal-bell.

Then was there grief and consternation. The stoical hero lighted a pipe and withdrew in injured pride to the aft deck under the watchful eye of a special guard. "Silver Cloud" sat down and commenced to weep furtively, for the coast Indian is strangely naive and has contracted the deplorable habit of showing emotion. The other squaws

yuh can portage to Quitticum Lake and wait for the *padre*."

It was decreed that we should stop at the cannery for lunch, which we accordingly did. The meal consisted of a rich thick soup, pork and beans, coffee and pie, with fish conspicuously absent from the bill-of-fare although it was present everywhere else and to such an extent that we smelt like Friday for three days afterward.

This particular salmon cannery was one of the largest of its kind, and typical. It lay on a narrow island at the two mouths of a river and its one long, irregular shed, with the accompanying bunk houses at the rear, was the beginning and the end. Behind stretched the jagged line of the coast range mountains, in front extended the bleak, grey, North Pacific with numerous rocky islands in the middle distance.

The sockeye run was still on. Daily the fishboats set their big gill-nets, allowing them to drift with the tide, and when the nets were hauled in behold, they were full and brimming over with the succulent sockeye salmon. The floor of the shed was ankle-deep in fish and the cannery hands knew no moments of idleness. It was an old building and the ancient machinery maintained a continual, half-palsied throbbing that caused the entire structure to shake as with an ague. The workers were a motley and highly interesting company, rovers and drifters of many nations and races—Mexicans, Japs, Hindus, Chinese, Siwash and Chinook Indians, Swedes, Hawaiians, with a few half-breeds and one or two unclassifiable whites. A squat Siwash with two quick flips of his knife divested a salmon of its head, tail, and fins and then threw it on the slimy table where it went slithering along to a couple of Chinese women whose job it was to open the trunks, clean them out and swish them around in water. A Scandinavian woman scrubbed

Bears"—By Edith G. Bayne

them with a stiff brush and threw them into a cutting-machine from which they emerged in chunks of a size suitable for the cans. Next, they were treated to a good soak in a trough of brine and when this was over were lifted therefrom by a tall, yellow-turbaned Sikh who transferred them, via dipnet and bucket, to the filling table. Here, rapid-handed little Jap women speared the chunks into the cans, and the latter were collected on trays by a pair of Chinese youths and taken over to the belt-conveyor. Single file they marched slowly along this conveyor toward a weighing machine. Whenever a can was a fraction underweight, that is, less than the prescribed pound, this uncanny apparatus knew it directly and thrusting out a cold, steel arm with a quick, impatient movement it pushed the erring can out of the parade where side-tracked and *non persona grata*, it waited for the Kanaka boy to return it to the fillers. Meanwhile the full-weights marched on to a machine that clamped a lid on each without so much as halting the deliberate procession and then they automatically dropped into the steam tank. Cooked, they were removed to the coolers by a bare-armed young man who wore brass ear-rings and tattoo marks and had the appearance of a deepwater sailor, and from the coolers they journeyed to the labelling tables which was presided over by a coquettish-looking young halfbreed girl wearing a gay, scarlet kerchief over her head. Each can was swiftly clothed in a glossy paper dress that bore on it the lifelike picture of a salmon. In a neighboring out-house the last process, which was the packing, was going forward briskly under the supervision of an energetic young Irish foreman. At five o'clock

an æsthetic as well as a commercial value and their importance in the scheme of things is thus being recognized, if somewhat tardily. New Westminster is the centre for the great Fraser River Valley and its choice as the location for the plant is a happy one. The industry embraces the gathering of fir and spruce cones and the extracting of their seeds for special planting. Women and children do the collecting, which is light and pleasant work and pays well and the men operate the machinery. The industry is carried on from October to March. Douglas fir and Sitka spruce have proved to be the best yielders for all general purposes, a sack of the former making one and one-quarter pounds of seed and the latter averaging two pounds per sack; but it is thought that hemlock and cedar may gradually work up to a fairly profitable mark too. Several foreign countries are served by the plant and regular shipments of seeds are made to Scotland and Ireland. A century hence our British Columbia forest monarchs will be the pride of the banks and braes and who knows but a fir cone may take its place on the Imperial coat-of-arms!

But we have digressed from romance to canned salmon and pine cones. To return to our friends "Many Bears" and his sweetheart, "Silver Cloud": we hadn't thought to behold either of them again but a kindly fate permitted us to look on at the last act in the little romance. Leaving the cannery our party elected to proceed for the remainder of the trip by land, and it chanced that our wagon followed in the wake of the lovers through a wonderful, almost impenetrable, wilderness of pine and cottonwood, rock, swamp, and underbrush. At a point where the trail sprawled



A few boats of Prince Rupert fishing fleet

operations ceased abruptly, the machinery wheezed and shuddered to a standstill, the workers dropped their tools and shed their aprons and two Chinese with rubber knee-boots appeared with lines of hose and set to work cleaning the premises with powerful streams of hot water.

The casual visitor's reaction after a trip through a salmon cannery takes the form of a fervent resolve to forswear fish for evermore, yet such is the human recuperative power that by lunch time the following day we found ourselves ordering at the hotel table at Rupert a sizeable helping each of nice planked salmon.

Located at New Westminster is the seed-extraction plant, a comparatively new industry, born since the war, and the only thing of its kind in Canada. It is operated by the Dominion Forestry Branch and furnishes seasoned occupation to many people, men, women and a few children. The constructive idea behind it is this: estimating that it takes one hundred years to grow a Douglas fir, which can be chopped down and destroyed in something less than an hour, it is strictly up to the present generation to devise some practicable scheme for re-forestation. Douglas firs and many other valuable trees are constantly being laid low and no provision made for their successors. Trees have

out in a broad and grassy level our driver halted his horses to allow them to drink at a spring that gushed out from a rock. We all fell silent. High in the fork of a tall Douglas fir a squirrel chattered, the only sound, except for the occasional harsh cry of a jay, that broke the stillness. Cougar and bobcat were not far away and beneath the whispering cottonwoods bordering the train, we saw deer tracks. A shy blue grouse regarded us, motionless, from a giant cedar log and deliberately swaggered off as though it had decided we weren't worth getting excited about. We were on the fringe of the hinterland, our driver told us, hinterland being highbrow for back-of-beyond. From afar, dimly, came sounds of an encroaching civilization, the busy noises of railroad construction, the muffled shock of a pile-driver hammering cedar-poles into the bed of a river for a trestle, the fretful whistle of a donkey-engine, the distant howl of a locomotive. Near at hand was no sound but that of the squirrel's gossip in the fir tops—until suddenly, from behind the cedars, human voices came to us.

Driving on a little way we found the source of these. On the edge of a small lake stood three people, our Siwash sweethearts and the good padre from

Continued on page 67

10 Shaves
FREE
See Coupon



My Life Work

The finest Shaving Cream you will ever know

By V. K. Cassady, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

I have devoted my life to soap chemistry. We have here developed some of the greatest soaps created. One of them—Palmolive—is the leading toilet soap of the world.

Our greatest ambition for years has been to perfect the supreme Shaving Cream. And we have done that, beyond question. Millions of men now concede it.

1,000 men consulted

Our first step was to ask 1,000 men what they most desired in a Shaving Cream. All of them agreed on four things.

But one requirement, and the greatest of all, is something no man mentioned. They were not scientists. They did not know the prime requirement in a shaving soap.

That is, strong bubbles which support the hairs for cutting.

We made 130 failures

We made up 130 formulas which we discarded. Each was better than the one before. But none, in our opinion, reached the utmost in a Shaving Cream.

Then we attained, by many times over, the best Shaving Cream in existence. Someone may make a better one, but not much better. Today Palmolive Shaving Cream is monarch in its field. It is winning men by the millions, as they try it.

* * *

Don't change from the cream you like now until you see what Palmolive Shaving Cream does. But make this test. You owe it to yourself and to us. Try ten shaves, and let the results show if we have excelled the rest.

Excels in 5 ways

It multiplies itself in lather 250 times, so one-half gram suffices for a shave. It softens the beard in one minute. No hot towels, no finger rubbing. It maintains its creaminess

fullness for ten minutes on the face.

Super-strong bubbles support the hairs for cutting. The palm and olive oil blend acts as a lotion, leaving fine after-effects.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

Follow with Palmolive After Shaving Talc. An invisible way to that well-groomed look.

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10 Shaves Free Simply insert your name and address and mail to
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New Oil Stove a Revelation

The High Speed Blue Chimney New Perfection astonishes women with faster, more economical and trouble-proof cook stove service at a moderate price.

Even women who for years have used the world-famous Blue Chimney New Perfection with utmost satisfaction are delighted with the improvements offered by this New 1924 Model.

Faster cooking than ever before, yet 17% less fuel used. That makes it the most economical oil stove in the world.

And it has the *conveniences* a woman wants! Roomy cooking-top—comfortable working height—adjustable flame. An extra large removable New Perfection "Live Heat" Oven that bakes perfectly, completes its labor-saving equipment.

Altogether it gives you the greatest advantages obtainable at moderate price!

At your dealers you will find a full range of styles and sizes to suit every requirement—each one the utmost in cooking satisfaction at its price.

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY LIMITED

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New Blue Chimney Burner Faster—More Economical

The remarkable increase in cooking heat and the greater fuel economy of this new burner, are due to its new double-wall, double-draft construction.

The picture above shows how the EXTRA volume of air drawn in through the small holes around the chimney, is converted into an ADDED ring of intense cooking heat. This quicker cooking cuts down fuel consumption.



Your Dealer Will Demonstrate



NEW PERFECTION

Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens

The Wisdom of Solomon

By Guy M. Mason

SOLOMON RICHARDSON, I declare, you stand there as stolid as the Sphinx, or whatever that funny statue thing down there in Egypt is called, and make no more show of being surprised than if I told you that Mrs. Johnson's boy was down with the croup, or that the last setting of turkey eggs was all bad. Of all the men I ever saw, you take the cake! I tell you, Solomon, again and for the last time, that I've cooked your last meal, and scrubbed the last floor for you! When I'm gone perhaps you'll appreciate what I've done. Here for well on to twenty-five years I've slaved for you winter and summer, rain and shine, sickness and in health, as I said I would when I married you. In all that time, you've not said ten words of praise, or blame either, for that matter, and I'd rather hear you grumble once in a while, than not to hear you say a word about things. I stood it while my girls were here, for their sake, but now I'm going, and mind you, Solomon, I'm going for good. If their poor father had lived I'd never have gone through such times. Now that they're married, and married well, I tell you, Solomon, in spite of what the neighbors say, it's with them that I'm going to spend the rest of my days. I've tried to make this place homelike, and I'll be sorry to leave it, but leave it I will and I'll not come back. I've never been much of an expense to you, and you know it, Solomon Richardson. I've never had what other women have had in the way of clothes and things; not that I couldn't have had them if I'd wanted them, but you left it all to me, Solomon, never saying: 'Maria, get this,' or 'Maria, don't get that,' and I'm sure I wasn't going to spend your old money and get blamed for it afterwards perhaps. People told me what it would be when I married you—ten years older than me and all. They said you were too mean to speak, and I didn't believe it. I wanted a home for my girls, and it's pretty well that you've done by them, even if I have to say it against my will, and they seemed fond of you even, but all I've been is your slave, with never a word of praise—or blame."

Solomon Richardson slowly removed his pipe, and his wife stopped to give him a chance to speak. He cleared his throat, and deliberately put his pipe back into his mouth again!

Mrs. Richardson went on more furiously than ever:

"That's right, Solomon Richardson, don't say anything for Heaven's sake! You're afraid you'll miss a puff of that old pipe of yours. I declare I'm tired to death of sweeping up tobacco ashes after you. But this much you can understand, if you don't answer—I'm going up to the girls in Boston. They will be glad to have me for the rest of my days. You can get a housekeeper or do what you like; I don't even care if you get a divorce or one of them separation things. I'm through being a slave for any man. I'm going to live my life in my own way. I'm going to have a few nice things anyhow before I die. I'm going to see what the world is like, as Mrs. Arthur Frost and others in town have done. I'm not going to be an old broken-down woman before my time, even if I married a man almost old enough to be my father."

She paused to take breath and to see the effect that her words had on Solomon, but he calmly puffed on.

"Solomon Richardson! will you say something! Don't sit there as if you were as calm as a clock, when I know you're just boilin' inside, and have too much spite to show it. Perhaps you'll wish you had said something before I'm gone many years. But I'm going tomorrow, as sure as my name's Maria Richardson, Maria Ross that was, and should have stayed. I half believe I'll take my old name when I go up there. You wouldn't know me if you saw me a year from now; the life and bustle will cheer me up. I'll go to the pictures once a week, or even more, and if I put on a pinch of powder to hide these few wrinkles of mine—and it's very few I've got, and it's a wonder too, Solomon, after the way I've slaved for you for twenty-five years—and there'll be no one to notice it and look at me as if I'd done a crime. Women older than me, and I'm only forty-seven next June—even have their hair bobbed, and its ten to one that I don't have mine done that way. Look at Harold Brown's wife; older'n me by ten years, and looks as young as a girl of twenty—but then she didn't have an old grouch of a husband to slave for. No! I won't say that, Solomon; I'll be fair. You haven't been a grouch—I'll say that for you, but you've been—well, you know what you've been! And some day, if it's fashionable up there as I hear it is, why I'll even not mind smoking a cigarette."

Maria stopped for a moment, surveyed Solomon to see if his face showed any sign of the surprise he must have felt, and then delivered in a solemn manner what was to be her parting thrust:

"So, Solomon Richardson, you know what my intentions are, and you can pass whatever opinion you like on them, but it won't make any difference to me what you say."

Solomon slowly removed his pipe—his eyes narrowed into dark slits—he emitted a long stream of smoke—and resumed his pipe.

"You'll never change, Solomon," Maria shrieked, "You've been the same since I've known you, and you'll be the same till you die!" and she flounced out of the room.

* * * * *

THE neighbors did not know until next morning that Maria had gone. Upon being questioned, Solomon calmly withdrew his pipe, and as calmly answered:

"Yes, Maria has gone—up to Boston to see her daughters. Kind of lonesome for her you know. She may stay all winter, perhaps even a year, if it agrees with her. Been a long time since Maria had a visit, and I want her to have a good one while she's at it."

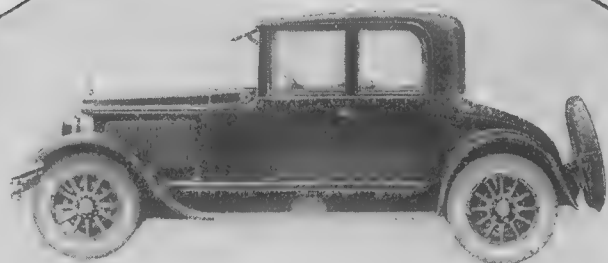
A few weeks after Maria's departure, Solomon surprised the village. The Richardson house was being renovated from cellar to attic. For three months, paperers, plasterers and carpenters were at work. Solomon was known to be fairly well-to-do, but he had a reputation for thriftiness, almost meanness, in fact, and his strange expenditures were the talk of the village for awhile, but when the work was completed, the public turned to other matters and forgot.

An old woman was engaged as Solomon's housekeeper, and if the folk were curious about Mrs. Richardson's long stay, Solomon would disarm their suspicious curiosity by saying:

"Oh, yes, I heard from her yesterday,"

Continued on page 39





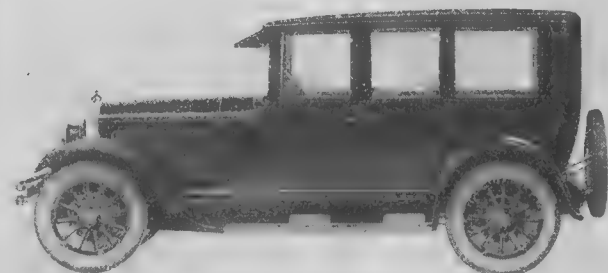
MASTER SIX 24-48



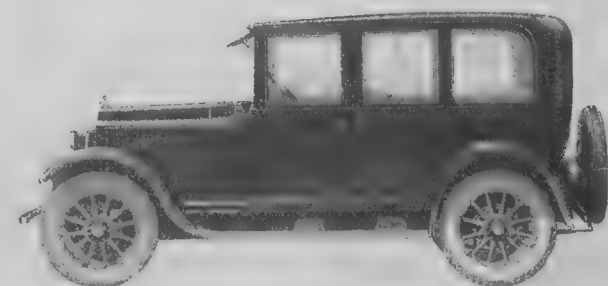
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BY the graceful "bodies by Fisher," by the safety and protection of proven Four-Wheel Brakes, by the elegance of upholstery and appointments, by the exquisite balance of mechanism, by the smooth flow of excess power of the famous valve-in-head engine—has McLaughlin-Buick earned its leadership among closed cars of the better class and its position as "Canada's Standard Car".

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MASTER SIX 24-50

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK

BACK TO SUNSHINE VALLEY

By Harold F. Cruickshank

"FOR them as likes this sort of thing, there ain't no doubt as this is the sort of thing they'd like." So quoted Miles Garner to his partner, Jack McPhee, as the two trappers smoked an after supper pipe. "Humm-m!" remarked McPhee, between puffs. "I've heard as Abe Lincoln said some such thing; and I've no doubt"—puff—"that both you an' him's right."

McPhee had drawn his chair closer in, and continued in a slow serious tone: "As I've told ye on many occasions Miles, there's worse places than the north; aye! an' there's worse jobs than runnin' this trap line o' ourn'. Ye've lived most o' your life here at the northern posts boy, an' don't know much of th' outside; if ye did, ye'd never grouse at th' north."

"Th' only folks as grouse o' this land, is poor weak kneed individuals who hasn't th' backbone to stand on their two feet an' work; same's a man's got to here in th' north."

Miles Gardner and Jack McPhee had thrown in their lot together some five years previously, and had been very successful in their partnership. During the summer, McPhee had charge of a line of scows for a northern transportation company; Garner usually accompanied him as assistant overseer.

Miles was at an age when the call of the outland sounded like music from a gilded trumpet, and each season, as he and McPhee returned to their trapline, Miles became more and more careless with his work. McPhee watched him closely, and knew that the time was near when his young partner would break away and strike for the outside.

The fact of parting with Miles did not worry McPhee to any great extent, for he knew that once the young fellow had tasted of the conventions of city life; once he had bumped against some of the sharp corners, which loom up quite often in the dark stretches of some of our cities, McPhee knew that his partner would hit the trail, back to Sunshine Valley; there where the great big, mighty, open north, pleads with the strong heart to become his slave; and there where this mighty north tosses the weakling from it, as though he were something vile.

Miles had been uneasily silent, as he listened to his partner. Great volumes of smoke circled up from his pipe, the stem of which he chewed sharply.

McPhee rose to his feet, and with a yawn, signified his intention of retiring for the night.

"Sit down Jack!" Miles had come out of his jerky reverie. "Sit down," he repeated. "I guess I'd better get what's in my mind, unloaded. I've come to the conclusion, that at first signs o' break up, I'm driftin' out with th' ice. I'm goin' to test out this civilization Jack. To tell th' truth I've bin fed up roun' here for a long time, an' if it hadn't bin for breaking with you, I'd have pulled, before this. I hope—I hope this will not make any difference to you, Jack, an' if you say th' word, well—I guess I'll just stick aroun'."

McPhee fumbled awkwardly with his shirt collar, before making any reply. Then filling his pipe anew, and cramming the stem hard between his teeth, he strode over to his companion.

"Miles, boy," said he, "Go out with th' ice. I guess ye'll be doin' th' right thing anyway. Ye've a sound head on ye, an' I know ye'll make good no matter what shows up. I'll not worry, son, for I'll be expecting ye back; but take my advice lad: don't come back until ye're fed up good an' plenty. Be sure Miles that you're ready to come back, afore ye plan to start. For if ye don't, ye'll never be satisfied, no matter where ye be."

Miles listened eagerly as McPhee continued:

"There'll be nights when th' song o' th' pines'll come floatin' out to ye; an' there'll be nights when these stars'll be twinklin' bright, an' playin' tag all roun' th' northern lights; an' they'll be

callin' ye back Miles. But stick it out Miles, till ye're plumb satisfied that th' artificial things ye meet up with lack th' great realness o' this home in Sunshine Valley."

Jack took his young partner's hand, and wrung it hard. "Son," said he: "when ye come back, I'll still be here, an' ye can just commence where ye left off."

CAME the Spring, with its noisy clatter. High in a cloudless sky honked the first flight of north-bound

As the canoe reached a bend in the river which bend would soon hide from view, the little cabin, which nestled prettily in its cluster of evergreens, at the westerly end of Sunshine Valley, Miles shot the canoe head into the bank, and turning, he waved his hand to McPhee, who stood on the river bank watching the departure of his young friend.

"So long, Jack! So long Sunshine Valley; maybe I'm right, an' maybe I'm just a durned weak-headed fool, but I've got to go. So long!" Cram-

about as ye figured although I guess I'm not grumblin. I have been in hospital 6 weeks an have not done much work in the last year. I figured I knowed somethin about civilyzashun Jack, till I met up with a party who unloaded a pile of oil stocks on me. I bit good an hard an that winter I was milkin cows for my grub. I got kicked by a horse an thats what landed me in the hospital. I'm pullin for Vancouver in a day or so an expect to land some work. I see the lights and the stars Jack, an I hear them pines acallin but I ain't finished yet for I believe theres good times here only they are harder to locate than black foxes. I'll write ye again soon. So long,

Miles.

McPhee's brows were drawn together in a deep frown as he read again the letter from Miles. "Don't say nothin' about comin back," he muttered. "I sure expected he'd be along afore this."

It was evident that McPhee felt very keenly his young friend's absence; and his life was now a lonesome drag: alone throughout the long winter, spending most of his time in the little cabin. He did very little trapping after Miles had left.

McPhee thrust Miles' letter into his pocket, and drew on his gauntlets; then swinging his provision sack to his shoulder, he made for the door. He was halted, however, by the storekeeper, who called out: "Ho McPhee! Here's another for you, you're in luck this month."

McPhee returned and tore the envelope, his eyes filling with a joyous light as he read the contents.

Walters, the storekeeper, who was through with his mail sorting, leaned over the counter, his eyes on McPhee. "Looks like th' news was good, Jack," said he. "Humm-m!" from Jack, as he he continued reading. "Best go easy on your eyes Jack," said Walters with a chuckle. "How about splittin' fifty-fifty on that news anyhow, so's I can feel amused? Seems like an age since I felt as good as you look."

McPhee finished his letter which he deposited very carefully in his pocket, then with a smile, he turned to Walters. "Good news is right Walters," said Jack, "an' if ye'll stop grinnin' long enough, I'd like ye to dig aroun' this here department store, an' see what ye can dig up, 'at'll suit a man o' my figger. Somethin' as he could wear in a street car without havin' two thousand pair o' eyes shootin' him."

"I'm goin' out Walters," continued Jack, "back to th' east, an' maybe I could get ye to tend to my dogs while I'm gone."

In a low tone McPhee then confided to Walters part of the story of his life previous to his coming north.

"WE was both in love with th' same girl ye see, but somehow th' other chap beat me to it; I kin' o' figgered I'd be some lucky, but th' other chap he'd made a powerful lot out o' that ol' sayin': 'Everythin's fair in love an' war.' An with a bit o' a raw tongue, an' with th' girl's folk's backin' him for a win, he kin' o' left me at th' post. Now Jane—that's her who sent th' letter, didn't have no good time after she an' that chap got married."

"He's bin dead about three years now, an' Jane says as how she's been tryin' to locate me for about eight years, an'—well, Walters, just shake up a few o' them top shelves an' see if some clothes hasn't got mislaid up there somewhere."

As Walters displayed his drygoods stock he questioned McPhee as to the time of his departure. "I figger to leave with th' mail outfit in th' mornin'," Jack replied. "An' I'll be back, Walters, an' then maybe I'll be interdoccin' ye to Mrs. John McPhee o' Sunshine Valley."

Continued on page 59

Memento Mundi

BY

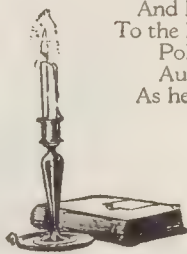
JOHN GRAY

The friar sat in his whitewashed cell
With the flickering candle-light,
Conning the pages he knew so well,
Wisdom of Pagan and Israel,
Long hours of the dreary night.
Chrysostom and Aurelius
Bernard and Eusebius—
The letters blurred his sight

"As the roses of Damascus are"—
Gently he dropped his book.
Through the narrow window a little star
Twinkled and winked at him from afar,
Fixing his wandering look—
Symmachus and Justinian,
Plotinus and Tertullian—
And his wits the saints forsook.

Far away to the fields they fled
To the dawn of a glowing day,
To a shaded cottage and rose-clad shed,
Minutes that dragged and hours that sped
In a distant month of May.
Ambrose and Ignatius,
Clement and Ausonius—
To Cobequid long is the way.

The friar brought from a brass-bound box—
Oh, long is the way that goes
From summer mornings and lovers' walks,
And hawthorn bloom and hollyhocks
To the land of Just Suppose—
Polycarp and Marcian,
Augustine and Origen—
As he kissed the withered rose.



geese; and from nowhere there seemed to spring a new life.

In the cabin of the two trappers, McPhee and his partner were putting the final touches to the cleaning of their trapping equipment.

"Looks like th' ice'll be movin' in a day or so," ventured McPhee. "Gettin' purty soft roun' about. Maybe it would be as well Miles, if ye was to give th' canoe a touch o' paint, for likely in a week ye'll be able to hit for the Peace."

It was the last week in April when the Big Smoky cast its huge crop of broken ice into the swift twirling waters of the Peace river; and in the wake of that outflow—shot Miles Garner's canoe. Miles was bound for Edmonton, then wherever the spirit chose to send him.

ming his pipe harder between his teeth, and pulling his cap, which operation was quite unnecessary, down further over his eyes, Miles with a long stroke of the paddle, shot the canoe out into the current, and in a short while had faded from view.

TWO years had gone swiftly by, and Jack McPhee, had received no word from his young friend. More often than usual, Jack made trips with the dogs, down to the settlement, in hopes that he might receive a letter.

One day Jack was rewarded. The store keeper handed him a letter which bore a Winnipeg post mark. Jack opened and greedily devoured the contents of his letter, which read:

Dear old timer,
I am as perhaps the stamps already have told ye, at Winnipeg, things is

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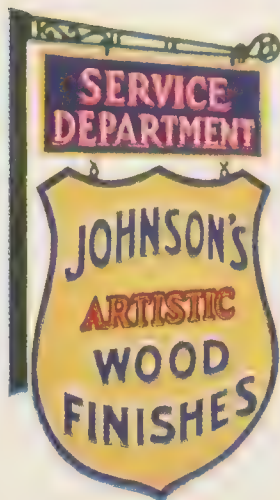


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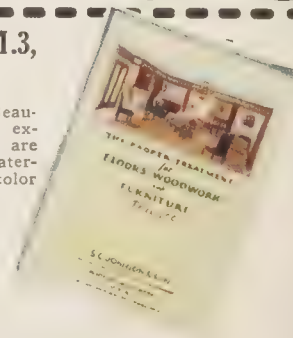
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THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

By Mac.

ONE beautiful day in sunny June while tending some flowers in the garden, a little maid with eager questioning eyes, and fluffy golden curls approached me, and in a shy manner begged for a flower. I smiled at the child's modest request, and cutting off some of my choicest pink sweet-peas made a bouquet, and put it into the little outstretched hands. The sweet innocent smile and her shy murmur of "thanks" was enough to repay me for my labor, but I felt a growing interest in this tiny stranger, which prompted me to inquire of her who she might be. "Won't you tell me your name little stranger?" I asked. "Mummy calls me Ruby, and I just live next door," she answered. "These are for Mummy," she went on, holding up her bouquet, "cause she just loves flowers," and clasping the blossoms tightly in her hand she ran swiftly home.

This chance meeting with this golden-haired baby was the means of my discovering that the brown house next door had found a new tenant. My womanly curiosity was now aroused, and I made several attempts to discover who the new neighbors might be. My endeavors proved unsuccessful however, and I promptly proceeded to forget the incident. Although I dismissed the matter from my mind I was later destined to play an important part in the lives of the tenants in the brown house next door. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Westmore and three children, the eldest being my little friend of the sunny curls. One thing I was deeply puzzled over. Mrs. Westmore never went out of doors, and all errands were usually executed by Ruby. Had it not been for her, for we had become fast friends, I might never have learned of her mother's sorrow. The child in her quaint old fashioned way told me that "Daddy always used a crutch," so I gathered from this that he must be a cripple. When I inquired about her mother, her great, big, blue eyes filled with tears, and she shook her head sadly as she answered, "Mummy has no nice dress to wear and she cries all day." I was touched by the child's words, and resolved that when the first opportunity presented itself I would see Ruby's mother and find out if I could be of any assistance.

The opportunity came sooner than I had expected for a few days later I heard a loud scream, and Ruby came running in crying as if her little heart would break. "Daddy's beating Mummy with his crutch! Please, please come in!"

Boiling with indignation I rushed across to the house with Ruby leading the way. Mrs. Westmore lay sobbing on a nearby couch, while her cripple husband stood by, idly taunting her. As soon as he saw me he left the room rather hurriedly, but not before I had given him a thorough tongue lashing, and had informed him that if he attempted to strike his wife again he would find himself behind prison bars. He had evidently been drinking and murmured something in a sullen tone about "people minding their own business." Darting a look of sullen defiance in my direction he stumped hastily from the room banging the door noisily behind him. I turned to Mrs. Westmore who appeared to be thoroughly exhausted, "Mrs. Westmore," I began—"if I could be of any assistance to you,—I am afraid I have been a very poor neighbor, but if you would try and confide in me, perhaps I might be able to help in some way!"

My words seemed to comfort her, and she clasped my hand warmly, smiling bravely through her tears. She was a very pretty woman with sad, dark eyes, which looked as if they concealed some hidden sorrow. As she remained silent no doubt pondering over my words, I burst out impetuously, "Tell me one thing dear friend, how could a woman with your looks marry an insignificant wretch like that?"

As soon as I had uttered the tactless words I regretted them, for a pained expression came into the sad eyes.

"Forgive me," I whispered;—"I am sorry, but his treatment of you caused me to forget myself and give vent to my feelings."

She caught my hand impulsively and in a voice broken with sobs murmured,

"There is nothing to forgive, dear neighbour, I have longed for someone like you—someone to whom I might pour all my troubles and perhaps receive some consolation and sympathy"—and then she began to tell me her sad history.

"You ask me why I married my husband—well I can only answer that by saying, 'because I love him.' My people were considered wealthy, father being a railroad contractor, and I was attending a finishing school when I first met my husband. Although Jack was a cripple, it made no difference for I was deeply in love, and could see no faults in the man in whom I had placed all my affections. Oh! those wonderful days, and wonderful moments, when we would meet, and Jack would tenderly whisper that I was the only girl for him—and then we would paint glorious air-castles of what we would do when united in marriage. However, a greater difficulty presented itself in the form of my parents, for I had a feeling that Jack would not receive a kind reception from dad and mother, still I was determined that nothing would induce me to give up my sweetheart.

Accordingly I obtained holidays from school and journeyed down home to tell the folks of my 'wonder man' as I chose to call him. It was then arranged that he should call and meet my parents. At first he seemed reluctant to go, probably on account of his deformity, but I assured him over and over again that nothing could alter my decision to become his wife. My words seemed to give him fresh courage, and he agreed to 'face the music' as he termed it. Dad and mother received me with a great deal of affection, but when I told them of my decision, they appeared troubled and remonstrated with me to wait until I was older and wiser, but I shook my head obstinately and assured them that after they had seen and known Jack, they would change their minds and wish me all happiness. That same evening he was invited to dinner. My parents received the 'shock of their lives' as they told me later, to find that the man I was about to marry was a cripple, and a person of no particular rank—or means of supporting a girl who had been used to every luxury that money could supply. The cold reception given Jack grieved me very much, but I was powerless to prevent his being snubbed openly. My father urged Jack to give up what he termed a foolish infatuation for a girl who would never succeed as a poor man's wife. I tried every means possible to obtain daddy's consent, but he was firm and told me bluntly that if I did not forget 'the upstart' and go back to school like a dutiful girl, he would forget that I was his daughter and consider me as dead. When I saw Jack a few days later and told him of daddy's answer he appeared distressed, and placing an arm lovingly about my shoulder said: "Dearest, I am afraid what your father said was all too true. All I can offer you is a poor man's love and if at some time or other you should regret marrying me—I could not bear to think that I had caused you pain."

"His words caused me much displeasure and I entreated him to remember that such a love as ours surpassed all regrets, and assured him once more that I was determined to become his wife at all costs. A few days later we were married quietly at a little church around the corner, and when we stood before my parents 'man and wife' their anger was the only thing that marred our joy. We left the beautiful house where I had spent a happy girlhood with heavy hearts, as my parents refused to forgive or recognize our marriage. I appealed to mother down whose cheeks tears were falling, but my father quietly led her away without a word of farewell. I felt hurt as well as angry, but as I had made my bed—I must lie on it, so I resolved that as I had at least married the man I cared for—

nothing else mattered. That was seven years ago. We left America and Jack obtained employment. We were very happy with the children until six months ago, when Jack started drinking and keeping all his money for his own needs. With no money to buy food or clothing I have been forced to obtain credit from everyone, and with no immediate hope of paying these bills I have been ashamed to go anywhere—that's why I dread meeting other people. If I could only get some work to do to obtain money to buy the necessities of life and to pay what we owe, I wouldn't mind so much, but everything seems so hopeless," and she broke off sobbing.

I HAD listened to this story in silence, and my heart bled for this plucky little woman who had remained so staunch to the man she had given up so much for. I tried to comfort her and left the house with the resolution to do everything in my power to assist her. I had thought of suggesting a loan, but I knew this would prove repulsive, so I decided that I must find some other means of assisting. An idea suggested itself in the form of the grocer with whom I had been dealing for some time. I told him of my difficulty and desire to help, and he said he had a friend who would be glad of an assistant in his store, so everything was duly arranged, and Mrs. Westmore was installed as saleslady in a clothing store. Although having no previous experience in this line of work, she proved a quick and willing worker, and soon the little debts were greatly reduced. Just when it seemed as if all her troubles were over a new one arose. Her husband became seriously ill. The doctor said he was in a very bad condition, and must have careful nursing and attention. Poor Mrs. Westmore: were her troubles never to cease? Must she always remain unhappy, I wondered. As it was absolutely necessary that she continue her work in order to buy the little delicacies so necessary for an invalid, I now became nurse. Things began to look very bad in the Westmore home. The husband's condition did not improve, and the doctor coming in one day shook his head sadly.

"There is something strange about this case. My patient seems to have no inclination or desire to live. If he could be induced to try and make an effort to get well—then we need have no fear for his recovery." After the doctor had gone Mrs. Westmore threw herself down beside the bed of her frail-looking husband and sobbingly implored him to live for the children's sake.

"Jack, dear, do try to get well; you are all the children and I have to live for, please, dear, try so hard," and she pressed her lips against the pale cheek. Her touch seemed to awaken him from a reverie, and he stretched out a thin hand and laid it on her bowed head. "Geraldine," he murmured in a weak voice, "can you forgive me for the past? I know I have been a weak fool and you have paid heavily for my weakness, but thanks to you, dear, and our kind neighbour, my eyes have been opened, and now I am determined to get better and then—" But he did not finish for Mrs. Westmore had placed her arms around him and whispered, "I do forgive dear, now try to sleep and remember that whatever happens we still have each other."

My heart was touched by this scene and the devotion displayed by this faithful wife, and I turned away as a sob came into my throat. One thing I now decided to do—I would secure the address of Mrs. Westmore's home in America, and acquaint them of the plight of their erring daughter and her family. Surely they would forgive and help one who had made such a hard struggle for existence. Seven years was a long time—at any rate I was determined to try it. I managed to secure without any suspicion the address of Mrs. Westmore's home and despatched a carefully worded letter telling them of their daughter's plight, and appealing to them for the sake of the love they once bore her to forget the past and render their much-needed assistance. After the letter had gone I gave a sigh of relief—at least I had done my best.

Continued on page 57



For every muscular ache

You get quick relief with this simple treatment. It rouses the natural bodily forces to drive out the cause of pain

AN aching back, an attack of rheumatism, a bad case of lame muscles—such common ailments, and, when they happen to you, how hard to bear!

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Are Young or Older Children Easier to Manage?

By Mrs Nestor Noel

I HAVE heard parents remark that certain children were hard to manage, because they were beyond the age of babyhood. To tell the truth, children are no harder to manage at one age than at another. It all depends on the parents; some can manage children easily, whilst others cannot. A person who understands children will be able to manage them at any age. One simply has to adopt different ways with different children.

With very young children, it is no use for the parent to try to argue, because a baby does not understand reasoning. With elder children, I think it is better to explain one's motives, now and then. Years ago, parents wanted the obedience of a stick, which just remained where it was put. Those were the days when children were taught to be seen and not heard. I do not think that parents then could have had the pleasure we have out of our children. How could they be companionable when they were taught that they were inferior beings?

Now that children are treated reasonably, we may be inclined to forget their ages and to expect too great seriousness of them. We must still remember that they are children, though they have many advantages over the children of olden times.

Whatever age the child may be, you must never let her see that you cannot manage her. You must be firm even if you are gentle. I think that a person who loves children can always manage

them. If you show a child that you look on her as a nuisance, that you are longing for the time when you will be away from her, you need not be surprised that she will resent it, and so she will be as naughty as she can.

You must not show a child you fear her either, for children are much like animals, and if you show you are afraid of them, they will lead you a terrible life. In training children, we must seem to do so unconsciously. There must be no conscious efforts nor hard strain visible.

As soon as the child is old enough to understand, I should prefer using a little reason with her. Reasoning is not arguing, and it need not be done in a loud voice. We do not call the heart to heart talks of a mother with her child arguing.

A child would rather be your friend than your enemy. Children will not even bear you a grudge because you have to manage them.

I believe that all children are naturally lovable and loving. Some one may have spoilt their good disposition, temporarily; but be careful to look for it, as it is always there.

I would not believe anyone who told me that a child was naturally naughty; for the naturally naughty child does not exist. She is only a creature of another's imagination. Taking children with patience and a great love, they are easy to manage,—just as easy at one age as at another.

The Unexpected Guest

By Winifred N. Whitlock

IT is lovely to hear the sound of wheels and the toot-toot of the automobile horn heralding the arrival of friends from the city or some far-off farm. What greetings are exchanged, what questions asked and answered, what old times talked over, the family news told and local gossip retailed!

But even while the hostess is welcoming her guests, a corner of her brain is pondering the answer to the eternal question: "What shall I give them for dinner?"

The city housewife solves the problem by telephoning to the nearest delicatessen store for some ham and potato salad, then for a pie and some ice cream, and in a very short time the unexpected visitors are sitting down to an appetizing meal.

But what about the woman in the country? She cannot telephone to the nearest town and talk to hungry visitors till the eatables arrive. She has to give them something from the supplies she has on hand, and in this respect she is usually more fortunate than her sister in the City, for the country larder is generally well stocked, and the good housewife always has some preserves in her cellar.

The great thing when folks are hungry—and they usually are after a long drive—is not to keep them waiting for a meal.

My plan is to keep an emergency menu in my head and emergency rations on a shelf in the larder. Unexpected visitors thus never find me unprepared and when they have eaten and departed—I hope satisfied—I proceed to restock my emergency shelf. This does not mean that if no visitors happen to come for

several weeks or months I leave my emergency shelf undisturbed. Periodically the provisions form part of the family menu and are renewed.

My first course is soup and crackers. I keep a tin of tomato or chicken soup on the shelf and a package of cracker biscuits.

My second course depends on what I have in the house. One of my emergency dishes is nested eggs. I cut the potatoes in small pieces and then mash them, putting a poached egg in the centre of a nest of potato. A quarter of an hour should suffice for preparing this dish, the potatoes being peeled and put on to boil just as soon as you can reach the kitchen.

Quicker than this is an egg omelet, either plain or with some chopped ham, and I once made and served a Welsh Rarebit which appeared to be relished by my guests.

Many other dishes will readily come to the mind of the clever woman. The great thing is to have something that can be cooked and served in less than a quarter of an hour.

My third course is preserved fruit with cream—if I have any—and after that coffee with cracker biscuits and cheese cubes.

The great trouble with some women is they never know where to lay their hands on anything. The best china is in some recess of the attic covered with dust, there isn't a clean tablecloth in the house, they don't know what they have in their cellar, and after the guests have gone they begin to think over what they might have given them.

Just as every efficient business house has fire drill, so every well managed home should have guest drill. The

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST—Continued from page 20

children or mother and father can play at being guests and the preparation for the meal and the laying of the table can be timed and possible improvements in the service noted. Every member of the family should be given his or her task and go to their allotted post and work just as soon as the guests arrive.

Naturally it falls to mother's share to supervise the preparation of the meal with the eldest daughter as chief assistant. Father, if he is a good talker, might be asked to entertain the guests until the curtain goes up and brother could get out the china and linen.

Many hands make light work and it is surprising how quickly a meal can be prepared after a few rehearsals. Of course the first time there will be amusing fiascos, but isn't it better to have these and laugh at them with the candid criticism of the family circle than in the presence of austere Aunt Maria or on the occasion of the Minister's wife's first call?

We knew a family who were never prepared. One day a distant relation

called unexpectedly. Everyone wanted to make a good impression. Father sent out for some special brand of tea, one of the daughters rushed to get out the best china, used about once a year, another one was despatched to buy some fruit cake. When mother raised the silver teapot, a stream of water gushed forth from its spout. In the excitement no tea had been put in!

Once when I lived in an apartment house I had a neighbor come at eleven o'clock one night to borrow a towel. Her husband had arrived home unexpectedly and the clean towels had not come back from the laundry. I lent her two, and, incidentally, never saw them again.

"Mother" would be laughed at if she had a "Hope Chest" but if she has a guest shelf in her linen cupboard or a guest drawer in her bureau and its purpose explained to the other members of the family they will take a pride in mother's reserve supply and replenish or supplement it at Christmas or on her birthday.

Try it and see.

The House I Live In

THE little place wherein I dwell delights my friends and me—a fact which gives me joy, although redounding not one iota to my own credit, but solely to that of the ingenious Scotch artist who transformed its most prosaic interior to one of quaint originality; and to the builder who, having a fine taste in architecture, elected that the exterior should be of the type that holds such an obvious appeal to the designers of Yuletide greeting cards.

Now, while in every sense a snug and comfortable retreat, my home is not—strictly speaking—a house. Nor was it so intended. Indeed, it was erected in those first booming days of this northwestern town to give shelter, not to humans, but to horses and equipage; but as the automobile came into vogue simultaneously with its completion, no high-spirited steeds have ever neighed or whinnied within its portals.

Verily, incongruity denotes its charm, inside and out. A lane having come to separate the little red-bricked structure from the adjoining estate, it now looks out upon the principal avenue, secluded by a high board fence and quaint old garden, with rustic bench beneath a spreading balm of Gilead. Its dignified dormer window with its little white mullions, on the one side of the sloping roof, and the broad casement beneath the white-raftered eaves, on the other side, in fact, give to the passerby little clue as to its original intention, and he is further deceived by the miniature mosque which, slatted like a belfry, yet without a voice, rises from the bright, green-shingled roof to support a shining weather-vane, that whirls about vociferously when the high winds blow.

An old-fashioned gate, with posts like school boys' "snow men" leads one down a pleasant path, beside which yellow poppies vie with their red sisters and the orange marigold; then presently the path is blocked by a circular bed of asters, mauve and white and pink, and one is left to find one's own way past the clumps of lilac and the bulging old wood rain-barrel to the little knocked-out entrance beneath an overhanging shed.

The whole atmosphere savors of the unusual, and one is not disappointed, when the door swings open into a spacious living-room, at the dexterous transformation of barren stable to cozy dwelling. But, too, as may be expected, an amazing incongruity prevails.

AT first sight the eye delights itself with the tiny stained glass windows, high up by the rough board ceiling, beneath which, where stalls might have been, there stands a deep-seated chesterfield, in company with an early-day melodeon of rosewood, with blue scarf and tall orange candle upon it. Then one becomes suddenly aware of a presence in the shadowy corner, only to find the five-

sided face of an old brass clock peering out, like a mischievous brownie, behind heavy old brass candlesticks and gleaming kettle, atop a decidedly modern cabinet filled with china and silver and crystal, both old and new. Gargoyles on an antique sideboard grin impishly at the frivolous array of cushions on the divan at the casement. Odd chairs group themselves sociably around a centre-table. Nothing matches; yet despite the incompatibility of period and design, the whole is singularly harmonious.

But it is the walls, perhaps, more than the furnishings that have so completely altered the interior. Beneath the sills of the high windows, where the rough white boards come to an end, buff-colored linen, stretched taut, gives a pleasing background, between moulding and plate-rail, to some excellent water-colors, signed, most of them, by the versatile Scottish artist, while beneath the plate rest the wall is panelled with a floral tapestry in greens and blues and pinks and yellows, which makes one think of English gardens.

On the upper wainscoting a wooden dipper, hand-carved in the 18th century, swings between a belt and helmet from the world war, and an old Indian bow with its chiselled flint arrow, belonging to the Blackfoot; while at intervals around the room, painted black bats spread their wings against the creamy board, quite in keeping with the delightfully incongruous whole.

Partitioned off from this room is a compartment devoted to the combined use of kitchen and study, with huge stove and high oaken cupboards with dresden china knobs, and a clumsy old oak table with its row of books and inkpots, above which hangs a sober oil of the owner's distant kinsfolk—Sir Walter.

A gorgeous painted peacock spreads his multi-colored tail across a low-silled window in the hallway leading to the loft; now converted to a bedroom and sitting room, with low ceilings and broad window seats and gaily tinted walls. A queer, cozy little place, altogether—leased for a half year while the artistic Scotsman sojourns with his family on the Pacific—and a veritable oasis in the bachelor girl's desert of furnished rooms and apartments.—F.M.T.

Thinking wisely before you speak is as important as thinking twice.

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Men call themselves lovers of variety, yet expect their wives to brew their coffee every morning for twenty years without a change in the strength or the flavor.



Men knew it but she didn't

AND the pity of it was that the subject was so delicate a one that even her closest friends didn't have the heart to mention it to her.

It was one of those things that people habitually dodge in conversation even though it might be a great boon to the person so handicapped if he or she were informed.

Halitosis is not a pretty subject, perhaps. But how many, many people—men and women—suffer from it and are held back both socially and in business!

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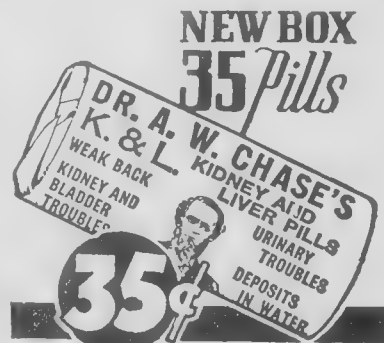
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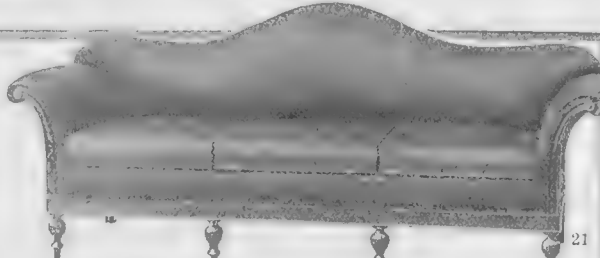
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The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Manitoba

The Need for Balance

By Lilian D. Milner

THE professor of English literature at a great university said to me a few days ago; "Our young people think too much of mental culture, and not enough of domestic arts. What is needed is balance!"

Coming from a man who is himself engaged in the dissemination of mental culture, that comment is somewhat startling, but it is all too true. Perhaps the attitude of many of the women who have to do housework themselves is responsible for the feeling of the younger generation towards it—they regard it as something derogatory, and the women who do it—whether they are wives, daughters, mothers, or paid helpers, as martyrs. I know because I used to feel that way myself.

No girl ever hated housework more than I did. One day, when I was about eleven years old, I heard my mother, exasperated at something I had done, say to a friend; "That child will never be any use around the house." I was a clumsy, awkward child, but I think most of my apparent clumsiness was due to unsuspected astigmatism. I made up my mind that my mother's prediction would come true. I would be a school teacher, or a stenographer, when I grew up, and I'd never do any housework—never!

The immediate result of my resolution was my expulsion from cookery class at the school I attended because I took no interest in the work. When I was informed of this, I simply danced home, flung the little apron and sleeves I wore to cookery school out my bag and announced joyfully to my horrified mother; "I don't have to wear these things any more because I'm not to learn cooking." When my mother learned from the principal of the school that I had been recommended for a certain much-coveted scholarship, she became somewhat resigned to having a small daughter who failed in housewifely accomplishments.

There came a time when I had to leave school and do housework, but I washed dishes, swept floors, dusted, etc., with a feeling of revolt that trebled the disagreeableness of the hated tasks, and I looked forward to the time when I wouldn't have to do them. I didn't see just how this would happen—perhaps I'd marry a millionaire; perhaps some hitherto unheard of wealthy relative would leave me a fortune; or perhaps I'd earn lots of money writing stories some day.

I dreamed dreams of all kinds of things which might happen that would change life for me—and then something did! No, I didn't marry a millionaire, and I didn't inherit a fortune, and I haven't made one writing yet—but I changed my views regarding housework, and I question if there are many bigger things can come into a girl's life than that.

I went to stay with a friend who numbered among her many accomplishments a real talent for cooking. She was a university graduate, an author and an artist. Although she was the daughter of a Canadian professor whose text books on mathematics are used at Oxford and Cambridge universities, she took an immense pride in doing much of her own housework. It didn't seem right to me—this woman with marked literary and other gifts, taking an interest in anything so prosaic as cooking. She even washed dishes as if she liked doing it.

I felt a sort of contempt for her, a feeling which was deepened when I wanted to take a pan of apple peelings out to her horse one day, and she said not to, that she was going to cook

them. I felt that was carrying "Domestic Economy" a little too far until I saw the pretty little jar of pink jelly which was the result of the experiment. One day I watched her cut up a large plain cake and, by using various icings and fillings—mostly tiny left-overs which other people would throw away—make several kinds of cake, and that quickened my interest. There came a day when she showed me all the things she could make from a plain baking-powder biscuit foundation, and my smouldering enthusiasm burst into flames. "Let me make something, too," I begged.

"Why, certainly," she said. "I'm having some young people in this evening, and you can make a cake for them."

She knew I wanted to make it "all by myself," so she sat in another room and called out the directions to me. When she said one cup of sugar, I argued with myself that wasn't enough, that she had become so used to cooking that she probably never measured for herself (you know how experienced cooks tell you to add sufficient flour to make a batter, or seasoning to taste, without saying just how much to use?) so I added another half cupful. I argued the same way about the baking powder. Two teaspoons of baking powder couldn't possibly make a cake light, and I dare not risk my cake being a failure—so I put in three and then added a little more.

After I put the cake in the oven I opened the door about a dozen times in the first ten minutes. "It's rising beautifully!" I cried joyfully. I didn't like to hurt my friend's feelings by saying so, but my cake had risen higher than any of hers that I'd ever seen. That was because of the extra baking-powder, I told myself.

"I wouldn't look at it again," my friend advised as I went to the oven again. "I'll tell you when to take it out." I sat down beside her and tried to read a book, but I wasn't thinking of what I was reading—I was planning more things I was going to cook.

"I think you can take it out now," she said at last. Her husband came in at that moment, and I waited for him to join the triumphant procession to the kitchen. "I want to show you the most wonderful cake you ever saw!" I gloated. I flung open the oven door. Where was the cake? Then I saw that the floor of the oven and the cake pan were covered with a flat, dark brown, toffee-like substance.

I flung myself into my friend's arms, sobbing hysterically. "I didn't do what you told me!" I wailed. "I put in more sugar and more baking powder. I wanted it to be such a good cake and—" I choked. "You'll never let me make anything again," I sobbed. "You'll never trust me again."

"Of course I will," she laughed. "You can try again right away."

Once more she called out the directions from the adjoining room and I followed them implicitly this time, and the result was a cake that was so nice that I hated to see them eat it for fear I'd never make another one quite so good.

I have always been glad that I had this little experience for it taught me the necessity for measuring accurately all ingredients in cooking. It emphasized the need for the exercise of brain power in performing a task which I had previously thought required none. It has saved me the worry I see some of my friends undergo, wondering if their cakes are going to be good or not—I know that mine are going to be good. I have always been very grateful to that good friend for giving me the

Continued on page 23



With the Women's Institutes in Manitoba

THE Child Welfare Station in Morris: For several years, one of the chief aims of the Morris Women's Institute has been to secure the very best health possible for the children of their community. Three years ago they succeeded in securing the services of a District Nurse. On January 17th, one of the ambitions of the Institutes was realized when a Child Welfare Station was formally opened. Dr. M. Stewart Frazer of the Provincial Board of Health was the principal speaker of the afternoon. Other speakers were Miss H. M. Churchill, President of the Women's Institute, who performed the opening ceremony; Mrs. F. McKenzie, Mr. Young, who represented the Red Cross Society, and Mr. C. L. Stoney, reeve of the municipality. The Little Mothers' League assisted in the opening. Miss McIntyre, the resident district nurse, was presented with a bouquet of flowers, in appreciation of her untiring efforts to establish a welfare station.

Arizona had a concert on January 25. Balmoral is putting on a play.

Basswood has been providing bedding and household furnishings for a family whose home was burned.

Berton members are endeavoring to secure assistance under the Mothers' Allowance for a widow living in their community.

In Bowsman a very successful silver tea has added to the funds of the society. Another payment was made on the Electric Light Plant shares.

Clearwater has appointed an active sick visiting committee with one member in each district.

Coulter has paid a week's hospital expenses for a friend who was injured. The members are raising money to pay for a piano.

At the January meeting of the Oulross Institute, fancy cake icing and decorating was demonstrated.

Decker had a quilting bee, the quilt to be given to a needy family. Another family where there has been considerable sickness, is being assisted with coal and food.

Deloraine held an open meeting, at which Mr. James Steedsman, M.P., spoke on Immigration.

Dugald is publishing a paper, the "Dugald Din," which is read at each meeting. A bale of clothing was sent to the S.S.B., and \$20.00 to the Children's Aid Society.

Elkhorn is working for an Easter Bazaar to swell the cemetery improvement fund.

Ellenville listened to an intensely interesting series of letters written to his mother by a boy in the midst of the Japanese earthquake disasters.

Elm Creek held a social evening for the school teachers and the husbands of the members. The members are holding sewing classes for the girls and are endeavoring to start manual training classes for the boys.

Elva members sent assistance to the Children's Aid Society and to the Social Hygiene Association.

In Emerson, arrangements have been completed to have the rink opened one afternoon a week for small children. Serving refreshments at the Old Timers' dance netted a goodly sum to be used in providing a toboggan slide for the children. A silver tea was arranged in aid of a poor family.

Endcliffe members are making articles for a bazaar.

Euwart ladies have been busy sewing for one of their members. A series of good times have been planned.

Gimli contributed \$25.00 to the skating rink fund and \$10.00 to the school for hot lunch purposes.

Gladstone is providing food and clothing for a family recently burned out. Over \$140.00 was given to the monument fund.

Hamiota women had a very interesting address by Dr. Hudson at the last meeting.

The Inwood Institute is providing one meal a day for a man who is unable to support himself. An apron sale is being planned for the near future.

Isabella held a shower for one of their members who is being married.

Kenton had a very interesting demonstration of school lunch boxes, which was judged and discussed.

Killarney entertained the returned men and their wives.

Langruth had a dance to raise money to buy a cupboard for the dishes in the hall.

Makaroff bought two more shares in the new hall at \$10.00 each.

Melita Institute members are co-operating with the other women's organizations to deal with the Chinese restaurant situation.

Miniota is considering a community ice house.

Minitonas held a sewing bee for a needy family in the district.

Morris gave relief to 5 families and fitted one child with school clothing.

Moline held a "Canadian Night" and a "Scotch Night."

Moore Park staged a play on January 25th. They sent \$4.50 to the Social Hygiene Association and \$5.00 to the Children's Aid.

Narcisse held a dance to provide household articles for a returned man whose home was burned.

Neepawa sent two parcels of clothing to needy families. They are making a study of child welfare.

Norwood held a social evening.

Ochre River made the last payment on the hall they bought nine months ago.

Pipestone had an interesting address by Mrs. Robert Forks.

Plum Coulee earned \$25.00 for the motion picture machine, at a pie social.

Reston members meet twice a month to repair clothing for needy families. The Cemetery committee has commenced functioning for 1924.

Rosburn members are making a layette.

Rosser held a leap-year dance. They sent \$5.00 to the Children's Aid, and \$5.00 to the Children's Home.

Sifton built a toboggan slide on the school grounds, and have bought 2 shares in the community hall; \$5.00 was sent to the "Save the Children" fund.

Somerset women are piecing quilts.

Souris had a demonstration of tying a "thistle-top" quilt.

Treherne and Waskada served refreshments for the local bonspiel.

Whitewater women are making garments for the Children's Aid.

THE NEED FOR BALANCE

—Continued from page 22

second chance for if she had not done so I might have missed what has proved to be one of the greatest joys of my life.

I watched her wash dishes, rinsing some things in cold water and some in hot—according to what the dishes had contained—thus making the real "wash-up" a clean pleasant task, and I began to take pleasure in this previously detested work, too.

From enjoyment in washing dishes, I quickly passed to the stage where I learned to take pride in a properly swept and dusted room, and a neatly-made bed. And so to the clever, kindly daughter of a famous Canadian professor I owe one of the greatest blessings that has come to me—a love for, and an enthusiastic pride in, the domestic arts, and upon that firm foundation is built the happiness of my own house.

I think that every woman should find enjoyment in housework, and that all women will do so if only they take the right attitude towards the work. What is needed by our girls is, as the university professor said, the balance which means that neither mental culture nor the domestic arts will be neglected, for both are very necessary to the happiness of our homes.

*The
Masterpiece!*



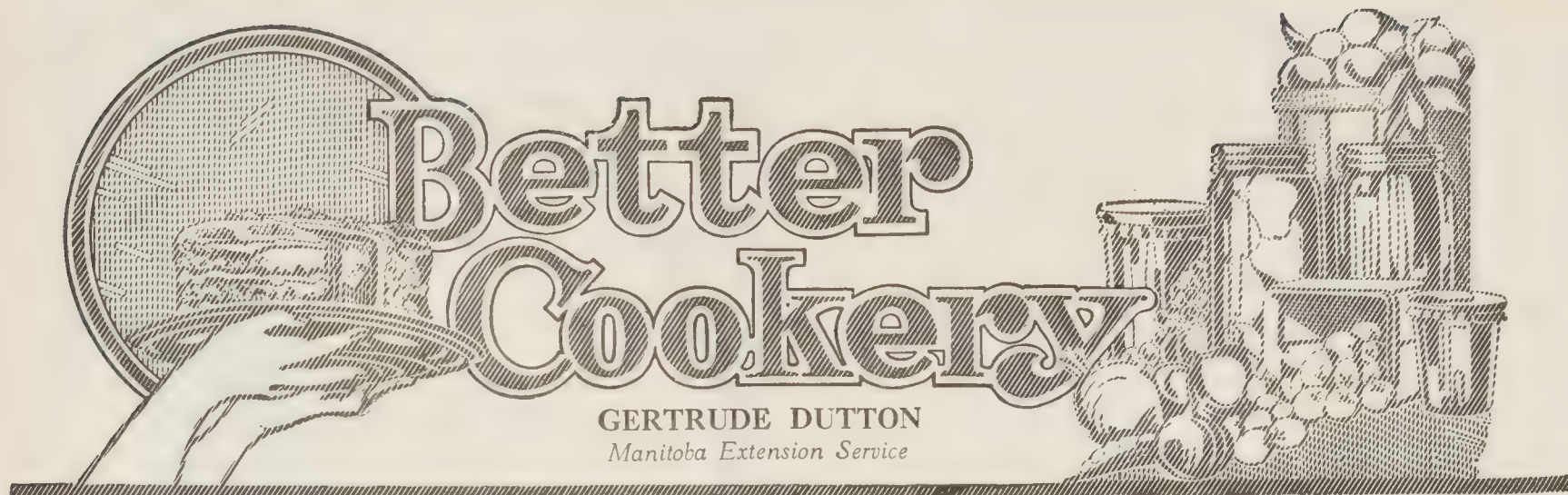
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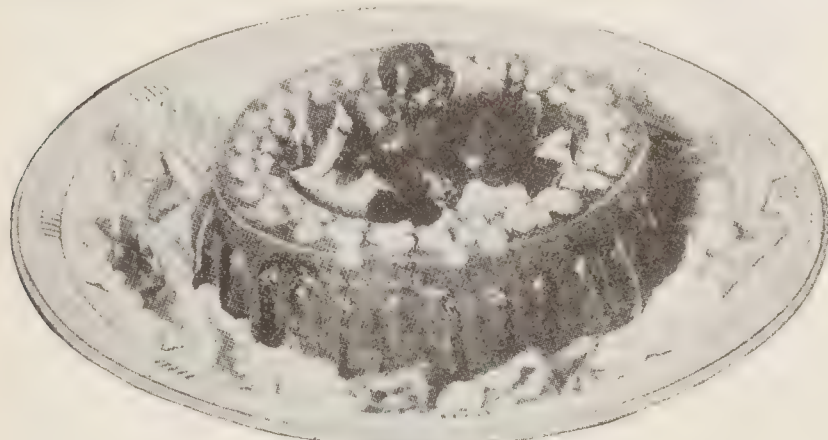


When Appetites Need Tempting

WHEN the mild days come, everybody is tired of the foods he has enjoyed all winter. The housewife has considerable difficulty in pleasing her family. The vegetables have lost their freshness, and the supply of pie fillings is scarcer. New ways of cooking the old standbys must be found. Fortunate is she who still has shelves well stored with canned fruits and vegetables. Eggs should be cheap enough to permit of being used quite freely.

Pineapple Fluff

Granulated gelatine, 1 tb.
Cold water, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Pineapple juice (hot), $1\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{3}$ c. Pinch of salt



Moulded vegetable salad will use your left-overs

Soften the gelatine in the cold water. Add the other ingredients, stir till the gelatine and sugar are dissolved, and strain into a bowl. Stir from the sides and bottom occasionally. When it begins to thicken, beat to a froth with an egg beater. Pile in glass cups, and serve with a soft custard.

Apple Compote

Apples Sugar Water
Peel and core and cut up the apples, add sugar to taste and about $\frac{1}{8}$ as much water as apple. Boil till the apples will mash to a pulp. Beat well, beating in enough bright red jelly (cranberry is good), to make a delicate pink color. Cool, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs.

Apple and Prune Betty

Apples, sliced, 2 c. Prune juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Stewed prunes, 1 c. Lemon juice, 1 tb.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Crumbs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.

In a greased baking dish put alternate layers of sliced apples, prunes and crumbs, sprinkling each layer of fruit with sugar and cinnamon. When the dish is nearly full, pour over it the prune juice and lemon juice, cover with a layer of crumbs. Bake till the apples are tender. Serve with hard sauce.

Fruit Delight

Mix together 1 can of sliced peaches and $\frac{1}{4}$ tb. of marshmallows cut in quarters, and chill. Before serving fold in 1 cup of cream, sweetened and whipped till stiff.

Peach Custard

Put slices of canned peaches in the bottom of individual glass dishes. Cover with soft custard, and put a spoonful of stiffly beaten sweetened egg white on top.

Peach Dumplings

Roll biscuit dough quite thin, and cut in squares. On each square put half of a canned peach. Bring the edges up around the peach, after wetting the edge, to make it stick. Place on a flat pan, sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar, and bake in a hot oven. Serve with the heated fruit syrup for a sauce.

Dutch Apple Cake

In a shallow pan, spread a layer of biscuit dough about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Pare, core and cut apples into eighths. Place them in parallel rows on the dough. Sprinkle the top with 2 tb. of sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ t. of cinnamon mixed together. Bake in a hot oven, and serve hot with lemon sauce.

Cherry Snow Balls

Butter, 4 tb.
Sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Flour, 2 c.
Baking powder, 3 t.
Egg whites, 2.
Canned cherries

Cream the butter and sugar, add alternately the milk and the flour and baking powder sifted together. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and $\frac{3}{4}$ c. of drained canned red cherries. Steam in cups for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. Serve with hard sauce and garnish with cherries.

Jellied Ginger Pears

Gelatine, 2 tb. Lemon juice, 2 tb.
Cold water, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Canned pears, 4 or 5
Boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Candied ginger
Pear syrup, $2\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Mix the gelatine and cold water, add the boiling water and pear juice as it stiffens, mold in the pears cut in strips lengthwise, and chopped ginger. Serve with whipped cream.

Pineapple Rice

Rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Salt
Boiling water Grated pineapple, 1 c
Cook the rice till tender. Remove from the fire, stir in the pineapple, and place in a serving dish. Chill, serve with whipped cream, and sugar if needed.

Apricot Whip

Drain 1 c. of canned apricots, and mash or rub through a sieve. Fold in 2 stiffly whipped egg whites, pile in a serving dish and chill. If desired, a custard made of the egg yolks may be served with it.

Add to 2 c. boiling water and cook in the double boiler till clear. Add the juice of a lemon, and pour into wet molds. Serve with the canned strawberries.

Pear Almond Pudding

Arrange 6 half pears in a serving dish. Press 4 blanched almonds into each pear. In a double boiler heat 1 c. of pear syrup and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. of water. Mix 2 tb. of cornstarch with 3 tb. of cold water. Add to the hot liquid. Cook till thick and clear, add the juice of one half lemon and pour carefully over the pears. Set aside to harden.

Jack Horner Pudding

Make a corn meal or cream of wheat mush, thick enough to mold. Remove the pips from plums, and put three plums in each of the required number of wet individual molds. Fill with the mush, and set aside to chill. Serve with the plum syrup.

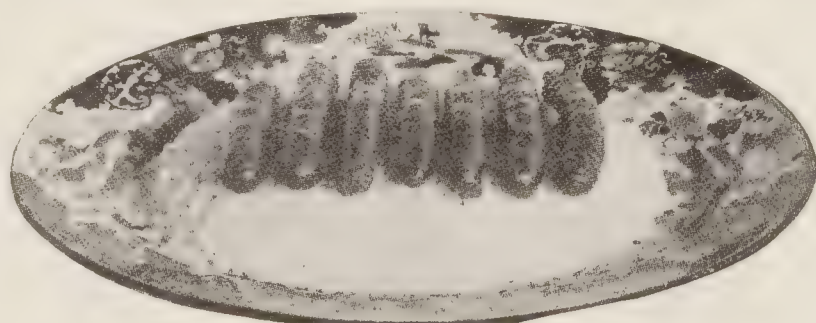
Baked Raisin Custard

Beat 2 eggs slightly, add $\frac{1}{4}$ t. salt, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. seedless raisins cut in pieces, 2 c. scalded milk and 1 tb. sugar. Stir till well blended, pour into individual custard cups and bake in a pan of water in a slow oven till a silver knife comes out clean. Stir once during the cooking, when it is beginning to thicken, so that the raisins will not all be in the bottom of the custards.

Raisin Mold

Seeded raisins, cut, 1 c.
Hot water, 3 c.
Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Small piece stick cinnamon.
Cornstarch, 4 tb.
Cold water
Juice of 1 lemon
Sugar if needed

Boil together for 15 minutes, the raisins, hot water, salt and stick cinnamon. Remove the cinnamon, and pour in the corn starch diluted with a little cold water, and cook, in the double boiler for 45 minutes. Add the lemon juice, and



Savoy rice with sausage

Apricot Charlotte Russe

Arrange circles of stale sponge cake in a buttered baking dish. Mix 1 beaten egg white, 1 tb. sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sifted apricot pulp. Heap on the circles of cake, sprinkle with cocoanut and bake in a slow oven. Serve with custard sauce.

Strawberry Pudding

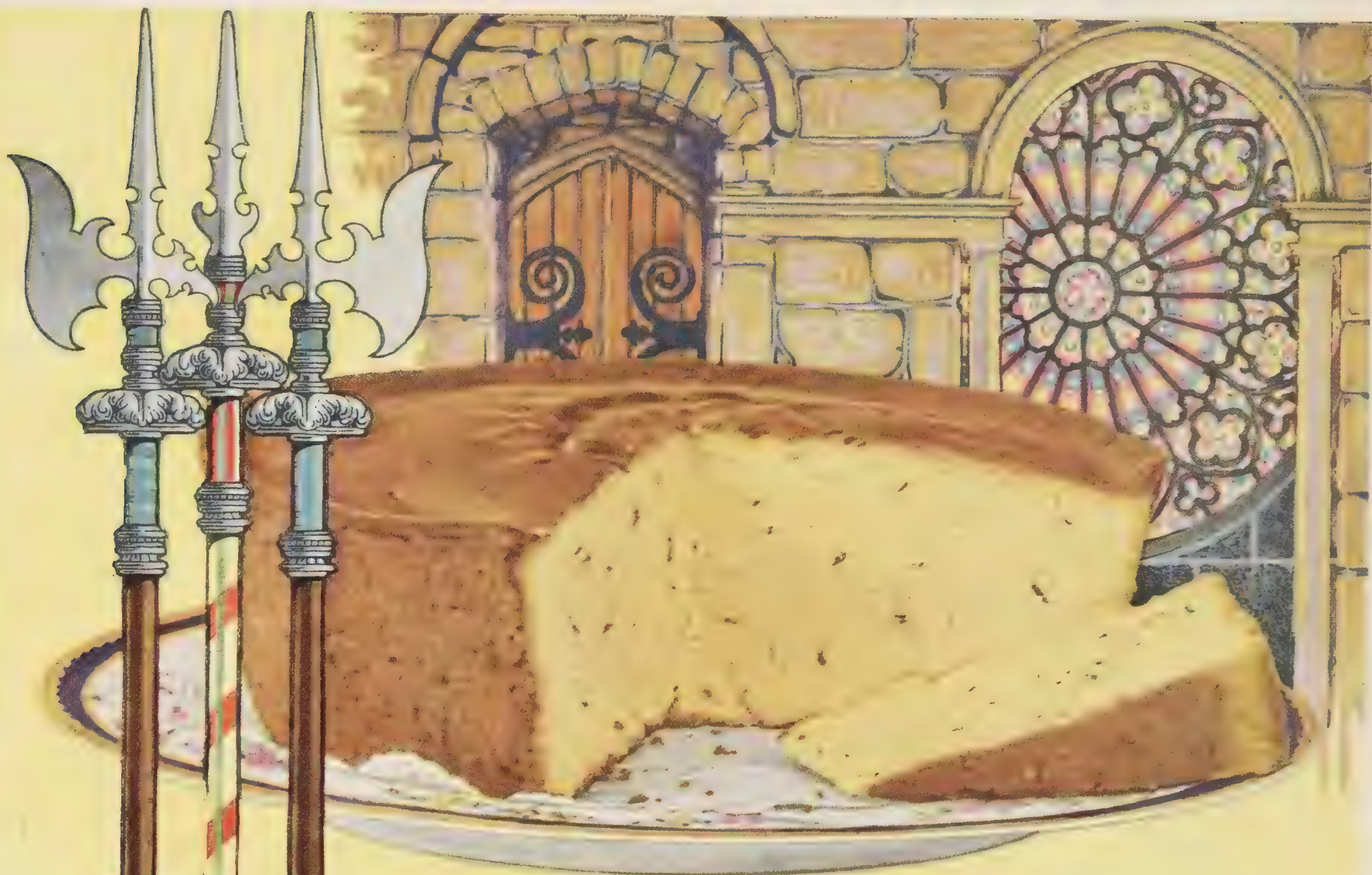
Mix 6 tb. cornstarch, 2 tb. sugar if necessary, and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. strawberry juice.

sugar if necessary. Pour into a serving dish and chill. Serve with cream.

Banbury Tarts

Raisins, 1 c.
Sugar, 1 c.
Lemon juice, 1 tb.
Grated lemon rind, 1 t.
Egg, 1
Soda biscuit, 1

Continued on page 27



*"In days of old, when Knights were bold,
And Barons held their sway—"*

NUN'S CAKE was the favorite of all

NUN'S CAKE was the first real cake ever made and the delicious variety of cakes you enjoy today have all been evolved from it. First made in the old convents, under the personal direction of the Abbess, its fame spread far and wide and its recipe was handed down, by word of mouth, through all the ages. Now you can have it. The experts of the Royal Baking Powder Company have put the recipe of

Nun's Cake

into the measures of today so that this generation may enjoy one of the luxuries of the past. What could be a more appropriate ingredient for the first of all cakes than the foremost of all baking powders, Royal?

The fame of Royal has spread throughout the world too. The purity of its ingredients, its wholesomeness, are recognized everywhere. As you know, Royal is made from Cream of Tartar, derived from luscious, ripe grapes. To achieve the fine texture, delicious flavor and great charm of Nun's Cake, it must be made with Royal Baking Powder.

NUN'S CAKE

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 cup butter or butter substitute | 2½ teaspoons Royal Baking Powder |
| 1½ cups powdered sugar | ¼ teaspoon salt |
| Yolks 5 eggs | 3 teaspoons caraway seeds |
| Whites 2 eggs | 2 teaspoons rose water |
| ¾ cup milk | ½ teaspoon extract cinnamon |
| 3 cups bread or pastry flour | |

Beat butter until soft and creamy, add sugar and yolks of eggs, beating well. Stir in unbeaten whites of eggs and beat one minute. Sift flour with Royal Baking Powder and salt, adding alternately with milk. Sprinkle in the caraway seeds, beat well and add flavoring. Pour into well greased cake tin and bake 1 hour and 20 minutes in moderate oven (375° F.).

The above recipe makes a round loaf about 7½ inches in diameter and 3½ inches high. Bread flour makes a slightly larger cake than pastry flour.



**Royal Contains No Alum
Leaves No Bitter Taste**

Choose the size of can to fit your need

~the world's choicest fruits packed in

3 CONVENIENT SIZES OF CANS

Do you know that you can get most DEL MONTE Fruits in three different sizes of cans?
—all equal in quality, but priced to fit their size?

It's a special DEL MONTE convenience every woman ought to know.
—and a very real *food-economy*, as well.

Under this one dependable brand you may buy most varieties of fruits—in large, medium or small cans. (The cans reproduced on this page are actual size.)

Each size can contains a sufficient number of pieces of fruit to make a practical, economical service. All have the same splendid flavor, for all are DEL MONTE. Only the finest tree-ripened fruits are packed under the DEL MONTE Brand—varying only in dimension to fit the container, but alike in flavor and quality—and packed in the same heavy sirup.

Insist on DEL MONTE—in the size that fits your need. Then you are sure of getting Nature's choicest fruit products with all their natural flavor and delicacy—ready to serve, simply and economically, the whole year round. Order by the dozen cans and keep your pantry stocked.

(No. 2 1/2)

(No. 2)

(No. 1)

SEND FOR THIS BOOK "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor." It contains over 500 thrifty ways to serve DEL MONTE Canned Fruits, Vegetables and Food Specialties. And it's free. Address Department 37, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Order by the dozen cans—the convenient way

- Peaches (sliced or halved)
- Pears
- Apricots
- Pineapple (sliced or crushed)
- Plums
- Cherries
- Berries
- Etc.

~but be sure you say DEL MONTE

BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 24

Pastry

Chop the raisins, add the beaten egg, finely rolled cracker, sugar, and lemon juice and rind. Roll the pastry, cut in 3 inch circles, put 2 t. of the fruit mixture on each circle, moisten the edge half way round, fold over like a turn-over, and press the edges together. Bake in a hot oven.

Cracker Pudding

Milk, 2 c. Cloves, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Rolled cracker-crumbs, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ t.
Eggs, 2
Molasses, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Melted butter, 2 tb.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Walnut meats, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Heat the milk, add the cracker crumbs and cook 5 minutes. Add the other ingredients. Put in a buttered mold and steam $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Serve with vanilla sauce.

Walnut Chocolate Pudding

Gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ pack. Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Chocolate, 3 tb. Egg whites, 2
Milk, 2 c. Vanilla, 1 t.

Dissolve the gelatine in the cold water. Heat the milk in the double boiler. Add the chocolate (using more than 3 tb. if a stronger flavor is liked) sugar and gelatine. Cook 2 or 3 minutes. Remove from the fire, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, chopped walnuts and vanilla. Mold.

Butter Scotch Sundae

Vanilla ice cream
Broken walnut meats
Butter scotch sauce
Butter, 4 tb. Vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ tb.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Corn syrup, 1 tb.
Molasses, 2 tb. Boiling water, 1 tb.
Mix all together, and boil till a soft ball is formed in cold water.

Prune Delight

Prunes Lemon Juice Cocoanut
Wash the prunes, cover with cold water and soak several hours. Cook in the same water till soft. Add a little lemon juice, and sugar if needed. Rub through a coarse sieve. Put alternate layers of prune pulp and shredded cocoanut in a glass serving dish.

Asparagus on Toast

Heat a can of asparagus. Arrange the pieces neatly on slices of buttered toast. Pour over it, a sauce made of chicken stock instead of milk, using 1 tb. butter, 1 tb. flour to 1 c. of stock.

Scalloped Celery and Asparagus

Cut celery in 1 inch pieces, and cook in boiling water till tender. Cut the asparagus, and mix the two together. Put in a baking dish with thin white sauce, cover with crumbs and a layer of grated cheese. Cook in the oven till the crumbs are browned.

Asparagus with Poached Eggs

Arrange hot asparagus tips around the edges of slices of buttered toast. In the centre of each put a poached egg. Pour a little cheese sauce over each serving. To make the cheese sauce, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of grated cheese to 1 c. of hot white sauce. Stir till the cheese is melted.

Asparagus Turnover

Chop or mash the butt ends of a can of asparagus. Mix with 2 c. of mashed potato, well seasoned with salt and pepper and a few drops of onion juice. Add 1 beaten egg. Melt 2 tb. of butter in a frying pan. Spread the mixture over the bottom, and cook slowly till a brown crust is formed. When nearly done, sprinkle with grated cheese. Fold like an omelet before serving.

Egg and Asparagus Creamed

Heat a can of asparagus. Pour over it, arranged on a platter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. of white sauce to which has been added the chopped whites of 3 hard cooked eggs. Over the top, scatter the yolks of the eggs rubbed through a sieve or potato ricer. The asparagus liquid may be substituted for all or part of the milk in the white sauce. Garnish with toast points.

Asparagus Custard

4 eggs $\frac{3}{4}$ c. milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ t. salt $\frac{1}{2}$ c. breadcrumbs
 $\frac{1}{4}$ t. pepper 1 can of asparagus tips

Put the asparagus tips, drained in the bottom of a buttered baking dish. Heat

the milk, pour it over the beaten eggs, add the seasoning and bread crumbs. Pour over the asparagus, sprinkle with buttered crumbs, set the dish in a pan of hot water, and bake till a silver knife comes out clean.

Peas with Rice

Boil rice in salted water till tender, pack in a border mold, turn on a flat serving dish, and fill the cavity in the centre with buttered canned peas. If one has not a border mold, a small bowl may be inverted in a greased pudding dish, the rice packed around it, and kept warm till ready to serve, then turn on to the platter. Rice molds very readily, either hot or cold, if put in a greased mold, if wished hot, a wet one, when one wants it cold.

Peas in Turnip Cups

Make cups by hollowing out the required number of thick slices of turnip, and boiling till tender. Cream the peas, and serve in the cups.

Sardine Salad

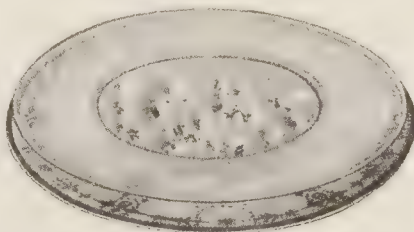
Arrange sardines and slices of hard cooked eggs, on lettuce leaves. Decorate with drained canned peas, and place a spoonful of salad dressing at the side.

Peas in Potato Nests

Make potato nests by forming potatoes, mashed and well seasoned, in thick flat cakes, and pressing the bottom of a cup into the centre of each. Brush with egg yolk, fill the hollow with either creamed or buttered peas, and brown in a hot oven.

Italian Peas

Melt 3 tb. of sweet drippings or butter in a pan. Put in 1 cup of washed uncooked rice, and cook till browned,



Cream of corn soup with popcorn

stirring very frequently. Add 1 can of peas, using the liquid, also 1 t. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. pepper, 1 tb. of chopped onion. Some people like a tea spoon of sugar. Put in a greased baking dish, and bake till the rice is tender, stirring frequently. Add hot water if necessary.

Savoy Spinach

Spinach, 1 can Flour, 2 tb.
Bacon, 6 slices Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Pepper, $\frac{1}{8}$ t.

Drain the spinach. Cook the bacon till crisp, draining off the fat as it tries out. In the pan, keep 2 tb. of the bacon fat, add the flour, salt and pepper. Stir till the flour is browned, add the liquid from the can of spinach, stir till it boils. Add the spinach, and heat it. Heap on a platter and arrange the slices of bacon on top.

Cheese and Spinach Timbales

Spinach, 2 c. Cheese, 1 c.
Eggs, 3 grated
Milk, $\frac{3}{8}$ Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Butter, 2 tb. Pepper, $\frac{1}{8}$ t.

Chop the spinach. Beat the egg yolks, add the milk, melted butter, cheese and seasoning to make a sauce. Mix half of the sauce with the spinach. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Put in buttered custard cups, set in a pan of hot water in the oven, and bake till firm. Turn on a hot dish and pour around it the rest of the cheese sauce.

Baked Eggs and Spinach

In the bottom of greased custard cups or same tins, put chopped well seasoned spinach. On top of each one break an egg. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, grated cheese and bread crumbs. Set in a slow oven till the eggs are set and the crumbs browned.

Louisiana Salmon

Butter or dripping, 2 tb. Onion, 1
Green pepper, 1 Half of a pimento
Strained tomato, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Salmon, 1 can Pepper, $\frac{1}{8}$ t.
Cooked rice

Melt the fat. Add the chopped onion and peppers, and cook ten minutes. Add the tomato, seasonings and salmon and heat. Form a border of rice and heap the salmon in the centre of it.

Corn Scalloped with Tomatoes

Arrange alternate layers of canned corn, breadcrumbs and tomatoes, with seasonings, in a baking dish. Put buttered crumbs on top, and bake in a hot oven till the crumbs are browned.

Potatoes Need Special Care in Cooking in the Spring Time

Potato Stew

Melt 3 tb. butter in a frying pan. Add 3 c. of diced raw potato, salt and pepper to season and stir till the butter is absorbed. Add 2 c. of milk and cook till the potatoes are tender, adding more milk if necessary.

Potatoes and Sausage

Pare the potatoes and remove the centre with an apple corer. Fill the cavity with sausage meat. Put in a pan, and bake till done, basting occasionally with the sausage fat.

Soups for Supper

Cream of Corn Soup

Canned corn, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Flour, 1 to 2 tb.
Milk, 4 c. Onion, 1 slice
Butter, 2 tb. Salt and pepper

Cook the onion in the milk, which is heated in a double boiler. Add the corn, and when hot, remove the onion, add the flour stirred in a little cold milk or water. Add the butter, and seasonings, and either strain or not, as desired. Garnish with fresh popcorn.

Cream of Peanut Soup

Butter, 2 tb. Milk, 1 c.
Minced onions $\frac{1}{2}$ tb. Salt
Flour, 2 tb. Celery $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ c. finely ground Soup stock or
peanuts or 2tb. water, 1 c.
peanut butter

Cook the celery and the onion in the soup stock or water, and the peanuts if they are used. Add the flour and butter and seasonings with the hot milk. Celery salt may be used in place of celery. If peanut butter is used it may be mixed with the butter and flour.

Parsnip Fritters

Wash parsnips and cook forty-five minutes in boiling salted water. Drain, plunge into cold water, when skins will be found to slip off easily. Mash, season with butter, salt, and pepper, shape in small flat round cakes, roll in flour, and saute in butter.

Banana Croquettes

Remove skins from bananas, scrape, using a silver knife to remove the astringent principle which lies close to skin, and cut in halves crosswise; then remove a slice from each end. Dip in crumbs, egg, and crumbs again, fry in deep fat, and drain on brown paper.

Sausages and Fried Apples

Prick the sausages well with a fork. Place in deep frying pan; pour in enough boiling water to cover the bottom; cover and cook over a moderate fire. When the water evaporates, remove the cover and turn several times, that they may be nicely browned. Turn on to a platter and place where they will keep hot. Core a number of large tart apples, cut them in rings an inch thick, and fry in the sausage fat. Garnish the sausage with the apples and serve.

Sliced Apples Baked in Cream

Pare, core, and slice several apples. Put into a baking dish and cover with cream. Bake for twenty minutes. Another good dish, particularly suitable for breakfast, is made by covering the apples with well cooked oatmeal and baking for twenty minutes. Serve with cream.

Baked Ham With Stuffed Apples

Procure a slice of ham one inch in thickness, trim off a portion of the fat, rub with brown sugar, place in a shallow baking pan, and dot with whole cloves. Peel and core tart apples, put one teaspoon of seeded and cut raisins in each cavity, then fill with brown sugar, dot with butter, and place round the ham. Pour in half a cup of boiling water, cover, and bake until the meat is tender.

Gelatine Helps the Under-weight Baby

IF your child is not thriving as he should—if he is fretful and under-weight—it is almost certain that he is not getting the complete food value of his milk.

Cow's milk is the best known substitute for mother's milk. But cow's milk was intended by nature for the calf, and it is therefore not always easy for the delicate stomach of the infant to digest it—that is, without proper modification to the child's needs.

Modify Baby's Milk With Knox Sparkling Gelatine

Of the various milk modifications prescribed by physicians, scientific investigation shows that the most important is "gelatinized" milk, because of the fact that it prevents excessive milk curdling in the stomach. This means that you soak one level tablespoonful of Knox Gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cold milk from the baby's formula, for ten minutes; cover while soaking. Then place the cup in boiling water, stirring until gelatine is fully dissolved; add this dissolved gelatine to the quart of cold milk or regular formula. (Ask your physician about this.)

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

Knox Gelatine is also an excellent food for children, as well as for grown-ups, when made into delightful desserts, salads, etc., for every occasion.—Here is a wholesome dessert for the whole family:

Orange Fluff Dessert

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water 1 cup orange juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water (and pulp)
1 cup sugar Whites of 3 eggs
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
Lady Fingers or stale cake

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes; dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly, and add orange juice and pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat, using a wire whisk, until light; then add egg whites, beaten until stiff, and beat thoroughly. Turn into mold lined with lady fingers. One pint whipped cream may be used in place of whites of eggs.

Free Book on the Health Value of Gelatine

This book tells all about the value of Knox Sparkling Gelatine—
1. For growing children as a growth- and strength-promoting food;
2. As a supplementary food in cases of malnutrition;
3. In the diet of invalids and convalescents;
4. To those with delicate appetites as a digestive agent in conveying the full nutriment of other wholesome foods;
and in a variety of other uses. This book, together with Mrs. Knox's recipe books, will be sent you, free, upon receipt of 4c to cover postage, and your grocer's name.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.,
Dept. K, 180 St. Paul Street, W., Montreal





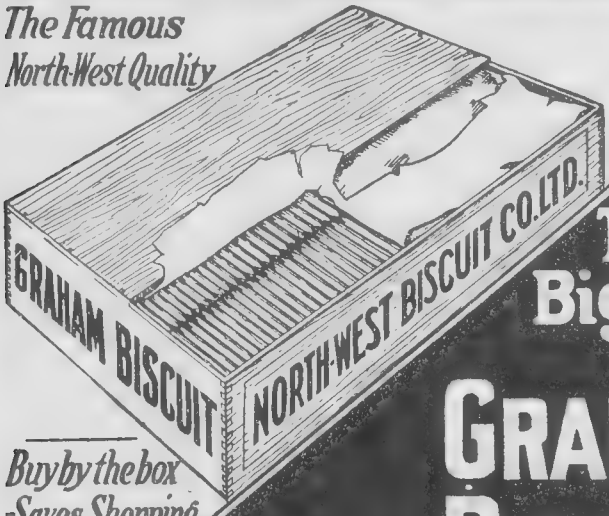
What a delightful institution is Afternoon Tea! How satisfying to soul and body to sit in congenial company while you consume crisp lettuce sandwiches, golden-brown buttered toast, crunchy macaroons, cake,—and cups of delicious, full-flavored Salada Tea!

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Free-Running—Doesn't cake or clog.

The Western Salt Co., Ltd.,
Courtright - Ontario, 25



BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 27

Gingerbreads and Cookies

Hot Water Gingerbread

Molasses, 1 c. Soda, 1 t.
Boiling Water, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Ginger, $1\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Flour, $2\frac{1}{4}$ c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Melted Butter, 4 tb.

Add water to molasses. Mix and sift dry ingredients, combine mixtures, add butter, and beat vigorously. Pour into a buttered shallow pan, and bake twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Chicken fat fried out and clarified furnishes an excellent shortening, and may be used in place of butter.

Sour Milk Gingerbread

Molasses, 1 c. Soda, $1\frac{3}{4}$ t.
Sour Milk, 1 c. Ginger, 2 t.
Flour, $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Melted Butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.

Mix soda with sour milk and add to molasses. Sift together remaining dry ingredients, combine mixtures, add butter, and beat vigorously. Pour into a buttered shallow pan, and bake twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

Cambridge Gingerbread

Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Soda, $1\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Boiling Water, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Molasses, 1 c. Cinnamon, 1 t.
Egg, 1 Ginger, 1 t.
Flour, $2\frac{3}{4}$ c. Clove, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.

Melt butter in water, add molasses, egg well beaten, and dry ingredients mixed and sifted. Bake in a buttered shallow pan.

Vanilla Wafers

Butter and Lard in equal proportions $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Flour, 2 c.
Sugar, 1 c. Baking Powder, 2 t.
Egg, 1 Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Vanilla, 2 t.

Cream the butter, add sugar, egg well beaten, milk and vanilla. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add to first mixture. Proceed as with Ginger Snaps.

Cream Cookies

Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Baking Powder, 2 t.
Sugar, 1 c. Salt, 1 t.
Eggs, 2 Yellow Ginger, 2 t.
Thin Cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Flour to roll

Mix and bake same as Vanilla Wafers.

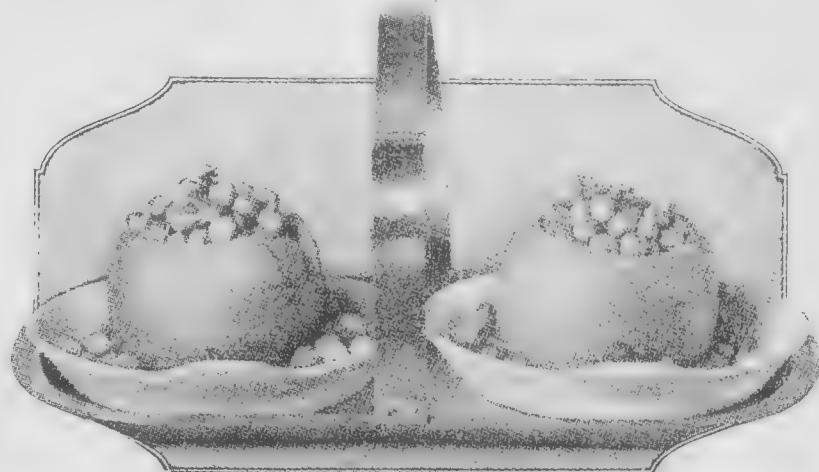
Hermits

$\frac{1}{2}$ c. Raisins, stoned and cut in small pieces
Butter, $\frac{1}{3}$ c. Sugar, $\frac{2}{3}$ c.
Egg, 1 Cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Milk, 2 tb. Clove, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Flour, $1\frac{3}{4}$ c. Mace, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Baking Powder 2 t. Nutmeg, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.

Cream the butter, add sugar gradually, then raisins, egg well beaten, and milk. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add to first mixture. Roll mixture a little thicker than for Vanilla Wafers.

Jelly Jumbles

Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Sour Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sugar, 1 c. Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Egg, 1 Flour
Soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Currant Jelly



Peas in Turnip Cups

Ginger Snaps

Molasses, 1 c. Soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Ginger, 1 tb.
Flour, $3\frac{1}{4}$ c. Salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Heat molasses to boiling point and pour over shortening. Add dry ingredients mixed and sifted. Chill thoroughly. Toss one-fourth of mixture on a floured board and roll as thinly as possible; shape with a small round cutter, first dipped in flour. Place near together on a buttered sheet and bake in a moderate oven. Gather up the trimmings and roll with another portion of the dough. During rolling, the bowl containing mixture should be kept in a cool place, or it will be necessary to add more flour to dough, which makes cookies hard rather than crisp and short.

Spice Cookies

Molasses, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Flour, 2 c.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tb. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Lard, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tb. Clove, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Milk, 1 tb. Cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Heat molasses to boiling point. Add sugar, shortening and milk. Mix and sift dry ingredients, and add to first mixture. Chill thoroughly, and proceed as with Ginger Snaps.

Scotch Wafers

Fine Oatmeal, 1 c. Salt, 1 t.
Rolled Oats, 1 c. Soda, $\frac{1}{8}$ t.
Flour, 2 c. Butter or Lard, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Hot Water, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Mix first six ingredients. Melt shortening in water and add to first mixture. Toss on a floured board, pat and roll as thinly as possible. Shape with a cutter, or with a sharp knife cut in strips. Bake on a buttered sheet in a slow oven. These are well adapted for children's luncheons, and are much enjoyed by the convalescent, taken with a glass of milk.

Cream the butter, add sugar gradually, egg well beaten, soda mixed with milk, salt and flour to make a soft dough. Chill and shape, using a round cutter. On the centres of one-half the pieces put currant jelly. Make three small openings in remaining halves, using a thimble, and put pieces together. Press edges slightly, and bake in a rather hot oven, that jumbles may keep in good shape.

Cocoanut Cream Cookies

Eggs, 2 Salt, 1 t.
Sugar, 1 c. Flour, 3 c.
Thick Cream, 1 c. Baking Powder 3 t.
Shredded Cocoanut, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Beat eggs until light, add sugar gradually, cocoanut, cream and flour mixed and sifted with baking powder and salt. Chill thoroughly, toss on a floured board, pat, and roll one-half inch thick. Sprinkle with cocoanut, roll one-fourth inch thick, and shape with a small round cutter, first dipped in flour. Bake on a buttered sheet in a moderate oven.

Peanut Cookies

Butter, 2 tb. Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Egg, 1 Milk, 2 t.
Baking Powder, 1 t. Lemon Juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Finely Chopped Peanuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Cream the butter, add sugar, and egg well beaten. Mix and sift baking powder, salt, and flour; add to first mixture; then add milk, peanuts, and lemon juice. Drop from a teaspoon on a buttered sheet one inch apart, and place one-half peanut on top of each. Bake twelve to fifteen minutes in a slow oven. This recipe will make twenty-four cookies. One pint peanuts when shelled should yield one-half cup.

Clean Clothes!

How They Affect the Health

THE custom of washing clothes, centuries old as it is, has not always had the same object in view. Formerly, clothes were washed chiefly for appearance sake. It is only of comparatively recent years that the most vital reason for tubbing our wearables, that of hygiene, has come to the surface.

When the weekly bath used to be in vogue, a weekly change of underwear was the regular accompaniment.

Now, however, with the value of bodily cleanliness so clearly demonstrated, the daily bath is paralleled with a frequent change of clothing, at least by those who are aware of its intimate relation to health.

These bodies of ours are constantly throwing off poisons that are produced by the breaking down and building up processes of life. Coming through the pores, as one of the chief avenues of elimination, these poisons are brought by the perspiration and oils of the body into direct contact with the clothes.

So the more frequently the underclothing is supplanted with fresh, clean garments the less chance there is of the body "breathing" these poisons again.

Specially, underwear and stockings should be changed daily. Not that they are soiled or dirty in the accepted sense. But having been on duty all day as "blotters" to the skin, they need the thorough cleansing that will free them from all impurities.

Aside from promoting better health, clothes last longer when changed often and washed with a safe laundry soap—one that does more than to make them clean to outward appearance. They must be given the searching, penetrating, purging benefit of some soap whose sudsy water weaves in and out and through the fabric, and effectively cleanses each tiny thread.

This naturally brings up the question of what laundry soap to use.

The two outstanding qualities which should receive first consideration are

healthful cleansing and safety to clothes.

Choose a soap that will do a thorough job of cleansing. There are soaps that combine with them other well-known cleansers which aid materially in this respect, some of which also reduce the hard work of rubbing and boiling clothes. And this is a decided advantage provided that the soap of this character that you select is known also to be harmless to the clothes.

It is well worth the selection of a soap that will relieve you of hard rubbing. Think of the saving of energy which is released for other household duties, or for adding to your store of physical health! Think also the saving in clothes-expense.

Rubbing on the washboard is a relic, anyway, of the days before the advent of soap at all, when clothes used to be rubbed on stones as the one effective way to get the dirt out.

Then when soap did come the rubbing process still went on, with the washboard as the successor of the stones by the streamside—an admission that soap as then made was not as efficient as it ought to be.

Now, however, with the strides made in the making of certain soaps, when you can get combined, in a single bar, safety, easy dirt-loosening ability, thoroughness, and healthful cleanliness, there is little need left for rubbing or boiling clothes, except as a matter of individual preference.

The wise housewife will never let price be the motive for her choice of laundry soap. The cent or two you may save on the cost of an inferior article may be offset ten-fold in the wear-and-tear on clothes, or the effect on health through failure to get the clothes healthfully clean.

Good laundry soap is a gilt edge investment that pays splendid dividends in the longer life of clothes, and the better health of the wearer.

A Score of Helpful Hints for the Housewife

IF some day you are in a hurry to whip the cream for lunch or dinner, and if you are a little bit sceptical about the cream not being quite thick enough or cold enough, try this plan: Take a clean dish-towel and partly wring it out of cold water. It should not be wrung dry nor even yet left dripping. Sprinkle heavily with salt and wrap the bottle of cream up in this. If the cream is in a bowl, the wet, salt towel can be wrapped around the bowl and a plate put over it to keep any of the brine from getting inside. Set the container in beside the ice, or out of doors in a cold place, and let stand until thoroughly chilled. When you begin to whip the cream, add a pinch of salt.

IF you wish to keep the upholstery on your stuffed furniture at its best, never beat with anything hard or stiff. Once a week, go over the upholstery with a special attachment of the vacuum cleaner which comes for this purpose, but be careful not to pull off buttons or binding. Dust may be removed from around these with a small brush and then picked up with the vacuum power. Once a month brush each article of upholstered furniture with a clean whisk broom. Protect any exposed places by small brocaded adjustable pieces, or by squares of embroidered linen or lace which may be laundered.

If anything is spilled upon upholstery, it should be removed as quickly as possible with a reliable cleaning fluid, or a little clear, warm water. If the latter is used, wring a soft, clean cloth out; dry and rub the stain with this.

DO not permit any one to sit on the arms of chairs, whether these are upholstered or not, for this will loosen the arm and will make the article of furniture loose and inclined to creak.

DO not permit anyone who may feel inclined to do so, to tip a chair back and sit in it, using the two hind posts as a support. This will always spoil even a sturdy chair, making it loose in the joints and complaining in its tone of voice. The four legs are made to sit on, and not for any other purpose.

CATS and dogs may be very intelligent pets, but it is not sanitary to allow them to lie upon cushions or furniture, for they will always soil them by so doing, and often scratch finely polished surfaces, or injure the finish of expensive fabrics.

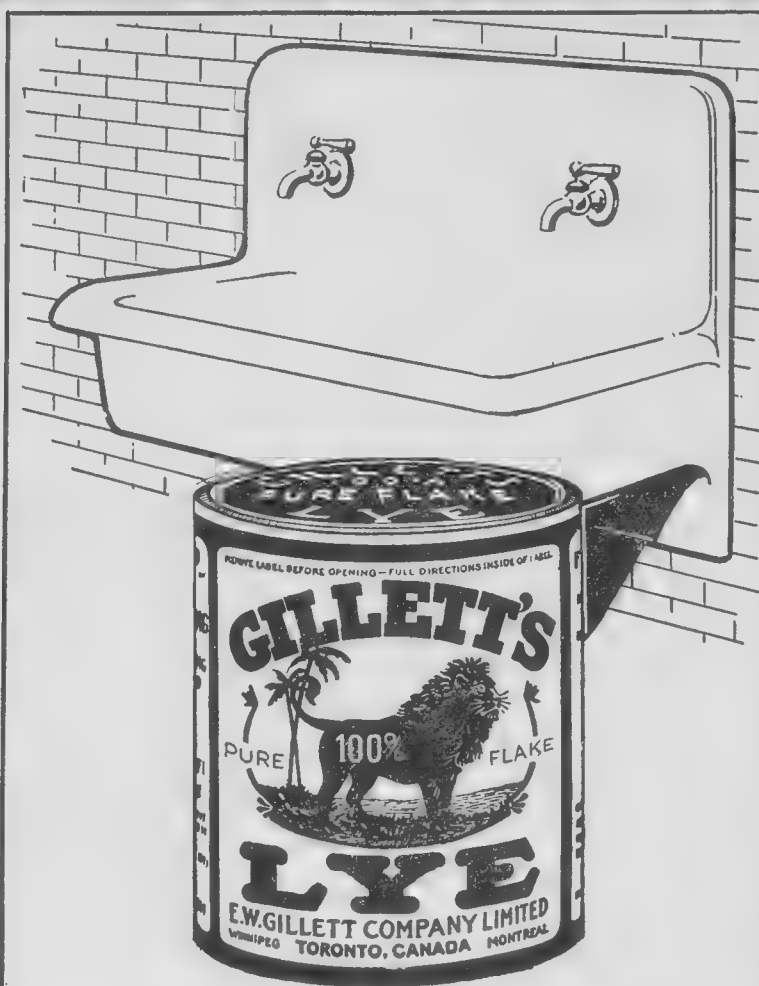
A SMALL jar of butter, a brick, or tub butter purchased by the pound will be kept at its best by being covered with a damp, clean cloth over which is a thin layer of salt.

WHEN green vegetables are cooked in boiling salt and water and left uncovered during the cooking process, they will retain their natural color and will not look faded, and their appearance is much more attractive.

A LITTLE melted butter put into the frosting made from confectionery sugar will improve its flavor and keep it moist and prevent its cracking, when it is cut.

TUMBLERS and glasses which it is desirable to toughen should be put into cold, salt water and brought to the boiling point.

TO join lace so that the place of union will not be clumsy and can scarcely be found, match the pattern and join the two edges on the wrong side with a loose buttonhole stitch. Open and press, and the result will be very satisfactory.



SINKS AND DRAINS

Use a little of Gillett's Lye when the kitchen or bathroom drains are clogged. It works wonders! Use it also for cleaning and disinfecting Closet Bowls; for softening water, making soap, cleaning dirty floors and greasy utensils. It has over 500 different uses and a can should be kept handy in every home. Avoid costly and dangerous substitutes. Insist on the genuine.

GILLETT'S

100% PURE FLAKE

LYE

She Planted Trees

A FEW years ago, while visiting another section of the country, I passed a little country school-ground of unusual attraction. Four big shady apple trees, covered with pink and white blossoms, like sentinels from fairy land, guarded the little white schoolhouse.

I looked in wonder at the beauty of it. The woman at my side questioned: "Do you not remember the morning I went into our orchard and got four tiny saplings for arbor day, and you were impatient because you were afraid we would be late?"

"The teacher wanted everyone of us to plant a tree, but I was the only one who brought the plants, so we had the programme while I planted the four trees. Those big trees not only give shade to the children on hot days, but they are usually loaded with apples during the Fall term of school, and the boys and girls do not care to take a lunch when they have all the apples they want to eat."

In the book entitled "Women of Red River," by W. J. Healy, published by The Women's Canadian Club, of Winnipeg, we find the story of a girl who loved to plant trees.

It is the story of Mrs. Joseph Good, who was born in Kildonan in 1841. Her mother died when she was two years old, and a neighbor—Mrs. Cunningham—kept her in her home, and mothered her until she was sixteen, when Donald Polson and his wife adopted her.

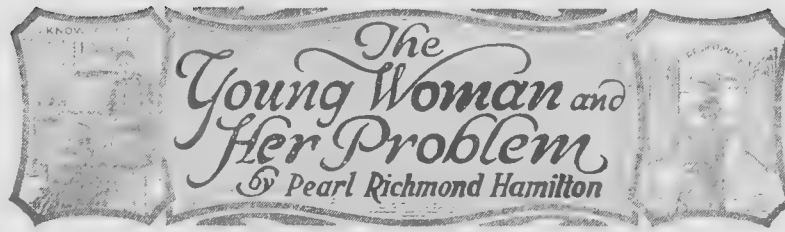
This is the story of her love for planting trees: "Soon after I went to the Polsons, I was bringing sheep home one evening, when I saw a nice maple tree. After I had got the sheep home, I went back and dug it up, and brought it home, and I was planting it near the house when Mr. Polson asked me why I was planting it, and I told him that I loved to plant a tree. He said: 'Mary, I hope you will stay with us until that tree is as high as the house.'"

Two years ago her son took her in his automobile to Kildonan. She says: "I saw that tree. It is very much higher than the old house now."

When Mrs. Good was married, her husband owned a river lot of four chains frontage on the Assiniboine, Newman Street, in Winnipeg, now runs through the lot. Sixty-three years ago they began housekeeping there. The book states that: "When Mrs. Good married and moved in 1860 from her home on the banks of the Red to her new home on the Assiniboine, she brought with her her love of planting trees. Along Wolseley Avenue and Newman Street and other streets in that neighborhood there are rows of fine old trees which she planted when she was a young wife. On Wolseley Avenue there is a row of maples which she planted as seedlings not more than an inch high. The old lady said she remembered the day she planted them; and in telling about it she walked down from the front verandah of her house and over to a corner of the lawn where she took from the ground two or three little seedling trees which she looked at for some time and then said: 'Those trees were just like these little seedlings when I planted them. There was a neighbour who saw me doing it, I remember, and came and joked with me about it and asked me if I expected to live to see those little seedlings grow up to be trees. I said that my children would hang swings from the limbs of the trees which the seedlings would grow up to be. At that time my first child was only a baby. But he and other children grew up to swing from those trees, and my grandchildren and my great-grandchildren have swung from them.'"

We, who know Winnipeg, have often walked down those streets under the maples, just because we wanted to see those beautiful trees. The trees have not only made this a beauty spot of Winnipeg, but they have added to the value of the property along the streets where, sixty years ago, a young woman lived who loved to plant trees.

Recently, while in Saskatoon, a friend took me for a ride on Memorial Drive. A more beautiful monument to the memory of heroes could not be planned than those trees that have been planted on each side of the drive. Each tree is planted in memory of a brave man who gave his life for his country.



As I came back through the country and saw barren places along the way, I thought if every young woman who reads this page would plant a tree for Canada rich blessings of gratitude would be their reward for such loyalty.

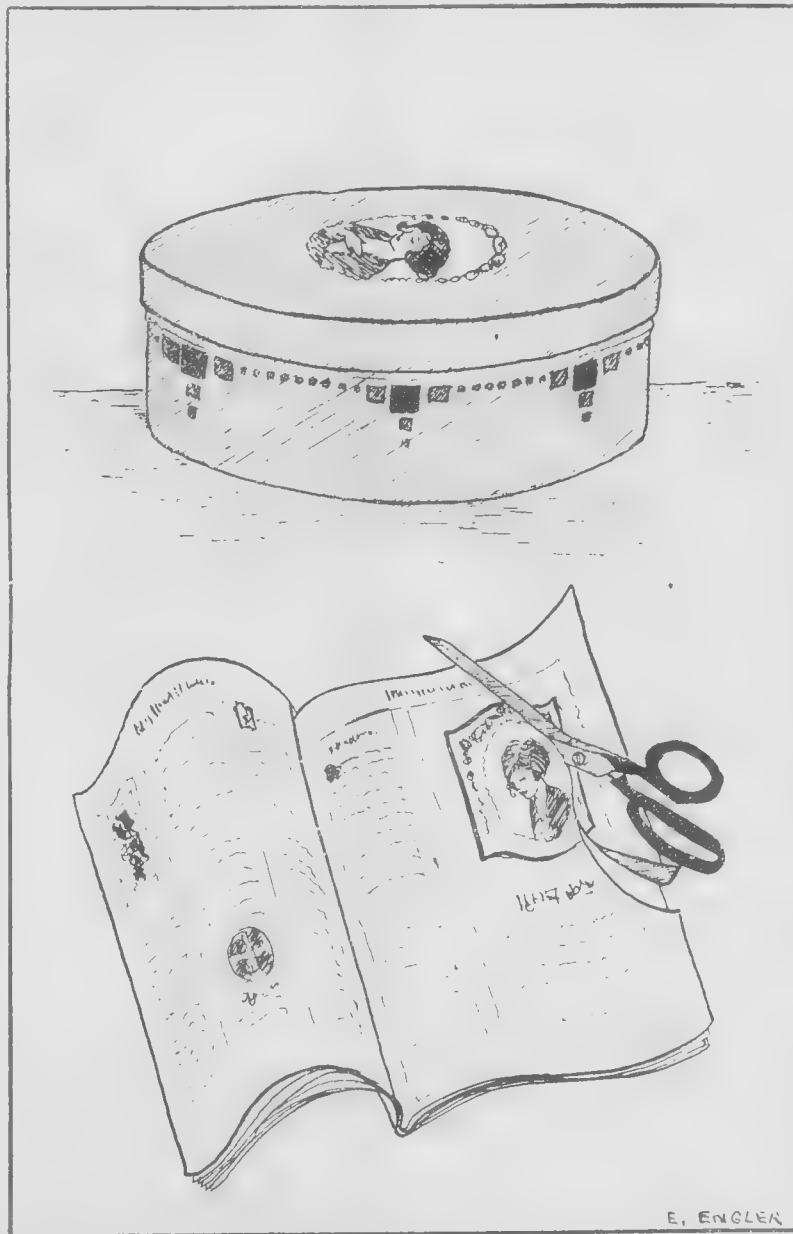
Trees on school grounds, trees along streets of villages, trees around the farm home, trees in barren places everywhere, would add very materially to the commercial value of Western Canada.

Many a heartache of home sickness comes to the woman settler because she is hungry for trees. She who plants trees loves other besides herself.

With Frances Ridley Havergal

IN the life of Frances Ridley Havergal I find the following from an article "Words About Work" which she prepared for New Year's Day, 1879: "As to the work before us. There really is nothing but encouragement in His word for His workers: not a precept without a corresponding promise; not an allusion to difficulties without ten times as many clear corresponding notes of hope and help."

"Let us just think for a few minutes, for our comfort, what He does say."



Make a Bon-Bon Box

This bon-bon box is an ideal gift. It is appropriate for the drawing-room table, it adds just the right touch to a girl's dressing table and it is most essential to the college girl who receives sweet bits from home.

The box is a round tin one which can possibly be found at home. If not, you can surely find a usable one at a grocery store or confectionery shop. It's being colored or figured does not matter as this will be entirely covered. The box is grey with a conventional design in red and black. The cover design may be a sport's girl, your favorite actress or a portrait.

For painting the box, sealing wax is the most satisfactory as it dries rapidly and gives a smooth, glossy appearance. To make this buy sealing wax sticks in the desired shades. Break the sticks into several pieces, place the different colors in separate cups and cover with denatured alcohol. After standing for several hours, the wax will melt and form a thick paint which can be thinned to the right consistency with the denatured alcohol.

For the girl's head on top of the box it is best to cut a picture from a magazine. An uncolored picture or photograph can be tinted and a colored picture can be worked over in wax. You must have this picture ready so that it can be put on before the paint hardens.

Give the entire box a coat of grey paint. Place the picture on the top of the box while the paint is still fresh. After the grey has dried, you are ready to put on the design which is a very simple one of graduated squares. The large dark square in each group is black and the surrounding ones are red.

Work; for I am with you. That alone is the grandest, sweetest, richest 'guerdon' here that a loving heart can ask. 'With you'; not merely looking down out of the sky at you strengthening you in your work, but by your very side, closer than the nearest colleague, holding you by the hand, whispering words of strange power for you to use, and words of still stranger power for your own heart only, calming, and strengthening, and gladdening it; so that if you are wondered at by others, you are a great deal more wondered at by yourself. You are so marvellously helped, that you never would have thought it. You see His thoughts towards you in your work were much better than yours.

"Some of us know what it is to be miserably afraid of making mistakes in our work. How graciously He meets this with 'I will direct their work in truth.' If we could see under the surface we should see that no mistakes are made when we are really trusting Him for guidance. Another promise—'they shall enjoy the work of their hands.'"

Frances Ridley Havergal was so deeply appreciative and grateful that her life was full of beauty. When I read her description of a Sunset in Switzerland I wondered if any of our young Canadian women who are in Switzerland this winter could write a word picture so vivid and with such beauty of language. This is what she wrote of her impression of "Sunset on the Faulhorn":

"All day there had been strange rifts in the clouds, and sudden pictures of peaks or of abysses framed in white and grey; but towards seven o'clock the wind rose, and there was a grand outpour of colours upon everything, sky, clouds, and mountains. Imagine yourself midway between heaven and earth, the sharp point of rock on which we stood hardly seeming more of earth than if we had been in a balloon, the whole space around, above, and below filled with wild, weird, spectral clouds, driving and whirling in incessant change and with tremendous rapidity. Horizon none, but every part of where horizon should be crowded with unimaginable shapes of unimagined colours, with rifts of every shade of blue, from indigo to pearl and burning with every tint of fire, from gold to intensest red; shafts of keen light shot down into abysses of purple thousands of feet below, enormous surging masses of grey hurled up from beneath, and changing in an instant to glorified brightness of fire as they seemed on the point of swallowing up the shining masses above them; then, all in an instant, a wild grey cloud flung over us, as swiftly passing and leaving us in a blaze of sunshine; the a bursting open of the very heavens, and a vision of what might be celestial heights, pure and still and shining, high above it all; then, an instantaneous cleft in another wild cloud, and a revelation of a perfect paradise of golden and rosy slopes and summits, then, quick gleams of white peaks through veils and unveilings of flying semi-transparent clouds, then, as quickly as the eye could follow, a run of dazzling light running round the edges of a black castle of cloud, and flaming windows suddenly pierced in it. It was never twice the same, nor any single minute the same in any one direction. At one juncture a cloud stood still, apparently, about 200 yards off, and we each saw our own shadows gigantically reflected on it, surrounded by a complete rainbow arch, but a full circle of bright prismatic colours, a transfiguration, of our shadows almost startling, each moreover seeing only their own glorification! When the whole pageant, lasting nearly an hour, was past, we sung 'Abide With Me,' and then the dear old joyous 'Glory to Thee, My God.' This description was in a letter to her mother.

Free Book About Cancer

The Indianapolis Cancer Hospital, Indianapolis, Indiana, has published a booklet which gives interesting facts about the cause of cancer, also tells what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc. A valuable guide in the management of any case. Write today, mentioning this paper. (Advt.)



**“Yes Dick,
We Can Now
Afford the
Things We
Need!”**

At Last I've Found a Way to Turn Spare Time Into Extra Money!”

“You know Dick, you'd never admit there was anything worth while in these spare time homework plans. But I knew you were wrong and now I'm going to prove it. You are one of those matter-of-fact practical business men—a little stubborn at times—who thinks a woman has no head for business. I was willing to give up my position when we were married, for I knew it would hurt your pride to see me going to work; but I didn't agree to merely spend my spare hours at home twirling my thumbs and looking pretty. And when I saw you worrying—fretting—figuring—trying to make your salary buy the things we need and want, I made up my mind I'd find a way to help you.

“One night last June when you were working late at the office, Mary Smith ran in for a little chat. You know how hard up Mary and John have been since they were married — and how pitifully dowdy Mary was beginning to look in that same dress and hat. Well, when she stepped into the room I could hardly believe my eyes. She had on a stunning tailored suit, an adorable fall hat, brown satin slippers, and one of the prettiest furs I have ever seen. I guess she noticed my first look of surprise, for she laughed and said ‘I see you don't know me.’ Then she told me her story.

“It seems that John's salary wasn't quite enough to meet their regular household expenses, much less buy clothes or furniture and the many things they needed. They were slowly getting into debt, the rent had been raised and things were going from bad to worse. John was desperate and Mary was pretty well discouraged too. She wanted to take a position for a while, but John would not hear of it.

“One day more out of curiosity than anything else, Mary answered an advertisement of the Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Company of Toronto—large distributors of pure

wool socks and knitted hosiery. The advertisement announced a new plan whereby women at home could knit socks with the aid of an ingenious little machine called the Auto Knitter. And the company offered to buy back all the standard grade socks made on this machine, at a guaranteed weekly wage.

“Mary sent for the free book and was so convinced by the letters from thousands of other women, telling what this plan had meant to them, that she decided to give it a trial. She ordered the little machine and a supply of pure wool yarn and set to work. Every day she devoted a few spare hours to the pleasant, interesting work—without interfering with regular household duties in any way. Each week she shipped a package of fine, durable, well-shaped socks to Toronto, and back came the welcome pay cheque. Before she realized it she had \$200 in the bank; and with every package of socks shipped off to Toronto, her balance grew and grew.

“That's how she was able to buy those beautiful clothes. And besides, she now has an electric washing machine, a dandy vacuum cleaner and many other things they had never been able to afford.

“When Mary had gone, I did some quick thinking. What Mary had done, I could do, I reasoned. And I made up my mind to start without delay. I, too, sent for the free book. It told how, through the remarkable new plan, hundreds of women everywhere were turning into money the spare hours and half hours that might otherwise be wasted. I got the little machine and started out to help solve *our* problem of ‘not quite enough money.’ Each day, after my work was done, I turned out pair after pair of fine wool socks; and, when it was time to get dinner, I hid the machine away in my dresser drawer and put the socks and wool high up on the closet shelf. I made up my mind not to tell you what I was doing, for

I was afraid you'd laugh and ridicule my scheme. So I just kept on making socks, and with every package that went off to Toronto another entry appeared in my bank book.

“That's my little secret, Dick. And from now on it will be *our* secret. For I'm going to keep right on knitting my spare hours into extra dollars until you get the promised salary you deserve. But the best of it all is that we will no longer have to worry over nasty money problems. And we can now afford the things we need, for at last I've found a way to turn my spare time into extra dollars.

“If every woman only knew what I know about this wonderful Auto Knitter Homework Plan they wouldn't hesitate another day. For all you have to do is send off the coupon, get the free book, read the facts and judge for yourself. There is no obligation to buy anything or do anything — just a splendid big opportunity to turn wasted hours into extra money. The coupon will prove it.” The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd., Dept. 733, 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Ont.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd.,
Dept. 733, 1870 Davenport Rd., W. Toronto, Ont.

I am interested. Without any obligation on my part please send me the free book which tells how to turn spare hours at home into extra money. I am enclosing a 3c stamp to cover the cost of mailing this information to me.

Name

Address

City Province



Tea and Carnation

YOUR favorite cup of tea will be greatly improved when served with Carnation Milk. Use it diluted—one part Carnation, three parts water. Then you will always keep Carnation handy for "tea-time".

Carnation is just pure fresh milk, evaporated to double richness, kept safe by sterilization. Not only safe but convenient and economical.

Order several tall (16 oz.) cans or a case of 48 cans from your grocer.

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CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS CO., LTD.
Aylmer, Ontario

Carnation Milk



"From Contented
Cows"

HOW TO USE CARNATION MILK IN TEA, COFFEE OR COCOA

In Tea: To retain the full, fine flavour of the tea, dilute Carnation Milk with three parts water.

In Coffee: To give your cup of coffee an appetizing flavor with a golden brown color, use Carnation undiluted as it comes from the container. A teaspoonful is enough—use more if desired.

In Cocoa: 4 even teaspoonfuls cocoa, sweeten to taste, 8 cups boiling water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, ¼ teaspoonful salt. Mix cocoa and sugar in a cup. Have water boiling. Heat cocoa pot by allowing hot water to stand in it for a few minutes. Heat Carnation Milk by standing cup of Carnation in basin of hot water for five minutes or more. Pour a little boiling water into cup of cocoa and sugar to dissolve them. Pour into cocoa pot, add remainder of water boiling hot, then the hot Carnation Milk and salt. Serve at once. This will serve four people.

In the Carnation Cook Book you'll find recipes for many good things to eat. Write the Carnation Milk Products Company, Limited, Aylmer, Ontario, for a free copy. 193



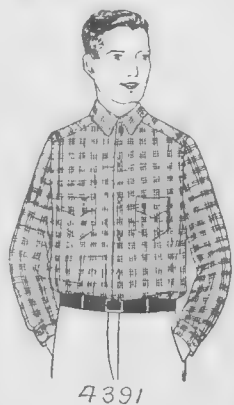
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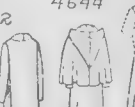
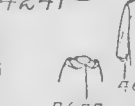
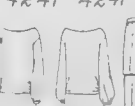
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OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS-PATTERNS

Simplicity marks many of the new styles. It is indicated in the new two-piece tailored suits, the trim day dresses, as well as those for afternoon and evening.

Many new effects are evolved on straight line models. The long unbelted dress is most fashionable, sometimes it is modified by means of a tunic or apron draperies, or flounces or tiers break the severity of the straight effect. Plaits are a feature of many dresses. Small side plaits are combined with panels of box plaits. Plaited skirts are shown with the plaits confined to the knees, below which the skirt hangs in flounce effect.

Princess styles are shown, and on some tailored suits, the waist-line is indicated.

Sleeveless dresses are shown for afternoon wear, also some frocks with sleeves in short or shorter length "above the elbow." Neck-lines are either "V," square or bateau.

Taffeta is used for pretty girlish evening frocks, made with a full skirt, draped at one side, a semi-fitted waist with cap or puff sleeve and the low or bateau neck-line.

Georgette crepe in three or more contrasting colors is used for evening dresses, the bodice is sometimes of metal brocade showing all the colors of the georgette.

Dresses of chiffon or georgette are also pleasing in one color; made with narrow flat flounces from belt to hem. Matched lace insertions or tiny edgings of crystal or gold trim the flounces.

Moire is very much in vogue. It is used for afternoon dresses and for wraps. Its satin back serves well as a trimming.

Another recent addition to the lines of new silks is a floral taffeta for dinner and evening gowns.

Appliqued motifs in floral designs in bright colors on a black ground are used for trimming.

Fancy ribbons and puffings are also used for trimmings in border and motif effects.

Printed georgettes are seen in new and pretty patterns.

The Spring season brings lovely new plaid and checked materials both in taffeta and in wool and cotton fabrics.

Sports' dresses are shown in plain chic styles made of fine cashmere or flannel. Camels' hair is also used for these styles, either belted or with a wide belt. Plaid materials are also liked for sports' dresses. Dresses made of tub silk are set off by lingerie neck finish or a stiff linen collar.

The skirts of Spring suits are short and scant. The jackets are short too and tailored. Tailored blouses of crepe de chine or broad cloth are worn with these suits.

"Tuck-in" blouses are shown in many new styles.

Top coats of brushed wool are shown for sports' wear. Both coats and capes will be worn this season.

Separate skirts and blouses of different materials will mark informal fashions. One may see either a plaited or circular skirt of plaid or check material, with a jacket of silk, linen or velvet.

Overblouses with short peplums are in vogue.

Lace and bead decorations are fashionable. Tunics are finished with bindings, and edgings or with contrasting stitchery.

Buttons are used more for trimming than for fastening. Machine stitching embellishes coats and tailored suits.

Navy and lighter blue will be good Spring colors both for suits and silk dresses. Brown, tan and beige will also be popular, as will also the soft henna shades, brick dust and tile reds.

Many of the new silks show two color combinations.

Pretty yoked waists are in vogue. The yoke may be round, square or in pointed outline, and the fulness below it blouses gracefully a little above a belt or girdle. The skirts accompanying such waists are full and are joined to the waist belt, and the dress closes at the center back.

Berthas are still in evidence and sometimes are together with puff sleeves.

Silk short waist dresses are shown in wash silks, pongee and crepons.

Sailor blouses, finished in true navy fashion and trimmed with braid are made up in white or blue serge. The skirt worn with such a blouse is short and scant and finished with side pockets.

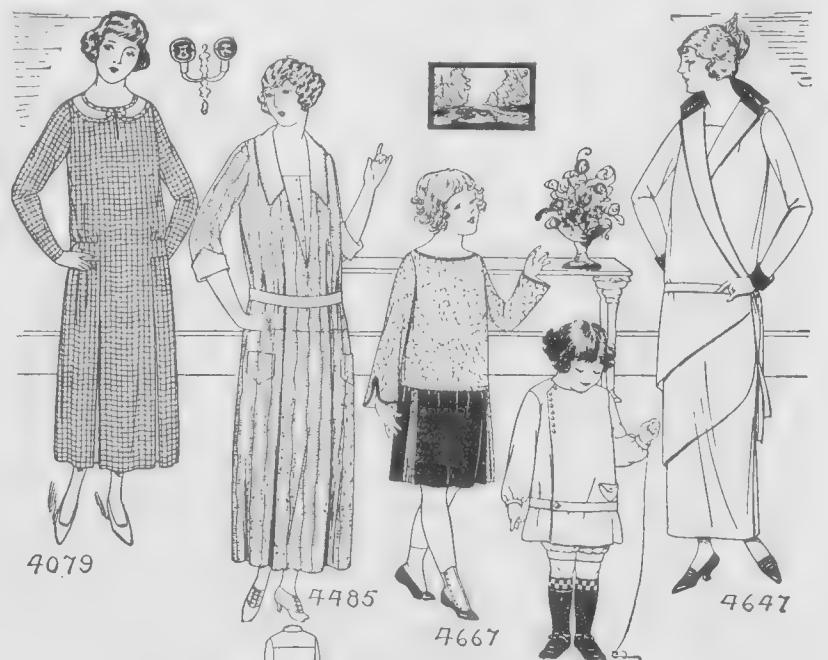
A pretty neck finish for blouse or dress may be made of three or four plaited frills topping each other, each of a different color.

Plaited skirts of striped material are very effective.

The jabot is again in great favor; sometimes it trims one side of the bodice, and may continue to the skirt edge. Again it is fastened at the neck in the centre of the front. Fine handkerchief linen, net, cambric, lace and soft embroideries are employed for the jabots, sometimes a piping or edging of color is added. Narrow plaitings at the side and hem edges of dresses are taking the place of the borders seen on Winter frocks. Plaited tiers and flounces are also seen on skirts and jackets.

Sashes tied at the centre of the front are very popular, but only slender figures should adopt this decoration.

Cape effects are seen on several new dresses. Usually the cape is over the back, and hangs from the shoulders.



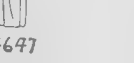
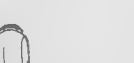
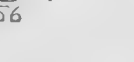
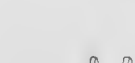
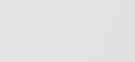
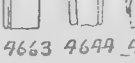
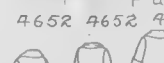
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A Youthful Style—4079. Here is a new and very unique version of the one-piece dress. Belt portions over which the tab extensions on front and back are fastened, hold the fulness gracefully at the sides. Added width is given to the skirt portion by plaits that form a panel over back and front. This is a good model for gingham, and also for the new tub silks in check and stripe patterns. Organdy or linen may be selected for trimming. The sleeve is cool and pretty in the short length, and in wrist length it is the latest style feature. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 5 yards of 32-inch material. The width of the dress at the foot with plaits extended is 2¾ yards.

A Stylish "Morning Dress" in Slip-on Style—4485. The practical features of this model are apparent at a glance. The long waist, and deep neck opening are becoming to slender and stout figures. Damask and linen could be here combined, or chambray, with striped seersucker for trimming. This is also a good model for serge, ratine, or crepe. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material. The width at the foot with plaits extended is 2¾ yards. For collar, vest, cuffs and belt of contrasting material ¾-yard 36 inches wide is required.

A Good Dress for School—4667. Figured woollen and serge are here combined. Velvet and crepe, or taffeta and velvet are also a good combination for this model. Gingham and linen would combine well, as would also pongee and crepe. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. An 8-year size requires 2½ yards of one material 40 inches wide. To make as illustrated requires ¾-yard of plain material and 1¼ yards of figured material.

A Popular Play Suit—4656. Pongee, linen, wool rep, jersey and gingham would be good for this model. The sleeve may be finished short, or in wrist length. The closing is comfortable and convenient. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. A 4-year size requires 3½ yards of 27-inch material.

A Stylish Coat-Dress—4647. Here is a very attractive model, that may be finished with or without the flounces. It is a good style for broadcloth, mohair, serge, twill or kasha. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 6¼ yards of 40-inch material, if made with flounces. If made without flounces 4¾ yards will be required. The width at the foot is 1½ yard.

A Good School Frock—4662. This is a splendid style for remodeling, or for combining two materials as illustrated. Plaid or checked suiting and serge or wool rep would combine well. Gingham and chambray or linen are also attractive together. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires 1¼ yards of plain material, and 2½ yards of figured or checked material 40 inches wide.

A Popular, Practical Model—4391. This style has good and comfortable lines. The closing is in coat style. Madras, gingham, jean, drill or flannel could be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 9 sizes neck measure: 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16, 16½, 17, 17½ and 18 inches. A 15-inch size requires 4½ yards of 27-inch material.

A Dainty Frock for the Little Miss—4241. Not only for grown-ups are the bertha style in vogue. They are especially becoming to little girls. The style here shown has other good features. It may be developed in gingham, crepe, silk or voile. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 2-year size requires 2 yards of 32-inch material. Without the bertha ¾-yard less will be required of 40-inch material.

A Popular Masquerade Costume—4644. The "Domino" is a simple time-honored masquerade "dress" suitable for all figures, and for many materials. One could choose black satin or sateen with the lining in self or a contrasting color. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44, and extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 6¾ yards of 32-inch material. The width at the foot is 2 yards.

A Pretty Garment for "Breakfast Time"—4639. This would be very lovely in silk crepe or embroidered crepe de chine. It is also attractive in corduroy, cotton crepe, batiste or China silk. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 4½ yards of 32-inch material.

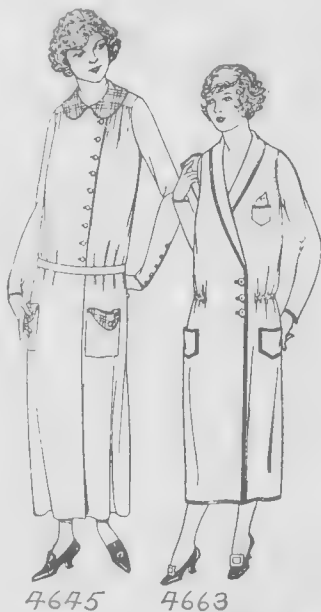
A Popular Style for Young Children—4315. Checker percale was used for this model, with chambray for trimming. This style also lends itself well to gingham, cretonne, crash and linen. In pongee with cross—or pass-stitching it will make a serviceable, washable dress. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6-year size requires 3 yards of 32-inch material. If collar, bands and facings are to be of contrasting material, ¾-yard is required.

A Unique Dinner or Evening Gown—4652. Here is a very attractive version of the "long waist" and tiered skirt, combined to make a very smart gown. The blouse 4652 is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It may be finished with the neck line higher, and with a peasant sleeve in wrist length. Embroidered flouncing or bordered goods, as well as taffeta, linen, crepe and crepe weaves are attractive for this style. The skirt 4752 is cut in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure. The width at the foot is 1½ yard. To make the dress as shown in the large view will require 4½ yards of 40-inch material. To make the dress with long sleeves on the blouse requires 6½ yards.

One of Fashion's Favorites—4272. Blue broadcloth, braided with black soutache would be good for this model. The style is also attractive for velvet, Canton crepe and taffeta. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 3¾ yards of 54-inch material. The width at the foot is 3 yards.

A Simple Comfortable Frock—4664. Printed crepe was used for the "smock," and batiste for the guimpe. One could have jersey or plaid suiting in combination with wool crepe or silk. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 1½ yard of 27-inch material for the guimpe and 1¾ yard for the smock.

A Comfortable Undergarment for Girls and Juniors—4661. Nainsook, crepe, crepe de chine or washable satin could be used for this style. The fulness of the front may be disposed of in gathers, pin tucks or tiny plaits. Hemstitching, ribbon binding or embroidery may be used for decoration. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. A 12-year size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material.



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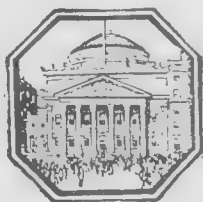
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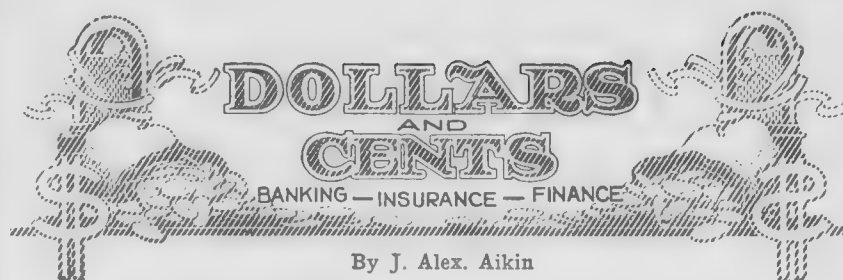
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By J. Alex. Aikin

The Manitoba Budget

THE Provincial Treasurer of Manitoba is the first to present his budget at this year's sessions of the Prairie Province Legislatures, and after all the wailing and monotone condolence messages the budget is a promise of better things. There is a deficit reported for the year ending August 31st, 1923, of \$901,062, but the prospect for the current year is that the deficit will not be more than \$240,000 and may be wiped out altogether.

The revenue for the past year amounted to \$161,800 less than was estimated a year ago, when it was also estimated the deficit for the past year would be \$1,150,000. It is satisfactory to be able to record that notwithstanding the slump in revenue that the total deficit is nevertheless substantially less than was anticipated. This was made possible by reduction of expenditures by \$799,572. One year ago the estimated total expenditure was put at \$11,471,884, while for the current year they are \$10,844,640, which does not bear loud testimony in the way of economy. However, the Provincial Treasurer intimated there might be no deficit, which would call for economy not indicated in detail but which as in the past year, might be found in the process of administration.

The total funded debt of Manitoba amounts to \$72,369,254. Against that sum there are interest paying investments of \$42,815,196 to the credit of the Province. The assets in the form of public buildings are valued at \$29,554,000. A significant statement was made by the Provincial Treasurer when he said that next year the Province will be required to refund \$17,000,000 of the provincial debt. In advance of that time he hopes to have the finance of Manitoba in better condition, the budget balanced and the very desirable duty call of choosing how best to reduce taxation.

The income tax is now in effect and the Provincial Treasurer expects to receive \$500,000 from that source this year. The tax on gasoline is estimated to be worth \$130,000 this year and the same sum is expected from the tax on grain futures now before the Supreme Court of Canada, where, judging by the discussion between judges and counsel, there are strong chances for the repeal of the law as unconstitutional. In that event there will be no revenue from that tax. This point was not overlooked by the Provincial Treasurer.

Federal Financial Outlook Improves

IT really looks as if the year's operations will enable the Minister of Finance to tell a story of better things when the next Federal budget is brought down. The country will earnestly hope that Rt. Hon. W. S. Fielding will recover and be fit for duty again to preside at the event. The net debt of Canada on January 31st, 1924, was \$2,411,388,604, which was \$8,591,389 less than at the same date a year ago. The revenue for the ten months given was \$337,098,220 as compared with \$328,142,085 for the previous ten months. It may well be, therefore, that this substantial gain, which amounted to \$74,405,000 more than ordinary expenditure for the ten months, will cover the railway deficit and capital expenditure for the fiscal year ending March 31st, next.

The Canadian National Railway will be able to report net earnings of \$20,000,000, and even with fixed charges of approximately \$65,000,000, will make a better showing than for four years. The increased debt due to betterments of the system during the past year helps to explain the increase in the fixed charges. Increased railway traffic for the year, along with the larger customs and inland revenue speaks of growth in trade

and industry which forecasts the better times which are believed to be ahead of Canada.

Proposals for Reparations Settlement

The harmony and progress which have marked the efforts of the Allied commission of experts on reparations and the German capacity to pay gives reason for the hope and expectation that something substantial will come out of the attempt to clean up. The advance report that the experts have tentatively agreed upon 12½ billion dollars gold may not be correct, but even if it is, that sum although away below the original amount fixed is four times the value of the big gold reserve of the national bank system of the United States, now running at \$3,300,000,000. The Germans will have to work and sweat to pay it, which all will admit and agree they should have to do.

French necessity is going far to aid in the preparation of France for a real settlement. France has a "recoverable budget" of 100 billion francs, recoverable from Germany it was believed, which has helped "plenty" in bringing down the value of the franc in the exchange marts. If it should be that Ramsay MacDonald will succeed in placing the Rhine territory now occupied by French and British troops under the League of Nations, which would guarantee the disarmament of Germany and the security of France, the dreams of Woodrow Wilson would be realized in an effective way. An international consortium for the handling of a loan to Germany and for guarantee of repayment, somewhat after the plans of the Chinese and Turkish arrangements, should make it possible for France to get a substantial payment within the year and thereby relieve not only that one country, but start the circulation of better currency in Europe and open a new era for trade, industry and finance in the entire world.

Entrance to the readjusted period will be the signal for a renewal of the pre-war competition for international trade. Germany is said to be in a favored position by reason of wiping out all domestic war debts and claims and paying off much bonded and mortgage indebtedness. That, however, will surely be offset by the plans of the Allied experts which will provide for placing responsibility for a large share of the load on industry and production generally. The systematic plunderers must be penalized.

Costs of production will be higher in North America than in Europe, but the standard of higher wages and good living must be maintained by the superior efficiency and intelligent co-operation on the part of Canadian and American workmen, aided by a moderate tariff. The struggle is unavoidable and must be entered. German goods will not be welcomed on this continent and they will only find a place if prices are cut away down. Once Germany is back on a gold basis it will no longer be possible to rob the workers of their wages as has been done under the rotten money in use in that country in the past three years. The fight will, therefore, have to be more evenly fought.

Wanted to be Sure

A CERTAIN physician was noted for his reckless automobile driving. One day when he answered the telephone a woman's voice asked him if he intended to go out driving that afternoon.

"No; I hardly think I shall have time this afternoon," replied the doctor. "But why do you ask?"

"Well," replied his anonymous questioner, "I want to send my little daughter for some thread if you are not going."

The Hazards of Life

By Emily F. Murphy (Janey Canuck)

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A MEDICAL doctor, filling in an application for life assurance, questioned a negro as to the longevity of his ancestors.

"Longevity? What am dat ting, Boss?"

"Just tell me please how long your father lived, your grandfather, and your great-grandfather," replied the doctor.

"Well Sah, I can't jes' say as fur dat, but I dun calculate dey all certain would hab been livin' yet if it hadn't been fer dem juries."

Most of us have failed hitherto, to take cognizance of the jury as a hazard to life which must occasionally be reckoned with and provided for. We are not, however, desirous of disturbing the minds of our readers on this behalf, the discovery of their full enormities, like those of our own, being extremely remote.

Besides, there are a sufficiency of other risks in daily life to keep us alert, if we would sense the meaning of the word longevity. There seems to be a thousand ways of dying, with numerous complications. One may even "die with laughter," and this we say with all solemnity is no joke. Indeed, in England, a brisk business is actually being transacted in the protection of those persons who feel themselves liable to succumb as a result of excessive merriment in theatres, circuses, or other places of entertainment. As yet, there has been no demand for this policy in Scotland.

At any rate, life assurance safeguards society against the loss of the individual, whether he dies by reason of the jury, by over-joyousness, by "stepping on the gas," or from one of the thousand killers, in that it perpetuates his earning capacity for the specified period in which his beneficiaries receive dividends.

The policy holder may ask at this juncture, "But what is there in this for me anyway? Let posterity look after itself."

If he has a family, he will not say anything of the kind unless he is a positive grub.

Besides, if the accident or sickness leaves him permanently crippled instead of killing him outright, he reaps the benefits personally. With a disability provision in his policy, he profits through an investment which is a money-back guarantee, with perhaps, several hundred per cent more than he paid in. He was a wise writer who declared "Life Assurance is everything to everyone."

Yes, yes, the queer codger who fails to provide against the hazards of life, or against an old age of dependency or pauperism, is stupid and a sluggard. Like the sluggard of sacred writ, he is well-advised to go to the ant, consider her ways and be wise.

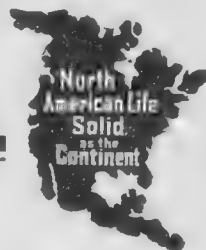
Now the ant, be it remembered, has a brain that is smaller than the head of a pin, yet she has sufficient intelligence to provide herself and her progeny against the needs and disasters of the future.

Emily F. Murphy

Dusk

A golden moon and a star-hung sky—
Up the lone lagoon a loon's lost cry—
Shadows of amethyst, jet and jade—
The lilting song of your paddle blade.

A golden moon, and a star-hung sky—
The lone lagoon and a loon's lost cry—
Shadows of emerald and sapphire blue—
Moonshine, and dusk—and you—and you!
Rae Maltby Verrill.



NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

HEAD OFFICE

TORONTO, CANADA.

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AMOUNT OF INSURANCE IN FORCE	115,055,491.00
ASSETS	25,394,128.18
PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS	2,480,510.16
NET SURPLUS	3,776,823.87

THESE records are the outward evidence of the unexcelled financial position attained by the Company, and of the solid foundation upon which it has been built. In the North American Life, policyholders' interests are paramount, over 99% of the profits earned being allotted to them. When contemplating new insurance, see one of our representatives. If you desire fuller information about the Company's operations during 1923, mail the attached coupon.

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W. KERR GEORGE, }
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27A

BRR-R-R! says the North Wind

But you sit at home by your fireside reading, let us hope, the Western Home Monthly, utterly oblivious of the wintry elements without. At this time of the year, quite a number of subscriptions expire, and there is a possibility that this may be a personal matter in your case. A glance at the address label on the cover will end the suspense and just in case the news is bad, we append a subscription blank which you will doubtless wish to fill in and mail us.

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By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

A MANITOBA correspondent writes as follows: "You have been referred to by an interested reader of the Western Home Monthly as a person with whom I might get in touch in a matter of debate, so I am taking this opportunity of asking a favor. The community club here is arranging for a debate, the subject being: 'Is the World Getting Better?' and as I have been appointed one of the negative side, I thought you might be able to suggest a few points or headers, on which I might build my argument."

We have written to our correspondent and sent a list of suggestions. It is interesting to learn of rural community clubs arranging affairs of this kind. We are glad to offer similar service to other readers.

Your Library

EVERY citizen who has a real interest in his community and who expects to live at one place for any length of time should have a small and well selected collection of books. Recently, a W.H.M. reader in Herbert, Saskatchewan, wrote in for titles and particulars of several books in which he was interested. The information has been mailed direct. The matter is mentioned here because there may be many other readers who would like help concerning titles of books, addresses of publishers, and prices. We have on file information concerning many useful books for young men and shall be glad to hear from readers who wish to take advantage of this service.

Choosing a Career

A SHORT time ago, a business man said to me: "Mr. Russell, you are a teacher and know of opportunities open to students; what would you advise me to put my boy at?"

My friend proceeded to answer his own question, saying: "The professions are overcrowded; union regulations and strike troubles would not attract him to a trade; and I don't know whether he would care to go into business or not. He doesn't seem to know his own mind."

In the first place, I do not think that the professions are by any means overcrowded. It may be true that the cost of professional services has increased to such an extent that it is difficult for all the members of professions to secure the volume of business that they need to meet overhead expenses, but the solution of this part of the problem is to reduce expenses. I have rarely met a thoroughly qualified professional man of good character who was not able to earn a reasonable living.

As regards the trades, there is little doubt that the troubles of the past few years have served to repel rather than to attract young men. This is unfortunate because in a country which is still in the early stages of development there ought to be room for thousands of contented and industrious mechanics. The men who can solve some of the union and seasonal employment problems of today will perform a great service for their country. In spite, however, of these apparent drawbacks, I believe that the young man who has a leaning towards manual work and who is prepared to learn a trade thoroughly will, over a period of years, find himself provided with plenty to do.

As regards business life, there are, and always should be, plenty of opportunities in it for those who are prepared to begin at the bottom of the ladder and to secure the educational qualifications necessary for efficient performance of their duties.

Then, too, there is agriculture. To escape the charge of giving advice to the farmers, one hesitates to say too much about opportunities in farming. Nevertheless, it is a fact that many experienced farmers are prepared to back up the statement that the young man who secures a small farm, a minimum of machinery, and who will mix business and scientific methods with his labor, has a good opportunity today to make a comfortable home and to secure an estate of his own under conditions of good government and commercial development that are available in but few countries of the world today.

It is true that many young men do not know their mind with regard to the planning of a life work. This is but natural. In some cases, where there is a decided bent to some form of work, it is not hard to make a decision, but where no special preference is indicated, the difficulty is greater. The teacher alone cannot decide, nor can the parent. A great deal of the responsibility for choosing must rest with the young man himself. He should analyze carefully his own abilities and resources, weigh his inclinations and prejudices, make careful inquiry concerning the requirements and opportunities in various kinds of work and, finally make a choice based not primarily on money-earning possibilities, but on possibilities for self-development and service to the state.

In some large cities, there are vocational counselors who have made a special study of the problems incidental to the choice of a career, and many of them probably perform a very useful service. There is the drawback that having taken the advice of a vocational counsellor and then finding the work disappointing, a young man may be inclined to blame others rather than himself.

Perhaps, after all, it is not a matter that can be decided solely by human initiative. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," said Tennyson; and Shakespeare causes one of his characters to say: "There is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will."

Knowing or Guessing

THE Gregg Publishing Company, of New York, has recently been sending out a series of bulletins on educational problems. They are written by Mr. J. S. Knox, and one of the recent issues is entitled "Knowing or Guessing." Mr. Knox spoke to large audiences in Winnipeg recently, and his remarks are therefore of special interest at this time. In speaking of his experiences during a transcontinental trip, he says: "The one big outstanding impression which this trip has made upon me is this: the average man does not realize the value and the necessity of gaining knowledge from books."

"I recently had a two-hour conference with a prominent executive of national experience. This man is a college graduate, a law graduate, and has done a great deal of advanced work in economics. When we had sifted our problem down to the bottom, he turned to me with a smile and said: 'Mr. Knox, you know the average man is lazy. He is not willing to pay the price of success in learning how to solve his problems. He doesn't want to study. He isn't willing to put forth the mental effort to learn how to solve his problems, and when you lay out a course of study that will give him the necessary foundation for advancement, his reply is: 'That's all rubbish!'"

"On my western trip, I heard a man deliver an address before an organization of mediocre mechanics. He started his address by saying: 'I am not going to insult your intelligence by telling you anything I learned from a book,'—with a sneering emphasis on the word book. 'Everything I am going to tell you, I learned from practical experience.' Yet this man was well educated, but he knew that the average man in his audience did not study, and that he had a horror of learning anything from books. It was easier for the speaker to follow the line of least resistance than possibly to gain the hostility of his audience by telling them what they needed to know."

Things Requisite

IN his most recent bulletin, Mr. Knox discusses the requisites that are necessary to advancement. "The first requisite of success in any business is health; the second is integrity; the third is technical knowledge. The foundation trinity of business success, according to our great executives is: Character, Capacity, and Capital. Good health is taken for granted. Business cannot be built unless it is founded upon the solid rock of honor, honesty, and character."

A Good Time

SOME time ago, I heard a case quoted of a young man who was reported to have said that he intended to have a "good time" for a number of years, and that when he grew older he would act with more discretion. If a good time means the normal activities of athletics and entertainment that ought to be the accompaniment of some of the leisure hours of every young man, there is little need for comment, but if, as the latter part of the statement indicates, it means several years of dissolute and careless living then, perhaps, Browning's poem: "Ben Karshook's Wisdom," contains the best advice:

"Would a man 'scape the rod?"

Rabbi Ben Karshook saith,

"See that he turn to God

The day before his death."

"Ay, could a man inquire

When it shall come," I say.

The Rabbi's eye shoots fire—

"Then let him turn today!"

Quoth a young Sadducee:

"Reader of many rolls,

Is it so certain we

Have, as they tell us, souls?"

"Son, there is no reply!"

The Rabbi bit his beard:

"Certain, a soul have I—

We may have none," he sneered.

Thus Karshook, the Hiram's-Hammer,

The Right-hand Temple-column,

Taught babes in grace their grammar,

And struck the simple, solemn.

Saving and Spending

MANY years ago, Samuel Smiles, well known as the author of books on character and self-help, wrote a book on "Thrift," and in it he offers some advice that sounds very much like some of the statements of the present day.

"Men must prepare in youth and in middle age," he says, "the means for enjoying old age pleasantly and happily. There can be nothing more distressing than to see an old man who has spent the greater part of his life in well-paid-for labor, reduced to the necessity of begging for bread, and relying entirely upon the commiseration of his neighbors or upon the bounty of strangers. Such a consideration as this should inspire men in early life with a determination to work and to save, for the benefit of themselves and their families in later years."

"It is, in fact, in youth that economy should be practised, and in old age that men should dispense liberally, provided they do not exceed their income. The young man has a long future before him, during which he may exercise the principles of economy; while the other is reaching the end of his career, and can carry nothing out of the world with him."

"This, however, is not the usual practice. The young man now spends, or desires to spend, quite as liberally, and often much more liberally, than his father, who is about to end his career. He spends more than his father did at his age, and soon finds himself up to his ears in debt. He tries to make money rapidly; he speculates, overtrades, and is speedily wound up. Thus he obtains experience; but it is the result, not of well-doing, but of ill-doing."

"Poverty," said Samuel Johnson, "takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all the virtuous means to be avoided. Resolve, then, not to be poor; whatever you have, spend less. Frugality is not only the basis of quiet, but of beneficence. No man can help others who wants help himself; we must have enough before we have to spare."

A Complete Grammar

"A COMPLETE GRAMMAR" is the title of a compact little book published by McQuigall's Educational Co., Ltd., London, England. It is bound in flexible covers, is well arranged, attractively printed, and is inexpensive. It really supplies much more information than the title suggests, because it contains interesting and useful sections dealing with derivation of words, composition, punctuation, letter-writing, figures of speech, poetry, and an historical outline of the English language. For those who wish to review their knowledge of these matters or who are seeking help in the general study of English, this handbook should prove interesting and useful.

Three Classes

CHARLES R. BARRETT, who is the author of a book that deals with securing suitable work, states that the men engaged in any kind of work may be divided into three classes according to the use that they may make of their mental ability.

Class One he calls the Advisory Class; made up of men whose ability to think ahead enables them to invent new tools, processes or machines, plan campaigns and suggest changes or improvements.

Class Two he terms the Executive Class, whose ability, training and experience enable them to direct successfully the efforts of other men, and so put into effect the policies, plans, changes, new methods and machinery recommended by the Advisory Class. They are paid for their ability to direct the work of other men, and in accordance with the amount and quality of work they can get done by those working under them.

Class Three he names the Worker Class, composed of men whose ability, training, and experience enable them to work satisfactorily under the direction of the Executive Class, but who lack the knowledge or the initiative to direct their own labor. They are the hand and brain workers who compose the overwhelming majority in any trade or business. They are paid on a time or piece basis for their ability to do the task set for them, so that their earnings depend entirely upon their individual efforts.

Every man, says Mr. Barrett, must make his start as a Worker, but how long he remains in that class depends upon himself.

Mr. Barrett's classification, which does not appear to include the professions, is interesting and suggestive. It seems, however, to use the word "Worker" in a somewhat narrow sense. Nowadays, it is generally understood that all men, whatever may be their calling, should be "Workers."



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THE HOME GARDEN

Take Care of the Chicks

It is very discouraging to have a mere dozen or so of mature birds as the result of an attempt to start into poultry keeping when fifty chicks were hatched out successfully at the beginning of the season with every promise of growing into vigorous birds.

The great trouble in the raising of chicks comes from several different sources, such as lack of vigor in the parent stock, improper hatching, and chill. April is considered to be the best month for the hatch to be accomplished whether a hen or incubator be used.

When a hen is used it is best to use a nest that can be kept closed except when the hen is off to feed. The eggs should be tested on the seventh day. Careful preparation of the hen and nest in the way of cleanliness goes a long way in the avoiding of trouble. The setting nest should be prepared with care and spraying with a good antiseptic will put it on the safe side. When it is dry, a moist sod should be placed in the bottom of the nest box and covered with fine hay. The hen should be dusted with lice killer. Feed and clean water should be kept within easy reach and she should be off once a day but not for too long a period in cool weather. After the hatch is over she should be removed to a clean, well disinfected coop with sanded floor.

In regard to the use of an incubator, the best place to run one is in a cellar where there is fairly good ventilation. The disadvantage of running an incubator in the house is the unsteadiness of the temperature, whereas the temperature of a cellar can be kept more desirable for the purpose. A little moisture in the air is advantageous. The oil lamps used with the incubator should be filled only with the very best grade of oil while the wick and burner should be kept absolutely clean.

The supplying of moisture to the egg chamber may be done by means of moist sand under the eggs, in a tray. This tray can be drawn out if the moisture is excessive and returned if the air cell in the egg shows signs of too rapid evaporation.

After hatching, the chicks should be left in the incubator until perfectly dry and care should be taken in transferring them to the brooder, to avoid chill. The brooder should be heated to about 90 or 95 degrees under the hover, according to the number of chicks to be placed in it, so that when they are put into it the temperature will rise to nearly the same degree as what they were accustomed to in the incubator. It should be the aim of the operator to harden off his chicks as soon as possible, but on no account should the temperature be lowered so as to cause lack of comfort to the chicks. If the chicks crowd, they are too cold, but if they lie spread out on the floor, the temperature is about right. The thermometer should be used as a general indicator but the behaviour of the chicks will be a very good indication of what is required.

The chicks should be confined close to the brooder for the first few days, then, as they become used to their quarters they may be given more and more liberty, until at last they may be given free range. They should be allowed on the ground as soon as possible.

In regard to feeding, it is too common a mistake to start feeding the chicks too soon. When a chick leaves the shell it comes into the world with a sufficient supply of nourishment in the form of egg yolk, to last it for between two and three days. When the chicks are removed from their brooding quarters there should be some coarse sand or fine chick grit scattered where they can have free access to it. When they show real signs of hunger they may be given some bread crumbs that have been very slightly moistened with milk. It is very important to see that all particles of such food are not allowed to remain and get sour after the chicks have had sufficient for the

time being for that is one of the greatest evils in the raising of chicks. When the chicks are being cared for by a hen, she will clean up all the remaining particles on the floor when the chicks are finished with the food, but in the absence of the hen this service must be performed by human aid. The chicks should be fed five times a day. The following system has been arrived at by expert experience and may be adopted more or less rigidly to suit conditions: first feed, bread crumbs moistened with milk; second, finely cracked mixed grains; third, rolled oats; fourth, moistened bread crumbs; fifth, finely cracked mixed grains. If too early to get the chicks out onto the grass at once, green feed should be supplied in the form of young lettuce, sprouted grains or any other tender succulent food that is acceptable. After the chicks are ten days or two weeks old, coarser foods may be allowed. All changes should be made gradually. The infertile eggs may be boiled and mixed with mash food and the bread and milk discontinued. Hoppers in which are placed cracked grains and dry mash or rolled oats should be put where they can have free access to them. Sunshine is very beneficial to growing chicks, and arrangements should be made to make full use of it right from the start, but chicks hatched in the later season when the rays of the sun are strong, should be given protection as

early in the spring. See that it is thoroughly worked and incorporated with the soil or the latter may dry out. The seed should be sown just as early as it is possible to get the land into condition, as onions need a long season of growth to bring them to maturity. The best seed should be obtained and sown about half an inch deep in rows twelve to fourteen inches apart, from four to six pounds per acre being required. If maggots are usually troublesome, the seed should be sown thicker than it otherwise would be. As soon as the plants have grown sufficiently for the rows to be seen, cultivation should begin and the surface of the soil kept loose. As soon as the plants are large enough to work with easily, which will be when they are from 3 to 4 inches high, they should be thinned from 1 to 2 inches apart, but it is best to leave them a little on the thick side. After thinning, the soil should be at once cultivated, shallow cultivation being desirable, and the surface kept loose during the growing season to destroy weeds and promote the rapid development of the onions. When the tops have dried down about one half, the onions are ripe enough to pull. As soon as the onions are ripe, they should be pulled, from four to six rows being thrown together and turned occasionally until they are dry enough and firm. They



Their first day in the open air

they are liable to injury from the sun when high temperatures are in vogue.

An orchard makes an ideal place for free range as the four chief requirements are to be found there: space, shade, grass and insects. It is advisable to change the ground from year to year as much as possible in order to avoid having the birds on ground that has had chickens running on it for a considerable length of time.

Last but not least, nothing provides animal food in better form than does milk, therefore buttermilk should be placed so that they may have access to it at all times. Cleanliness in regard to feeding utensils, water, and living quarters must be maintained throughout the whole season, otherwise a serious mortality will set in and the flock will rapidly dwindle. Fresh air is free for the asking, so let the chicks have all they require in their quarters but not to the extent of chilling them.

Notes on Onion Culture

BY successfully raising a crop of onions one had a valuable crop from an area of land that is small compared to what would be required to produce the same value in the other common kinds of vegetables.

The best soil for onions is a rich sandy loam, but they will also succeed in clay loams. It is important to have as clean land as possible to save labor in destroying weeds. From forty to sixty tons of rotted manure per acre should be applied in the fall and plowed under. If it cannot be applied in the fall, well rotted manure may be applied and worked into the surface of the soil

may be topped as soon as convenient after they are dry.

The best means of storage is by the use of crates. The advantage of the crate is that a small bulk of onions are together with plenty of ventilation, which is very necessary for proper curing. They should not be stored in bags or in large piles in bulk. They may be stored in slatted bins arranged one above another, 10 inches to 12 inches deep. If stored, the temperature should be kept as low as possible and the air dry.

Onion sets may be produced by sowing seeds in rows, two hundred seeds to the foot and without thinning. The climate of Manitoba appears to be well suited to the growing of onion sets. Over nineteen tons of small, firm, well-matured sets can be produced.

In regard to the size of sets to be preferred, the small sets, only one-quarter of an inch in diameter have repeatedly been found to give the best results not only in yield, but more especially in the quality of the onions produced.

Among the best varieties of onions are the following: Ailsa Craig, Large Red Wethersfield, Danvers Yellow Globe, White Globe, Giant Prizetaker, Australian Brown, Southport White Globe.

Force of Habit

THE drug clerk was leaning listlessly against the prescription counter, the very picture of indolence.

"Haven't you any ambition at all, my boy?" kindly inquired a solicitous old gentleman.

"No," responded the clerk dreamily, "but I have something just as good."

EAST IS EAST

Tangier 1918

By Grace Cameron MacPhee

"CLIPPETY—clap, clippety—clap," tapped the little hoofs, with a distinct break between the "clippety" and the "clap."

"Baaluk, baaluk!" (Make way) shouted a raucous voice. I stood back against the dirty wall in the dirty, narrow, cobblestone alley. It behoved me to flatten myself as much as I could. A diminutive Moorish donkey staggered past me. I gazed appalled by the horror of the thing. It carried a load of hay fully three times the size of its own miserable, starved body. In that narrow lane the hay seemed to tower to the sky, while long wisps of it trailed the ground. The donkey was lame, hence the rhythmic irregularity of its progress. The small head hung down helplessly. The poor little sticks of legs tottered.

The last straw had surely been added to its cruel load.

Would it hold out? Could it possibly reach its dirty destination?—or would it collapse before my eyes?

I held my breath.

No, it actually lurched on, staggering and stumbling, and disappeared around the corner.

Sickened, I turned and met the eyes of an elderly, grey-haired Spaniard. Absorbed, we had stood there, each unconscious of the other's presence, spell-bound by the sight of this torture of a dumb beast.

"Que infamia!" he exclaimed.

"Is there no remedy?" I queried, "is it impossible to interfere?"

He shook his head sadly. "Impossible—one can do nothing."

That Spaniard will forever hold a place in my memory as the only one of his race that I have known to show the least feeling over the agony of an animal.

The donkey had disappeared, the spell was broken, and we turned on our separate ways.

Well, what use was it after all to dwell on the sufferings of a half-dead beast?

On my way home, would I not have to pass something worse—Achmed sitting on the roadside with his little wooden alms bowl held between his stumps of hands? A few years back he

stole a sheep from a neighbor. Those in authority tactfully warned him not to repeat the offence. The warning took the form of slitting open his hands and pouring corrosive lime into the openings, which were then sewn up. Hence the stumps and the wooden bowl.

Higher up the hill I should hear the monotonous "ll-lah, ll-lah" from blind Mahomet Ali, who in the days of his prosperity turned an obstinately deaf ear to the importunities of the Kaid of his district. Balked in his desire to increase his stock of the root of evil, and being a man of power, the Kaid promptly prescribed for Mahomet Ali a course of eye treatment. Mahomet now chants drearily all day long and holds a wooden bowl in his hands.

But one must not let oneself get morbid over trifles. After all "God was in His Heaven, all was right with the world," on that afternoon of glorious sunshine. Homewards I climbed, up the steep Kasbah Hill. The garden was alive with color. Against the bright emerald of the trees stood out the gay Zouave uniforms of soldier grooms—scarlet and blue, scarlet and black. Sleek, fat, grey donkeys, with an air of bored resignation stood there. On their backs were quaint box saddles of yellow leather, cushioned with crimson velvet, two or three dainty Arab horses, satin skinned and restless, pawed the gravel. A Bashadorial retinue, surely.

Yes! The august representatives of the United States and Italy, with their respective wives, were in the drawing room.

As the shadows deepened we sat there sipping our tea, discussing the Spanish violinist from Brussels, whom we had all flocked to hear the night before. Some of the audience had gone to the concert hall on donkeys, some on mules, a few in automobiles, and the bravest of all in hired open carriages, driven through the tortuous, narrow alleys at break-neck speed by reckless Arab drivers.

But through it all there ceased not to ring in my ears the haunting sound of "clippety—clap, clippety—clap," with a distinct break between the "clippety" and the "clap."

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON—Continued from page 14

and then he would relate some incident of one of the children being ill, or some such story, and that Maria couldn't leave just yet.

FIFTEEN months had passed since Maria went away from Ridgeford. Solomon had returned from his work one evening, and was sitting on the old doorstep with his usual evening pipe. A rumble of wheels barely made him turn his head. When he saw that the carriage had stopped at his gate he arose leisurely, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and walked down the little garden path. It was Maria!

"Welcome home, Maria: I was beginning to fear that you would never be comin'. Right glad to see you looking so well. How's Lottie and Ada and the little ones?"

"Right smart, thank you, Solomon," Maria answered rather shamefacedly. "How well the place looks! Seems as if I had only been gone a day or two."

"Come into the house, Maria: you must be hungry after travellin' so far," said Solomon as he led the way.

Maria went in, and with exclamations of wonder went from room to room.

"Land sakes alive, Solomon, what have you done? Looks as if you had been preparing for a bride. Solomon—you—you—haven't—"

Solomon took her by the arm.

"Come this way, Maria, and see the bride's chamber."

He led her into her old room, but it was a place transformed.

"My, this looks like one of them 'boodwars' that the fine ladies have.

However could you do it, Solomon? But for the land sakes, why did you pick out that pink paper?"

Solomon smiled as he answered: "Well, since you never wrote or sent me any address, I couldn't very well write and ask you the shade you liked, so the paperer thought this a good color for the—what-do-you-call-it?—boodwar."

"And this dressing table—just looks like the one Lottie has—and what is this? Well, Solomon, I declare—face powder—now what do you think I'd do with—" here she stopped and looked a little embarrassed—"and what's this lovely box?—why Solomon Richardson, have you gone out of your head? Cigarettes! Well, upon my word—Solomon—Solomon—"

Maria suddenly sat down, and began to cry. The old man put his hand on her shoulder.

"There—there, Maria, I thought you would like to have all the things that you were used to up there in Boston, and I didn't want to make you feel bad."

A rather wicked smile, however, played around the corners of the old man's mouth.

"Come now, Maria, the neighbors will be glad to see you and hear all about your visit."

As they went downstairs together. Maria said: "I declare, where's your pipe, Solomon? It seems funny to see you without it for so long." Solomon drew it from his pocket, filled it, and soon clouds of smoke attested to the fact that, for him, life had assumed the even tenor of its way.



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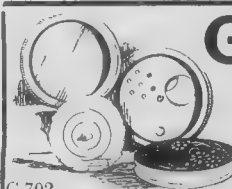
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CORRESPONDENCE

Jock Wants More Purpose

Dear Editor and Readers:

For almost a year I have been a reader of the Western Home Monthly, and although I scan the correspondence page regularly, I must confess to a feeling of disappointment at the lack of purpose in most of the letters. (There now, that's out and I suppose I shall have criticism in plenty heaped upon my head by all the W.H.M. friends whose letters have already appeared.) The predominating idea among correspondents seems to be the sight of their letters in print. No message, no information, and, as a rule, just empty discussion. The merits and demerits of dancing, the advantages and disadvantages, moral or immoral, that follow it, is a subject that leads one nowhere apart from an expression of opinion. The styles of dances and the conducting of them are simply matters of personal taste and the dance and dancing hall will just be a reflex of the mind and character of the dancer.

When I set out to pen this I had an object in my mind, but I am afraid I have already taken up too much of the editor's valuable space. It was my intention to open a discussion as to how we might renew, during 1924, an acquaintance with prosperity. However, if the editor does not think I am too long-winded I will leave it until another issue. If my letter has had, on correspondents, an effect somewhat similar to the waving of a red flag in front of a bull, it will not have been penned in vain.

With best wishes,
Jock.

A Poet in our Midst

Dear Editor and Readers:

I am a jolly Bluenose boy,
I've travelled all the way,
That I may join this popular page,
And have a word to say.

This magazine I read with joy,
Its pages o'er and o'er;
I cannot see what there could be
To boost its merit more.

Upon this page we all unite
As one big family gay,
Discussing views and topics each
To keep the frowns away.

The lonely bachelors one and all,
Through this club lose their gloom,
For where is there a place for it
In such a pleasant room?

I tell you all—I'm fond of sports,
Be they indoors or out;
I love a hill and speedy skis;
Gee! you should hear me shout.

Hurrah! for Georgie! Will you come?
I have two pair of skis;
Thanks, we will now descend the hills
And catch the winter breeze.

I'd like to hear from jolly girls,
Though they be dark or fair;
It matters not their length of skirt,
Nor if they have bobbed hair.

The Editor I'll not forget;
I hope I do not fail
To find his hand and squeeze it
Beneath that pile of mail.

In closing I will wish you all
Prosperity and cheer;
Hoping it will ever last
Throughout this new-born year.

—Barrie, 22.

An Education Reformer

Dear Editor and Readers:

I have been an enthusiastic reader of the Western Home Monthly for some time, and have read the letters and debates of the Correspondence Page with great interest, but not until now have I had the courage to write to the page in hopes of becoming a member of the happy family.

Lady Nowah, thank you for firing me with the pluck to write. You say you are interested in the educational system

of the country. Education is one of my pet "cranks" and I'm jolly glad there is someone who is interested too. I'm a high school student in the tenth grade, but I only know about the system in B.C.

To begin with, I certainly agree with you, Lady Nowah, when you say that too many unnecessary subjects are enforced in the schools. A girl may be able to translate pages of Virgil perfectly or be able to work out a proof in geometry, but she'll find these accomplishments of little use when she is baking cakes, scrubbing floors and so forth. Those subjects are all right for a boy, but there seem to be so many more opportunities for boys than girls, and they ought to be equipped for those opportunities when they come. But I wish the Education Department would think a little bit of the girls. Courses in domestic science are given in some of the public schools, but I fail to see why these courses should be dropped in high school. Isn't that just the time when domestic science is needed?

To introduce another phase of this subject: Don't you think that many of the teachers in Canada, especially public school teachers, are rather incapable? Girls of 19 and 20 years of age get through Normal and get a position as teacher; they do their best, no doubt, but one hardly respects the discipline of a person a few years older than oneself. Besides, these teachers are not thoroughly familiar with their subjects, and therefore cannot teach them in a manner comprehensible to others who know nothing of the subject.

Well, I think I've talked enough about education for the time being. I'm very fond of writing letters and would like very much to correspond with any of the members who would care to write me. Of course, my address is with the editor. Would anyone like to exchange snapshots? I'm very fond of photography and am especially interested in landscapes and tree studies. I hope someone else is interested too.

For a newcomer this letter is becoming rather long, so I'll close. May the W.P.B. have mercy on me! Best wishes,
Dot.

A Convalescent

Dear People:—

I really want to write a letter in answer to one that was printed on this page over a year ago, from Mabel. Do you remember?

Now I am a dressmaker, although not very old at the job, as I am just finished the course, but I do think that it is one of the best professions that a girl can take up, because it always comes in handy, no matter what one decides to do afterwards; don't you think so? And, you know, one can love it just like growing a garden or anything else, because it just grows until you have made something lovely. I don't suppose you men think that clothes should be loved, but one who sews cannot help loving her work.

I want this letter to bring me in just heaps of correspondence; big, long, newsy letters, as I am supposed to stay here in bed quietly for four more whole weeks; my doctor says it is nerves. I really need your letters to help me get better.

Girls, write me about your work and fun. I like fun too: skating, dancing, and even snow-balling. And you men,



Discussing the point.

why just tell me about your farms and work, also your fun, because I certainly expect you to help to make good times. Now please don't all of you say: "I won't need to answer that because so many others will," and then none of you write, because I'm just downright lonely.

If anyone from Winnipeg reads this, please write, because it is there that I "dressmake."

—The Seamstress.

The following gem has been sent in by one of our readers:

Moonlight on the Lake

It was midnight on the ocean,
Not a street car was in sight,
The sun was shining brightly
And it rained all day that night.

It was a winter's day in summer
And the sky was raining glass,
And a barefoot boy with shoes on
Stood up sitting on the grass.

It was evening, and the rising sun
Was setting in the West.
The little fishes in the trees,
Were huddled in their nests.

The rain was pouring down in drops
The moon was ere so bright
And everything that could be seen
Was hidden out of sight.

While the organ peeled potatoes
Lard was rendered by the choir,
While the sexton wrung the dishcloth,
Someone set the church on fire.

"Holy smoke," the preacher shouted,
In the rush he lost his hair,
Now his head resembles heaven,
For there is no parting there.

Giant Sea Waves

THE violent gales now being experienced round our coasts have led to the telling of many tall stories as to the height of waves encountered by ships at sea.

To say that in a storm waves become as high as mountains is not true, although on occasions they do assume large and alarming proportions.

Waves, 100 feet high have been reported by captains of Atlantic liners and ships have even had their "crows nests" stove in, but in a severe storm the height of the waves is usually from 20 to 30 feet. In a storm of exceptional violence they may vary from 35 to 49 feet in height.

At the Alderney Breakwater the sea has sometimes been thrown upwards of 200 feet, while at Peterhead waves 30 feet high have struck the breakwater with such a force as to be thrown to a height of 120 feet.

Yet although waves may not reach such heights as is generally supposed, the power they exert is sufficiently remarkable.

The force of a great wave breaking against a sea wall is so tremendous as to tax its strength to the fullest extent. French engineers state that at Cherbourg the force of the waves on the breakwater has sometimes been as much as 3½ tons to the square foot.

At the Bell Rock Lighthouse blocks of concrete weighing forty tons have been displaced at levels of from seventeen to thirty feet below low water. At Wick two stones weighing eight and ten tons each were thrown over the parapet of the breakwater, the top of which is twenty-one feet above high water. At Bishop Rock Lighthouse which is exposed to the full blast of the Atlantic gales, an iron column weighing over three tons was thrown up 20 feet and landed on the top of a rock. At the harbor works in Bilbao in Spain, a solid block of breakwater weighing 1,700 tons was overturned and dropped into the water. Another example of the force of the waves is that of a block of concrete weighing twenty tons, which had been placed outside the harbor walls of Ymuiden, and was lifted by a wave to a height of twelve feet and landed on top of the pier, which itself was five feet above high water.

The largest waves are usually encountered in the neighborhood of a low lying coast line.



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They are handy for all purposes and all occasions—an excellent substitute for meat in soups and savory dishes—a household help every day in the week.



Old Father Cubist wants to amuse the children.

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CUBES

Everybody Knows

that sarsaparilla is the best of the Spring tonics. What you should know, too, is that there are sarsaparillas more carefully made, purer and better than others. For more than 80 years



Sarsaparilla

has been the standard spring remedy. Before the days of advertising, its merit made it known everywhere. And in all of these 80 years, the makers have been unable to improve it. It was pure then—it is pure today—the one safe and inexpensive spring tonic.

Your druggist and every druggist has Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Call on him today. Agents: Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal.

KEEP TONED UP

Unless the musician keeps his violin in tune and tone, there is discord. When your system is out of tone, take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

to rebuild strength; it helps remove the discords of health by giving needed nourishment and tone to the body.



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23-50

HOME DOCTOR

"Interesting Facts" Series Talking About Disinfection

WHEN harmful disease germs successfully invade the tissues of the body, the individual is said to be infected with that disease. It is true that harmful disease germs are to be found about us, and even in the mouth and the digestive canal, without being active enough or numerous enough to make us ill.

The reason for this is mainly because we are in a good general state of health, or the mucous membrane presents a healthy, unbroken surface. If they are injured in any way, or our general health is below par so that our resistance is lowered, the germs which are on the job lose no time in getting in their work.

This shows why it is very foolish to allow a racking cough to go on day after day. If there is an injury or lesion made by straining or coughing, it may be the beginning of trouble. It also shows how foolish it is to take medicine given us by a neighbor or friend and which may not be suited to our condition at all. Proper treatment is important, but it should be in the hands of someone who knows what he is doing.

We all know how small an injury may result in a serious case of blood poisoning—a scratch, a pin, a pimple. The open spot becomes an entrance for disease germs—and the trouble begins.

In the same way, infection may be the result of impure water, stale food, dirty milk, milk handled by people known as disease "carriers," of disease-carrying insects such as flies and mosquitoes, or of disease-carrying animals.

Sometimes the bacteria themselves are sufficient to make the trouble, and again, the bacteria produce poisonous chemical products in the blood. These poisons are called "toxins." Sometimes they cause the trouble at one point, destroying the tissues, and inflammation starts and pus forms. There is fever and the patient is sick all over.

In other cases, bacterial toxins act generally upon the whole body, again making the patient very ill. Frequently we hear of some person who has had an operation or some case of illness, and who develops pneumonia or some other disease. This is usually

what is called a "terminal" infection. That is, it is the result or termination of some primary condition which has greatly weakened the patient.

"Immunity" means the power to resist disease. By resisting a disease, we mean not only throwing off the bacteria, but being able to withstand or overcome the toxins produced by the bacteria. Certain tests, like the famous Schick Test, are valuable because they prove whether we are susceptible to a disease or immune.

The lower animals are immune to gonorrhoeal troubles, while man is highly susceptible to them. Fowls never naturally contract lock-jaw. Man is susceptible to it. Both men and many animals as cows and guinea pigs are susceptible to tuberculosis. The American Indian is especially susceptible to tuberculosis. Negroes are more resistant to yellow fever than white people.

Young children and old, feeble people are more susceptible to many diseases than those who are in middle life and strong and well. Old people on the other hand, rarely contract certain diseases, and, very young children are seemingly immune to a number of infections. Nature does her best to protect us.

People who are not well, who are tired out, who come of weakly parents, who come of diseased parents or grandparents, who have been intemperate, who have suffered undue exposure, or who have undergone heavy mental strains—are more susceptible to disease than those whose resistance has not been lowered in this way.

Some people are seemingly naturally immune to certain diseases at all times; others acquire immunity by a single attack of a disease as small-pox. During late years, we have heard a great deal about "immunizing" by vaccinating with certain serums especially prepared for the purpose of protecting the patient against diseases of an infectious and contagious character. This is called "artificial" immunity, and for the sake of the public welfare, is frequently required, especially among school children.

Vaccination

A SPECIALIST in the treatment of small-pox, has said, that its prevention is most emphatically a woman's question.

That surely should arouse in every mother a sense of responsibility in the matter.

The power of prevention of this most terrible disease is in our hands. What shall we say of ourselves if letting such opportunity pass, trouble overtakes us?

The disease has existed from earliest history. Small-pox was brought into Mexico in 1520 by the Spanish soldiers, and killed three and a half million people. In 1649, the Indians of North America lost every tenth man through its power.

The history of sickness shows that nearly all who become exposed to it, unless vaccinated, contract it.

Small-pox is common to people of all ages, but is particularly fatal to the young.

The following statistics are taken from a small-pox hospital.

Of every 100 persons admitted, 35 per cent died who had never been vaccinated; 4 per cent died who had two vaccine scars, while only 1 per cent, died who had four vaccine scars.

No attendant or nurse in a small-pox hospital ever takes the disease, because he or she is efficiently vaccinated.

The effect of vaccination passes off. If treated in infancy, a child should be re-vaccinated at ten, and again at twenty-five years of age.

Facing the indisputable facts which can be obtained from Army and Navy records, and in every old country town and village where vaccination is used as a preventative measure, it cannot be said to be useless.

It is complained of by some people as causing pain to the child, if performed in infancy.

If done during the first month it has practically no ill effects on a baby's behaviour, when older, there is more movement of the limbs, and therefore more liability to irritation of the treated part—arm or leg. And supposing the operation does cause a little pain it is as nothing to the suffering an attack of the disease would be.

Also, there is no doubt as to the safety of the process of vaccination, if performed with care, and upon a healthy child.

Every mother of a healthy baby, should speak to her doctor about this most important business, and have it attended to without delay. An epidemic of small-pox may occur at any time; and regrets are useless.

PYORRHOCIDE POWDER

keeps the gums healthy



Bleeding gums

Pyorrhea's flash of danger to the root sockets

PYORRHEA works under the gum line where you cannot see it. From the gum tissue, the infection spreads to the root sockets which hold your teeth in place. Then the teeth usually loosen and fall out—or must be pulled—because their support is weakened.

Dental clinics since 1908 have proved the effectiveness of Pyorrhocide Powder as an aid in correcting, as well as in preventing, pyorrhea. It is medicated with Dentinol, a gum-tissue healing agent used by the dental profession in the treatment of pyorrhea at the dentist's chair.

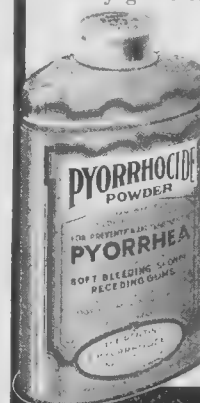
Pyorrhocide Powder keeps the teeth white and clean. It has a tonic and healing effect upon the gums. It corrects bleeding gums—strengthens tender gums—hardens soft gums. It helps healthy gums to keep healthy.

Use this dentifrice daily—see your dentist regularly—and you can avoid pyorrhea. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all druggists and dental supply houses.

Free Sample

Write for free sample and booklet on causes, effects and prevention of pyorrhea.

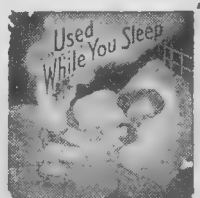
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Toronto



FOOT TROUBLE

Don't neglect your feet. It may be a more serious ailment than you think. Science has discovered that the feet cause more human distress than any other part of the anatomy. Corns, Bunions, Callouses, Foot and Leg Pains are not natural to normal feet. Thousands of people suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Headaches, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Fatigue and many other ills that may directly be traced to trouble in the feet. If you could only recognize this trouble in time, if you could only see the terrible results of neglect! Let me help you. Why continue to suffer when you can master the trouble right in the privacy of your own home under my directions. Write to-day for my booklet. Mailed free to foot sufferers.

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Quick relief to BRONCHIAL SUFFERERS

Coughs, nasal and bronchial colds are relieved promptly by the vapor of Cresolene—the standard drugless treatment.

with forty years of successful use its guarantee. The most widely used remedy for whooping cough and spasmodic croup.

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THE prize this month for the most engrossing novel that I have read certainly goes to Helen R. Hull for "Labyrinth" (Toronto, The MacMillan Company).

A friend of mine remarked: "You do seem to be hugging that novel." She was referring to "Labyrinth," which I carried back and forth each day to read on the street car going to work. I certainly did enjoy it, and I heartily recommend it to every thoughtful man and woman, husband, wife, father, mother.

I thought at first that Miss Hull had planned a reply to Hutchinson's "This Freedom," for in "Labyrinth" we have a similar situation. A fine type of man; a fine type of woman; marriage; children, and the wife's desire to continue work outside her home. Will this problem ever be solved? Will the time ever come when a magician will show us the road out of the labyrinth? It is all right for smug men and complacent women to dismiss the whole subject by saying: "A woman's place is in the home." A woman's place is wherever she wants it to be. A man's place is equally in the home. A woman may be a very loving wife, a devoted mother, and yet her mentality may cry out for other fields of activity.

Take, for instance, the case before us. Catherine earned her living before she was married; then, when war broke out and her husband went, she had to earn her living again, yet she had children; no one suggested that she was a cruel, heartless mother, an unnatural female, because she went out of the house to provide bread and butter for them. Patriotism demanded that she do her share, but after the war—? Strange, that it should suddenly become wrong, unreasonable, temperamental of Catherine to prefer her research work in an Educational Bureau to peeling potatoes, frying steak and darning stockings.

For a while, Catherine tries to be satisfied with doing all the many little chores that hundreds of women can do as well as she, and a great many of them better. Then, morally supported by a great friend, a medical woman, she installs a competent nurse for the children, a competent maid for the housework, and she takes her place among the great body of workers in the big world and does magnificent executive work for an Educational Bureau, and just as she is beginning to feel that life is something very grand and glorious; just when she feels that she is developing her mentality to the height of its ability, her little boy has an accident.

I laughed aloud when I heard Catherine's husband implying that the accident was due to her absence from home. Think of all the children that yearly bump down the stairs leading to the cellar while mother is right there in the kitchen bending over a pot of suds. Besides, even if Catherine had been sitting at home, darning her husband's stockings, she could not have prevented Spencer cracking his head when he came out of school and went a-sleighing against orders. This contention is so utterly absurd that one wonders whether there is really and truly a man like Charles alive. But we know there is. Helen R. Hull has made this novel of hers an absolute triumph of truth in fiction—what I mean is this: There isn't a thought, a feeling, a spoken word, an act, throughout this novel that one does not know actually happened just as the author says it did. So penetrating is Miss Hull's study of the psychology of the male at war with a wife who does not fall in line with standards set by his mother, that every once in a while I wanted to shout "Hip, Hip, Hurray!" And her portrayal of Catherine is equally powerful; don't think for a minute that she is what men like to scornfully call "a mannish woman." Not a bit of it: she pulsates with purely feminine emotions; she's a clever woman, that is all, and as such she demands some outlet for intellectual expression such as her husband finds in his chosen work.

The end—what could it be? With three little pairs of hands pulling at her heart; with a husband bitterly antagonistic, Catherine realizes that the time has not come for her to swing two jobs; the executive worker in the office and the

mother in the home. Charles puts the final obstacle in her way—he accepts a position away from New York, where Catherine's work is. "Whither thou goest, I must go." This is the wife's cross or pleasure, as the case may be. It is sad to see Catherine laden with household luggage, being hurried into the train by the victorious Charles. I comforted myself with this thought: that nothing on earth could "down" a woman of Catherine's spirit, and that even in the little tiny place to which she was going she would find employment for her active brain.

When Ghosts Walk

"UNCANNY STORIES" is the title of a collection of stories by May Sinclair, just published by the MacMillan Company of Toronto. The first thing I noted about this new publication was its exceptional weight, and I thought that it was curious that a book about ghosts should have such a tonnage! As a matter of fact, the paper is exceptionally good.

It really is not possible to give any indication of the plot of these stories.

illustrates this by showing us Harriott's head amid splinters of beds, bureau, chiffoniers and chairs! Now, I'm going to make a confession: I'm ashamed of this absolutely inadequate reference to May Sinclair's short stories. To write one that in any way gave an impression of their art and subtlety—I think one would have to be May Sinclair herself.

Castles in Spain

NOT imaginary castles this time, for here is a little book called "Seven Weeks in Sunny Spain" by J. Enoch Thompson (Thomas Allen, Toronto). A very jolly little book it is too, for it is written by the Spanish Consul in Toronto after his recent visit to Spain. It touches on the social habits and customs of that country and gives a great deal of information about the costs of railway fares and hotels; personal incidents are narrated with humor, and there is an interesting account of a private audience with His Majesty King Alfonso; of an interview with the leader of the Liberal Party, Don Miquel Noya, and of an account of a bull-fight.



One of Nature's Rarest Birds.

A white crow wounded recently by a shot at Ashcroft, B. C., which recovered, and is now captive in Vancouver zoo. It is the third known in B. C. It is pure white except wing tips and beak, crows normally, but very seldom. For some strange cause, ordinary crows always set upon such freaks. One case was noted in British Columbia where a flock waited every day for a lonely white one's appearance and harried it till they eventually succeeded in killing it. Thus a white crow is more than doubly one of nature's queer rarities. F. Dickie

They belong to the world of metaphysics; of psychic phenomena. We are reading these stories; we are moving about in worlds imperfectly realized. It is not a case of whether one believes or disbelieves in ghosts, nor does it matter much whether one likes or dislikes these stories. I think the whole point is that one either is *en rapport* with them, or one is not. It is no use arguing with dead folks, nor with the living who feel they are in communion with the dead. When I had finished these 362 weird pages I just said to myself: "Well, well," and turned out the light. The next day I was thinking of them again with a sense of awe for May Sinclair's tremendous power as a writer. Then, this awe has been with me for at least five years.

The illustrations in this publication deserve special comment; they are by Jean de Bosschere, and, to put it mildly, are extraordinary. They make me think of the pen-and-ink work of Lilien. I suppose this type of illustration is on a par with Vers Libre in the world of poetry today. Thoughts, for instance, are pictured as facts: "Then suddenly the room began to come apart, thought Harriott Leigh," and Jean de Bosschere

For Lovers of History

LORD CHARNWOOD, who wrote that admirable work on Abraham Lincoln, has now completed the Life of Theodore Roosevelt, which has been published by the Atlantic Monthly Press of Boston, and is released for Canada by F. D. Goodchild of Toronto. Pure delight from beginning to end to read this biography of absorbing interest by one well fitted to offer a considered judgment. In the background, the political and economic life of America; in the foreground, the compelling personality of Theodore Roosevelt. Remarkably concise and yet in no way dry is Lord Charnwood's work. Another charm about this biography is its restraint; it is not an eulogy. Take for instance this paragraph:

"He could plausibly be accused of platitude; his emphatic way invited it, and so did his simple words. . . . his was vitalized knowledge, illuminating practical life at numberless points. But this is not to say that he had a deeply reflective mind; we are told that in great practical affairs he would willingly take counsel, but ultimately made up his mind by a flashing sort of intuitive process; sometimes prefaced by repeated self-con-

tradiction; very often obviously right; but in almost all cases without a logic perceptible to other men. Thus neither a gospel nor a philosophy can be made out of his words or example, though they might illustrate at many points an old, old gospel or philosophy. . . . Physically and mentally he showed a phenomenally quick response of act to stimulus, such as a great boxer exhibits. Let us add to this that he spent his life—largely, by no means solely—in fighting, and that quite obviously up to his Presidency it was fighting against evil things."

Spendthrifts

By Fred Scott Shepard

A BUSINESS man accosted a young man with a query as to what he was doing, only to be told, in a nonchalant manner: "Just killing time!" "Killing time!" the man exclaimed, "that is the worst of all crimes; that is murder in the first degree, for time is the most precious thing in all the world!" A capital offence in the eyes of the law. "But," says another, "killing time is not murder, it is suicide; it is self-destruction." An equally criminal offence.

A cartoon which depicts a young man throwing broadcast banknotes which are labelled "days" and "hours" has this caption: "The greatest of all spendthrifts is he who wastes time." Wasting time! That which has untold, intrinsic value and that which, once allowed to pass by, can never be recalled. What folly!

A military company hears the command, "Mark time!" and there they are, a hundred, five hundred, a thousand men, moving in perfect unison as they obey the order but making no progress, getting nowhere, because they are simply marking time. How like this are those who go through a certain routine of action but who are accomplishing nothing worth while in so doing. Busy! Yes, ever so busy, but getting no results of any value. Investing precious time in that which profiteth nothing. Spendthrifts!

In what direct contrast is the word of admonition used by the Apostle when he says: "Redeeming the time," or as the revised rendering puts it: "Buying up the opportunities." Making the most of the moments and the opportunities as they come; paying the price of watchfulness, alertness and earnest endeavor so that they may be made to produce the very greatest returns and none of them be allowed to slip by unobserved or unimproved.

The ancients pictured opportunity as a fleet runner, the back of whose head was bald, so that once he had passed by there was no chance of catching hold of him, thus giving rise to the expression: "Taking time by the forelock." How important thus to do, lest we be foolish wastrels—spendthrifts of the precious gift of time and opportunity!

"I have just a little minute,

Only sixty seconds in it;

Forced upon me, can't refuse it;

Didn't seek it, didn't choose it;

But its up to me to use it;

I must smart if I abuse it;

Just a tiny little minute,

But eternity is in it!"

The Sunflower's Love

Close by my garden's gravelled path
A bright Sunflower grew,
Who flirted with each passing breeze
And flashed her gems of dew;
A robber bee, in black and gold,
Stole of her honied store,
And gaily painted butterflies
Came courting, as of yore.

The hollyhock swayed on his stalk—
And sought to gain her love,
But to his plea she gave no heed,
Her gaze was fixed above;
She bowed her thanks, but shook her head,
For her loved one is the Sun
Who makes her petals gleam like gold
And kisses every one.

His warm caress makes glad her heart,
An ardent lover, he;
With upraised head she gazes on
In loving ecstasy;
The gray dawn finds her watching there,
At eve she watches still,
With eyes fixed ever on the Sun
'Till lost behind the hill.

—H. H. Fariss,



What's Become of the "Homely" Girl?

Artists and beauty authorities say she is disappearing

Everywhere women and girls are learning to make the most of their looks.

Evidence of this is all about you. Adorable complexions, fresh and enticing, wherever your eyes turn. The homely girl is of a passing day. Artists and beauty authorities agree to this.

The modern woman knows how easy it is to have the charm of lovely skin. And no one can be "homely" who has it.

The simple secret

Skin gently but thoroughly cleansed—once every day—keeps its glowing youthfulness, its prettiness.

But pay attention to *gently*. Harsh cleansing hurts your skin, mars it, just as surely as the dirt it removes.

Palm and olive oils are the gentlest skin cleansers science knows. They have been used by beautiful women since the dawn of history.

Today women who keep complexion beauty, women who are admired, use these rare oils, perfectly blended, in their modern form—Palmolive Soap.

Wash thoroughly with Palmolive—massage the skin thoroughly with its gentle, soothing lather. Rinse the face. Then, finally, rinse thoroughly in cold water. If your skin is dry, apply a bit of good cold cream. Do this regularly and particularly at night before retiring.

Simple as it is, it is the most effective beauty treatment you can use.

Beauty remains

Skin thus cared for is not injured by dirt and grime, nor by the use of powders, or rouge.

And that soft, clear beauty of schoolgirl days does not disappear with passing years.

Start with Palmolive today—it costs but 10c a cake. You will not wait long to see results that astonish and delight.

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c





Is this health and happiness in your family?

HAPPY is the mother who sees her family buoyant with health. For health is essential to happiness. The healthy person is promised a life complete in usefulness and enjoyment.

The health of your children, husband and yourself is dependent upon *internal cleanliness*—proper elimination of food waste. From a clogged intestinal system to chronic disease is only a step, says a famous medical authority. There are intermediate periods with minor accompanying disorders. But only a short time carries a person from the first attacks of intestinal clogging, with its resultant poisoning of the body, to serious, even vital diseases.

Guard Your Children

The mother must take systematic measures to prevent intestinal clogging in her children. Headache, fretfulness, loss of appetite, coated tongue, etc., all indicate that clogging is present and that poisons are saturating the body. Vital resistance is lowered and the child is prey to contagious diseases.

Value of Internal Cleanliness

Physical and mental well-being are the rewards of internal cleanliness. Parents and chil-

dren alike can establish sound health by acquiring this priceless habit through the regular use of Nujol. Nujol is not a laxative. Nujol maintains internal cleanliness by *lubrication*. Nujol lubricates and softens the food waste and hastens its passage through and out of the body. It thus prevents the formation of dangerous poisons in the intestine. Physicians recommend Nujol not only as the best method for overcoming intestinal clogging, but as the most effective means of preventing it.

Make health and happiness easy. Have your family take Nujol as regularly as they wash their faces or brush their teeth. Nujol is not a medicine. Like pure water it is harmless. Nujol promotes the habit of internal cleanliness—the healthiest habit in the world. Keep a bottle of Nujol always in the bathroom cabinet. For sale by all druggists.

Nujol

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

For Internal Cleanliness

Faulty Elimination

A noted medical authority states that intestinal clogging is not so much a disease but a fruitful soil in which diseases grow. Faulty elimination is not only the cause of lesser ills, headaches, bilious attacks, sleeplessness, etc., that impair bodily and mental efficiency, but it is also the source of most of those serious organic diseases which break down the body and shorten life.

Why Physicians Favor Lubrication

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome faulty elimination, says an intestinal specialist, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition, and often lead to permanent injury.

Medical science, through knowledge of the intestinal tract gained by X-ray observation and exhaustive tests, has found in *lubrication* the best means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste. Thus it enables Nature to secure regular, thorough elimination. Nujol is not a medicine and cannot cause distress. Nujol hastens the rate of flow of the intestinal stream, preventing intestinal sluggishness.

Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world for the relief of faulty elimination in people of all ages.

Complexion Troubles. Science now knows that poisons from intestinal sluggishness are the chief cause of personal unattractiveness. Carried by the blood they reach every body cell, the millions of cells that compose the skin, the roots of the hair and the eyes. No wonder that through faulty elimination the skin becomes sallow, muddy, roughened, blotched or disfigured with pimples or other blemishes. It is not strange that the hair loses its sheen and the eyes become dull.

Nujol should be taken regularly for the complexion. Nujol overcomes and prevents intestinal sluggishness. It thus keeps the body free from poisons which are the principal cause of complexion troubles.

Nujol is woman's most effective aid to a clear, healthy, lovely skin.

Elderly People. In youth and perfect health the intestine supplies a natural lubricating liquid in sufficient quantity to soften the food waste and hasten its movement out of the body. In advanced years this lubricant decreases in quantity. Hence the need for something to give assistance. The action of Nujol so closely resembles that of Nature's lubricant that it is especially beneficial to those in advanced years. Nujol softens the waste, thus enabling the intestinal muscles to move it along and out of the body.

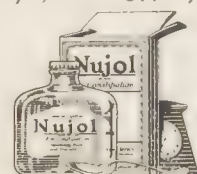
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FREE TRIAL BOTTLE!

Nujol, Room 877-A, 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto. For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 16-page booklet, "Faulty Elimination." (For booklet only, check here and send without money.) Write name and address in margin.



"Regular as Clockwork"

Democracy, Politicians and Citizens

OF ALL human aims and purposes, the bringing of democracy into operation in full measure is the hardest to achieve and maintain. This is the outstanding lesson of history. The Old Testament tells us the story of the Judaic people and of the heroic attempt to establish a commonwealth of tribes living peacefully together and maintaining an orderly administration of beneficent law under what must be determined a democratic system, which was unique and most wonderful, surrounded as it was by the despotisms of Babylon, Egypt, Edom and Moab. And in the end the people clamored for a King. In continental Europe, after the world war that uprooted three Emperors and their dynasties and destroyed their thrones, there is today less democracy than dictatorship. Italy and Spain are ruled by Mussolini and Primo de Rivera, the regime of Soviet communism in Russia is an autocracy as ruthless as the Czarism ever was, and in Germany there is a sort of chaos. Only in the English-speaking countries and in France is democracy established in fact—for in Great Britain, though there is a King, there is actual democracy. The same is true of Holland and the Scandinavian countries. But in every country in which the people govern themselves and guarantees of personal liberty are established by law these things took centuries of struggle to achieve. The main difficulty with democracy is that the man possessing the character and the ability to serve the state faithfully and well is seldom the man who is most skilful in tickling the public ear and looming largest in the public eye and attracting the limelight of publicity and popularity. When he can get nominated, he may not be elected. If elected, it often happens that his very excellencies may prevent his re-election. A more skilful vote-getter may oust him. It is a pity that the word politician has a sinister sound. We must have either politicians, or bureaucrats who can govern without troubling about votes—that is to say, dictators. Politician is simply the Greek word for the Latin word citizen. If the citizen is not a politician, he ought to be. And the politician should not cease to be a good citizen.

Wheat and the World's Needs

THERE is not, nor has there ever been, more wheat in the world than is needed for food. This is one of the basic facts set forth by Professor Swanson, of the University of Saskatchewan, in his discussion of the question whether too much wheat is being produced in Western Canada. "Many have come forward with solutions of the West's problem," he said. "Some say less grain production is the cure, while others hold that the question is purely one of marketing. In a way both are right. But let me state right here that there never has been a time when there was over-production of wheat. Europe's trouble is that her people are undernourished. They need more wheat foods." There is not more wheat in the world than can be eaten. What is called the world surplus of wheat is not the amount of wheat over and above what is needed for food, but the wheat that cannot be paid for and, therefore, has to be done without. The conditions in the old world which compel so many millions of people to do without are thus of primary importance to the wheat-growers of Western Canada. The plain truth is that there are few countries under the sun that are more at the mercy of general world conditions than Western Canada is. The interests of the people of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are affected by good times, or bad times, in Europe and in Asia. And the conclusion to be drawn from this fundamental fact is that there is nowhere greater need than there is in Western Canada that the best thought be brought to bear on the marketing problems and other problems for which solutions must be worked out, in order that the men and women engaged in the basic industry of agricultural production may receive the fullest possible return for their work, to which they are justly entitled.

Marriages in the West

THAT Manitoba is the most marrying Province of all the nine Provinces from Nova Scotia to British Columbia is one of the things to be learned from the last annual blue book issued from the Dominion Bureau of Statistics at Ottawa. Or, to be strictly accurate, it should be said that Manitoba was the most marrying Province in Canada in 1921; for the blue book in question, though it is the latest such blue book from the Bureau of Statistics, deals with the figures for that year. Thus the procession of these blue books marches behind the procession of the years; and we needs must content ourselves with the figures for the year 1921, if we would study comparatively the statistics of marriages in the different Provinces. In that year Manitoba had 8.7 marriages per 1,000 of its population of 610,000. Saskatchewan had 6.7 per 1,000, which was the second lowest rate of all the Provinces in that year; Prince Edward Island stood lowest with 5.8 per 1,000. Alberta had 4,661 marriages in that year, or 7.8 per 1,000 of its population, and British Columbia rate per 1,000 was 7.4. Of all the brides and bridegrooms married in 1921 in Western Canada only about one-half were native Canadians; and of the Western Provinces, Manitoba had the largest percentage of couples married who were born within the Province in which their wedded lives began. The Philosopher will make only one more citation of statistical fact in connection with this romantic subject, namely, that in all the Western Provinces the brides who were born in the Province in which they were married in the year in question were twice as numerous as the bridegrooms who were natives of the Province in which

The Philosopher

they entered the bonds of wedlock. But could anything be more dull, flat, stale and prosaically incongruous, in connection with weddings, than statistics? What statistics could begin to measure the sum total of happy hopefulness which shines in the eyes of bride and groom on their wedding morn?

Getting to Know the World

A SCHOOLBOY who is a friend of The Philosopher has been making maps recently. In watching the youthful map-drawer at work, The Philosopher was struck by the thought that real map-making could be made a most valuable part of education. Map-making is a very different thing from map-copying. It is highly doubtful whether the copying of maps is of very great value. There is some value in it, of course, but not nearly as much as there would be if the youthful learners who do the map-copying had first gone through some exercises in map-making which would help them to understand what a map means. Plans of the school room, plans of the school building, maps of the district in which they live—these and others of a kindred nature are among the exercises which would help them to this understanding. The "illusion of the map" affects ninety-nine out of every hundred adults, however "well educated" they may be. For example few people, until the war began to teach them, realized how vast a country Russia is. We had all been accustomed to atlases constructed on the continental principle. In our school geographies the map of "Russia in Europe" was on one page, and the map of "Russia in Asia" on another, and so we failed to realize that there was only an imaginary line dividing them—a line as imaginary as that which divides Manitoba from Saskatchewan. Again, do we not think of Scotland as being "above" England, and do we not also think of the British Isles as being up in a corner of the world? As a matter of fact, the British Isles lie almost at the exact centre of all the land in the world. As Emerson said, if the British Isles could be towed like a barge, they could not be taken to a location better than the one they are in, to make them the centre of the world's trade and commerce. Again, who ever realized, from looking at a map, what the ocean-like extent of prairie is that lies between the Red river and the Rocky mountains? Moreover, how many of us realize how distorted all flat maps are necessarily? The world we live on is a globe, not a table. If a teacher were to fold an oblong piece of paper tightly around a globe, and then with a pencil draw the continents on it roughly, and then open it out to show how great is the distortion, growing worse as you approach the top and bottom of the paper, it would be a striking object lesson. The trouble with maps is that we do not understand them. Many of the worst troubles which afflict humanity are the result of taking the symbol for the thing symbolized. The Philosopher would advise that all wall maps in schools should be hung upside down occasionally, and at other times should be hung sideways. Also that the teacher should cut up the globe, like a pumpkin, or a plum pudding, for the benefit of the geography class.

In Regard to "the Open Mind"

ONE of the most notable visitors to this continent last year was Emile Coue, with his message "Every day in every way I am becoming better and better." The newspapers of Canada and the United States had a great deal about him for a few weeks; now they never mention either him or his message. A "graphological expert" named Schermann has been getting a great deal of newspaper notoriety in New York, and "graphology," or the reading of character from handwriting is being given space in Canadian as well as United States newspapers. In one of his public exhibitions in New York recently Schermann flashed on the screen a sample of the handwriting of a business man in London, who had several times made business trips from London to Paris by airplane. The sample of his writing was written a few days before his intended departure on another airplane trip to Paris. Schermann told his New York audience that from the handwriting he sensed disaster, and warned the business man not to make the trip. Next Schermann threw on the screen clippings from the London Times showing that the airplane which left on the date intended, but without the business man on board, crashed, with a loss of seven lives. And then Schermann showed on the screen two letters from the business man saying that Schermann's warning had saved his life. "Handwriting and Destiny" was the title of that New York lecture by Schermann. No doubt there are people who are ready to believe that from a piece of handwriting of an intending passenger by an airplane, a train, or a ship, that the airplane, train or ship will meet with disaster. There are people who will believe anything. But there is another large class of persons who while proclaiming that they are not at all credulous, announce that they have "an open mind." For example even when a

spiritualist medium is exposed as a fraud, they will say that you cannot be sure she was cheating the ninety-nine times she was not caught, and that you ought to keep an "open mind." The trouble is that it takes a thousand times more ingenuity and labor to expose a fraud as to commit it; and so the workers of frauds will always be ahead of the game. There can be no clear thinking done by a mind which does not see that this handwriting-and-airplane story of the "graphologist expert" in "Handwriting and Destiny" upsets the foundations of knowledge; a mind which does not see that has no foundations of knowledge—it is not "an open mind," but an empty mind, a vacant mind, in which any fallacy can find lodgment.

Books Which Are Harmful

NEVER before has there been so great a production of books with an unsettling and evil influence on impressionable minds. Fortunately there are few, if any, such books being produced in Canada. But such books come into the country from the outside. Most, if not all, of the most objectionable of them are books of fiction. Their dominating idea is that the present civilization is about the worst that has ever existed. In effect, they attack the things which conservative moralists have always regarded as the foundation of human happiness. They would dissolve established moral sanctions, in favor of windy, sentimental doctrines of licentiousness under the false name of freedom. This sentimental fiction, with its insidious attack upon the established social order, is calculated to influence uneducated, undisciplined, sentimental minds, and like certain patent medicines owes its vogue mainly to ailments which exist in the imagination. Its theories and doctrines are worthless, if not harmful, nostrums. They do not help at all towards the remedying of real ills. They are an obstacle to the right understanding of things as they are. Greedily absorbed by many young minds, they all too often implant unwholesome ideas of life. Such books are a hindrance to true human progress. The invention of printing has been of incalculable benefit to humanity; but at the same time it is undeniable that a great deal of harm, too, has been wrought by printer's ink. It is true of most of the best things which, when used rightly, serve the cause of human advancement, that when they are used wrongly they are evil.

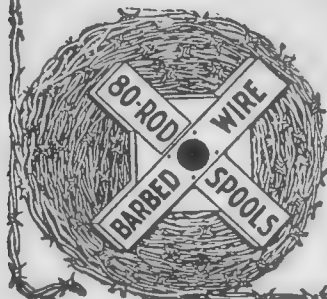
Alcohol and Other Drugs

THE argument between opponents of prohibition and its advocates and supporters over the question whether prohibition does, or does not, produce increased use of narcotic drugs has been given a fresh start by the recent action of the Spanish government in instituting vigorous measures against the use of such drugs, which has increased greatly in Spain in recent years. If the drug habit in a country develops and increases because of the want of alcohol, how is it, it is asked, that in the United States during the period since prohibition was established in that country and in Spain during the same years, where the laws permit the purchase and use of alcoholic beverages, the use of narcotic drugs has increased at a similarly rapid rate? The fact is that there has been an immense increase of drug habits in all European countries during the past few years. The suppression of the drug habit has been the subject of serious consideration by the Council of the League of Nations. Indeed, the use of narcotic drugs, if we are to believe one half of what we read, has become nothing short of a world phenomenon. In our own country the evils of the drug habit have been as much, if not more, in evidence in Quebec, where the purchase and use of liquor have been uninterruptedly allowed by law as in the "dry" Provinces. There is much to be said in support of the view that rapidly as drug habits have increased in countries where alcoholic beverages are prohibited by law, they would increase as rapidly, and maybe more rapidly if the prohibitory laws in those countries were done away with and purchase and use of alcoholic beverages were allowed. Those who take this view argue that the misuse of alcoholic beverages produces a condition of mental and moral breakdown which predispose the victims of alcohol to seek relief in numbing narcotics. Some writers argue that under-nourishment is a cause of the formation of drug habits. But the facts do not appear to bear this out. There is far more reason to believe that the main cause of drug-taking is the craving for excitement and new sensations, or for relief from nervous strain caused by fast living. There are cases, of course, in which the habit has grown from the use of a drug having been prescribed by a physician to give relief from severe pain; these are sadly pitiable cases. Taken altogether, there is no more tragic cause of wreckage of human beings than drug addiction.

Germany's Troubles Made in Germany

THE most famous of German journalists, Maximilian Harden, has said outspokenly that each Government since the war has been worse than its predecessor. Germany's troubles have been made in Germany and made by Germans. The masses have not spirit enough to compel the wealth of the country to carry a fair share of the burden, and the great capitalist heads of industry have debauched the currency, ground the faces of their workmen, destroyed the middle classes, plunged the country into a financial quagmire, to evade taxation and the payment of the war indemnity. What can be done for such a nation until it produces leaders who have sincere patriotism, capacity and honor?—Providence Journal.

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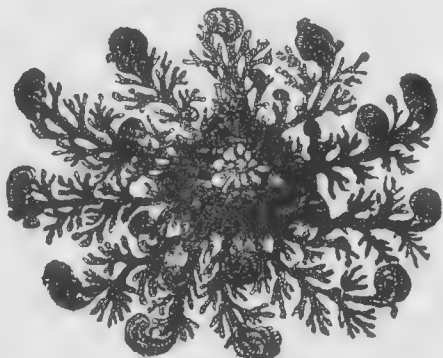
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MUSIC AND THE HOME

TELLS OF CANADIAN DEVOTION TO MUSIC

Demand for Reproducing Piano Indicates Real Interest in Good Music, Says Local Authority

RECENTLY published trade reviews of the piano industry indicate considerable growth in sales, the increase marked particularly by an active demand for the reproducing piano, which is a development beyond the player.

The dawning of the New Year finds the Canadian public, insatiably fond of music, ready to expend even more money in 1924 on reproducing instruments. One great company already faces an over-sold condition for the early part of the twelve months.

Interesting comment on the general music situation was given in an interview this week by Mr. Grassby of the Winnipeg Piano Company.

"The Canadian family," he said, "enshrines music, loves it. The masters, great pianists and composers alike, are men to revere. We are a people tuned to rhythm and appreciative listeners always to good music.

"In our musical development, the piano has been an important agency. It is an instrument the average Canadian wants to get into his home as soon as he may. The trouble is, though, it is so often just a piece of furniture, mute and silent, once it is bought.

"The great problem was to give the piano voice, to make it sing the songs it was built to sing. The instrument brought joy to the home in just such measure as there were players in the household to help it fulfil its real, its only function.

"Even when there were those in the family who could play the piano, anyway actuate the keys so that the strings made melodies, there were limitations. It happened so often that the only person who could play was away from home all day. Then the instrument remained silent; none of the stay-at-homes could enjoy it.

"Or, there was the further difficulty of waiting for someone in the household to learn to play. A long time must elapse before the member of the family taking music lessons was ready to give anything like real enjoyment musically to the household.

"Further, too," added Mr. Grassby, "the home music program, when depending upon a member of the family, was limited. There were popular songs, of course, and ballads, and a few old favorites. But, none of the world's great music was brought to the fireside. The great compositions, masterpieces which have made the names of Chopin, Mozart, Beethoven and the others immortal, were not for the average family.

"Modern inventive genius turned its best efforts to the solution of this problem, that of making the piano a source of joy for all of the family all of the time. The reproducing piano is the coming true of the dream.

"It is important to state, that 'reproducing piano' is in no sense just a trade name or a mere play of words. The instrument does actually reproduce the authoritative interpretations, the actual playing of the greatest pianists of the day. Nor is it right to call the instrument a player-piano. It does not play. The artist plays. The great pianists themselves testify to this.

"There is Paderewski, the greatest of his time. He has signed a life contract to record his playing for the Duo-Art, the American reproducing piano, and is enthusiastic as to the possibilities of the reproducing instrument, not only as an agency for complete musical happiness for the family, but as an educator.

"Paderewski states over his own signature that in its broadest aspect this instrument will exert a far-reaching influence on musical taste. Joseph Hofmann and Alfred Cortot, the great French pianist who is head of the piano department of the National Conservatory of Music in Paris, also testify to their high regard for the reproducing piano as a musical instrument.

"Comment by Alfred Cortot is all the more meaningful since an American reproducing piano has been added to the equipment of the Conservatory in Paris as an official medium of instruction for the many students attending the institution.

"Hugh Ross, our own musical genius, has also recorded for the Duo-Art and on hearing the records of his own playing, was absolutely amazed at their faithful reproduction."

What is a Musical Education?

WHAT is music education? asks "Aeolus" in The Canadian Child, and then proceeds: It is easy to describe what it has been to a large degree in the past. Too often it has consisted in taking lessons, and after many hours of painful effort and practice the pupil achieves the doubtful goal of being able to play a few pieces on the piano or sing a few songs, or talk intelligently about Bach or Beethoven.

Today, however, we know that the first and all-important thing in music education is learning to listen. For generations past, music educators have stressed performance and totally neglected hearing. Of real musical feeling, of the ability to harmonize a simple melody, of the joy of real self-expression through music, hardly a fragment can be discovered. For this reason the world is full of so-called artists who can play a Liszt Concerto but cannot pick out a folk song by ear, who have the technical facility of a mechanical instrument, but cry out in dismay if requested to harmonize or transpose the simplest tune.

The latest word in music education is that performance is not the first but rather, the last step. Listening must precede performance. Music education no longer means applying something known as a system or a method to a pupil from the outside, but it means developing the latent music, which is already there. It means self-expression, not a parrot-like imitation of a mere technical achievement. Music should mean health, joy, growth and self-expression. Too often, in late years, it has meant for the artist and teacher physical and mental collapse, while in the field of children's music the average boy or girl who has had music lessons hates them with a loyal hatred and takes every chance in the world to cheat the clock and avoid study and practice.

Music is happily becoming more and more an integral factor of our social life. A knowledge of what constitutes good music should be as widespread as possible during the formative period of character.

The value of education in music must be estimated by the place it occupies in after life. The musical opportunities coincident with school life from the kindergarten, where the seeds of harmony are sown, up through the public school, high school, and university, forecast precisely the kind and degree of interest students will manifest after graduation.

The Crab Apple Tree

When I was young I read a tale I cannot quite remember
Of jewels, gleaming through the leaves,
and now this late September
My dream takes actuality,
The jewels are reality,
The rubies hanging in the tree—
The crab apple tree!

Early this spring the blossoms shone in pearly white effulgence;
I thought of them with rapture then, but now with mild indulgence—
As youth's white-visioned purity
Flames to fulfilled maturity
Like ruby fruit upon the tree—
The crab apple tree!

E. Conybeare Brander.

There's Only One Topic Out West

By J. Herbert Hodgins

THERE is really only one topic out here in the West — and that is "the crops." At times you may think you have turned the conversation but in the final analysis it never more than swerves. If you are a man you never succeed in talking long until your business acquaintance brings you to an abrupt standstill and you find yourself debating whether the crop will be a twenty bushel to the acre yield or a twenty-five. No, you don't dare walk within the ten mile radius of Winnipeg Grain Exchange—if you want to think of other things, for, as surely as you do you will meet an apprehensive individual eager to know your estimate of the coming wheat.

"Why, my dear, they even talk crops between rubbers," cried Betty in sheer astonishment to me, her fond and doting husband—after her first afternoon of bridge in this part of the great and growing Dominion of Canada.

"Better crops than post-mortems," I returned, for I never could fully understand woman's fondness for matinee cards.

IT was Spring time in Manitoba—unless you are one of those ironic persons who maintains there are only two seasons, Winter and July, in the Canadian West—when I whisked my little wife from irresponsible but fascinating New York to Winnipeg. The trees were in leaf in the Jersey towns and green grass carpeted the open spaces between the commuter's bungalows. Nature was softly alluring and the salt-tanged air of the Atlantic coast was mellowed after April rains. It was enervating. But on the day our Pullman rolled us into this Gateway to the Last Great West the naked treelets that line the city's show streets, silhouetted themselves against last year's dead grass, still frozen in the ground, dull, withering decay. But the golden sunshine of the prairies flooded the city, streaming down from a clear blue sky. . . . "And you just have to breathe," cried Betty ecstatically—reacting to the West's great stimulant, fresh air.

"Wonderful day, sir. . . . Another week of such sun and the farmers will be on the land," smiled the clerk as I signed the hotel register and he rubbed his hands with the sense of warmed satisfaction that looks ahead to days of renewed travel which invariably follow a big crop year.

"What does he mean?" asked Betty, her violet eyes wide with the wonder of hearing a new expression—"on the land." They don't talk of "on the land" in New York. If one is of the unfortunate commuting class one may perchance have a garden and grow lettuce. If one lives down on Long Island one has a garden—pardon, a sunken garden—and oftentimes "nine holes" at least, of one's very own. During the war one "farmed" but that is long ago and so deep in the discard that one really never mentions farming in private conversations. One, of course, hears of agriculture—derived from "agricultural bloc"—but it has become such a bore that one no longer talks of it in polite society! Scarcely even among bankers.

You cannot entirely blame Betty then, if acreage, seeding, wheat estimates and weather averages were to her as a foreign tongue—"East is East and West is West."

Put Betty off at any "sub"-station or "L" platform in New York and she'll quickly find her way to Fifth Avenue, talking the language of Broadway—clothes, clothes, and more clothes. What more exists in life for the young woman of Gotham than clothes—except it be

another new frock? Because, of course, after 33rd Street and Sixth Avenue has copied the displayed upper Fifth Avenue model it is time to buy a new gown in Manhattan—if one would keep in the vanguard of the fashion parade.

In Winnipeg clothes are not necessarily vital. "Why, they are still wearing beaded georgettes," . . . and there was derision in Betty's voice as she made the announcement. It was a serious discovery to a newly-arrived-from-New-York, to whom even the canton crepe phase was no longer *le dernier cri*.

And then to find that clothes were not a vital topic—that even the servant girl question was only critical where it bore a direct relation to the crops.

"We are going to lose Inga, next week," the bank superintendent's wife confided, and Betty, all prepared to be sympathetic, looked askance at the philosophic acceptance of the pending near-tragedy—a super tragedy in Eastern home life when one has found a "treasure" such as Betty had reason to believe Inga was. Yes, Inga—expressionless of face and physically immobile—strong, healthy, capable, willing Inga was leaving.

"And the hot weather coming on; visitors arriving. But, of course, I cannot tell her she must not leave us. She really doesn't want to go, herself—likes her \$25.00 too much for that—but she feels it is her duty, you see."

Betty didn't see . . . "her duty?" "Yes, they need her back home on the farm—Inga is as good as any son—looks like a big crop, you know."

"I'm learning crop talk and housekeeping together," laughed Betty one evening after we had finally found ourselves a new home—the settling finished. "May as well, you can't get away from it here. 'Great weather for the crops' the corner grocer calls at me, 'this sun ought ter ripen her up' says the bread man on his round."

"We haven't had a Bumper Crop since 1915; guess we'll get one sure this year," said Betty seriously, "Alice Smith's husband who is down on the Grain Exchange, you know, says he has it all 'doped out.'"

Betty was learning the buoyant religion of the West, whose creed of optimism leads its disciples ever to hope for Bumper Crops. Excess rains and ruinous rust make glad the hearts of the crop killers, but days of sunshine and "blanket nights" send the calculating Banker upon his dollar way rejoicing.

AND in between seasons, seasons of bumper crops and seasons of crop disappointments—for it is written that the long lean periods must follow the years of plenty—Winnipeg settles down to a community life that is as contentedly homey as that of the smallest small town. Winnipeg, a city from the viewpoint of the census—but one hundred dollars "away from anywhere"—is after all a glorified version of the Main Street towns that dot the prairies of Canada's West.

A year ago like some young Lochinvar I carried my bride from a "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" in the heart of traffic-mad Manhattan to the prairie city of the Canadian West. We left behind us a city of teeming fascinations, the gay care-free effervescence of theatres, concerts, night-life, the round of irresponsibilities of a metropolis. Light-hearted friends bade us farewell as we left for the northlands "romantic, perhaps, but dreadfully remote" as Angelina purred in parting.

Continued on page 48



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SERVICE

By Mrs. R. Fletcher Marshall

A little wee woman and a little wee man,
A little wee pot and a little wee pan,
All lived together in a vinegar bottle.
—Old Rhyme.

THAT is the way they used to live,
but now there is only the little wee
woman and the vinegar bottle—
otherwise a tiny cottage. The little wee
pot and the little wee pan grew, a long
time ago, into a great kettle and a capa-
cious skillet, but have now shrunk again
to less than their former size, like the
little woman herself.

But it was not a goat that the little
wee woman bought at the market with
her penny to bring to her home. Rather
a cradle, and over it she sang rock-a-bye
hymns in a voice of such power and melody
that strangers paused by her door to
listen and marvel that mortal throat was
possessed of such sweetness. When the
song ceased and they passed on their
way, each carried with him in his heart a
new something—he could not have told
what it was, which made earth's cares
seem less wearying. And in the night,
too—the often sleepless night—the song
he had heard would haunt his ears and
his heart till he would sleep as peacefully
as the babe, for whom the song was sung,
had done.

Nor did she cease to sing when the
cradle went back to the market and with
her babes, now grown to strong men and
comely maidens, she went a long, long
way off into the sunset country, in which
her new home was even more nearly the
size of the vinegar bottle. Yet, there,
where were no comforts, reduced to the
bare essentials in the way of food and
clothing, and no man-made house of God
in which to pray and praise, her heart
was still blithe and her voice gave forth
the melody of her soul, in thanksgiving to
Him who fills this great free out-of-doors
with His presence, and whose mercy-seat
may be found in every vale or on every
hillock.

Wayfarers a plenty come to the door of
this little wee woman and little wee man—
tired, depressed, often hungry wayfarers—
and never through the years were they
known to be sent away without comfort
for both stomach and heart. When the
cupboard was full all, stranger and family
alike, fared heartily; but when the shelves
were scant, they divided cheerfully what
there was and trusted—not in vain—the
Providence that gave them each day their
daily bread.

If any distinction were made between
rich and poor, it was always in favor of
the latter. The nearer a man was to the
limit of his endurance and his courage,
the more tenderly was he housed, the
more fully fed, even to the point of sacri-
fice on the part of the little wee couple.
The more cheerily, also, did the little wee
woman and her children sing songs of
hope and of diversion till the drooping
heart revived, and with spirit strength-
ened, went forward to challenge anew the
favors of fortune and to achieve through
persevering labors that for which his
heart had hoped and almost failed him—a
home in which to rear in self-respect an
honest family.

Many were they who, under the in-
fluence of that humble, hospitable home,
settled upon nearby vacant lands to be
always in touch with that glorious voice
and those sympathetic, helping hands.
Well for themselves; for those twinkling
feet that had trod many a blithe measure
in the far-away old home were not more
tardy now to bear this little wee woman
upon deeds of kindness to bedsides by
which there was no woman to smooth
disordered pillows, to cool the fevered
brow, or with cheerful jest and with
plaintive song, to soothe the lonely breast.
And those hands which had so tenderly
rocked her own babes in the days of long
ago were now often called upon to give
first attention to some little wailing
stranger and to snatch the mother back
from the gates of death, that the little
one might not be robbed of that warmest
and tenderest of all resting places—the
maternal breast.

True, as the years went by, many who
had drawn in the early days from their
sometimes scanty board and wardrobe,
passed this little wee couple in the race
for wealth; but those strong men, now
past the prime of life, yet hold them in

reverent esteem, teaching their children
to do likewise, and never enter that humble
home but with uncovered head.

What if there are some ingrates? Ser-
vice was rendered to all alike without
stopping to ask whether they were likely
to prove worthy. And the proportion
who defaulted in gratitude, those kindly
folk were wont to say, was not higher than
the one in twelve who walked with the
Master.

Rather only one out of all that ate at
their board and slept in their bed was
deliberately, though ignorantly, ungrate-
ful. This one they found one winter day,
alone in his shack, suffering great pain
and wild from delirium. At once he was
brought to their home and placed in the
warmest and most comfortable bed in the
house—the kind little couple giving up
their own quarters for his comfort. Here
he was nursed back to health, later to
deride their motives, attributing to them
matrimonial designs upon him in their
daughter's behalf, and laughing up his
sleeve to think how he disappointed them
when he married another, a pretty enough
girl, yet well fitted in character to be his
mate. These two built a house which
quite over-shadowed the vinegar bottle
and passed without recognizing the Sa-
maritans who had done so much for him.

Yet, though they were hurt, this good
little couple held him no grudge. The
severest thing they were ever heard to
say was, "I would not like to have a mind
like his."

But in the passing years, one by one,
their sons and daughters had gone away
to homes of their own, some of them very
far away, indeed. And once more the
little wee woman and the little wee man,
the little wee pot and the little wee pan,
were alone together. Smaller, feebler, but
no less cheerful than before, they always
saw some good in even the most reviled,
excusing them on the ground that one
could never tell what had started them
upon that way; maybe they had never
had a chance to be anything better till
their habits became fixed.

Then there came a time when the
man could no longer work in his garden,
and the woman, toothless and gray,
though her step was still as light as that of
her grandchild, went out and in alone and
ministered to all his needs.

At last one day the little wee man lay
cold and silent in a little house covered
with flowers, wreathed by grateful hands.
Then the old-time neighbors came in and
carried his body reverently, first to the
chancel of the church his own efforts had
been instrumental in building, then out to
his last resting place, where many of them
expect to sleep around him.

And now the little wee woman, nursing
her grandchild upon her knees, oft startles
the passers-by with a burst of song—some
favorite hymn—that for a line or two
reaches almost its old-time sweetness and
power. Realizing her years yet with a
heart ever youthful, instead of quoting,
"All flesh is grass," she gives it her own
quaint turn, "Isn't it a pity we all get
old so young." And so may that bright
spirit which has carried her through so
many vicissitudes of life, cheer her still to
the very end.

THERE'S ONLY ONE TOPIC OUT WEST

—Continued from page 47

A YEAR of sunshine—pure air,
washed on windswept prairies—
white snows and clear frosty days—
frost with the tang that steels and
stimulates—nights of liquid silver when
a northern moon turns vast expanses
of snow-wrapped country into dazzling
lakes of precious jewels.

... And a home of our own!
... and Betty domesticated!

"I look like a hick, anymore—but I
don't care," says Betty. "Today I
achieved my ambition. I hung my own
washing out upon my own clothes line,"
and cuddling closer to me in the con-
fidence-inspiring corner of our engulf-
ing Chesterfield, where I lay earnestly
studying the latest seed catalogue, she
whispered, "and soon there'll be a tiny
one to play in our very own back yard."

"Let us pray for a Bumper Crop," I
cried, teasingly, as I crushed her in my
arms.

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meats. These make the blood acid and
lower the body vitality of the child. The
blood gets rid of these food acids
through the skin and lining of the nose,
throat, lungs, stomach, etc. In winter
the skin is sluggish and the linings of
the nose, throat, lungs, etc., have to do
it all. These parts become irritated in
the process and adenoids, tonsils, bron-
chitis, pneumonia, diphtheria, ear
disease, etc., find an easy victim in the
child fed largely upon "Excess Acid"
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winter, and your child will feel better,
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The Millions in Chancery

By H. Hill

A GOOD deal is heard from time to time about the famous "millions" that are lying unclaimed in the High Court of Chancery in London. It is really surprising the large number of persons, not only in Britain, but in the Dominions overseas, who firmly believe they are entitled to some part of those funds. They peruse the pamphlets and booklets issued by agents and others in which publications their names, or rather their surnames, appear, and as there is often some legend in the family that at one time their ancestors "had money," enquiries are instituted, fees paid to agents and much trouble and expense incurred, to ascertain how to prove their claim—And, in the end, the only result is disappointment.

In this state of things, some reliable information would appear to be useful and necessary to enable people to properly appreciate the real facts concerning the "countless millions" in Chancery.

The real fact is that there are no "countless millions" in Chancery at all—at all events there are no "countless millions" lying there unclaimed.

There are certainly millions of money in Chancery credited to certain estates and matters, but they are all properly booked up and earmarked to the persons entitled. For instance, there are many cases in which trustees or executors of a deceased person have died—or refused to act—and in these and various other instances, the funds of the estates have been lodged in court and the dividends received and dealt with under the court's control and supervision.

These sums on the aggregate amount to many millions of pounds and these are the figures that are frequently confused by the ordinary person with the unclaimed millions of Chancery.

The amount of money lying in the High Court of Chancery unclaimed at the present moment is a little over £1,490,000. This is a large sum, but it is divided into no fewer than 4,100 separate accounts. More than one half of these do not exceed £150 in amount and only one-twentieth of them exceed £1000, so that instead of the "countless millions" there is only one million—and a bit over!

One will no doubt wonder how this money in Chancery got there in the first instance and why it remains there unclaimed, and the following will go to show the reasons for this.

One is a little surprised to find that no less a person than the Lord Mayor of London figures on the list—not of course, in his personal character, but officially in respect of some property in the City of London for whom heirs are wanted. The London County Council have several accounts and here, again, they are in relation to property which the Council has taken over from time to time and it is not known to whom the purchase money is legally payable.

Practically all the great railway companies have similar accounts and these are in reference to lands taken by the railways, the ownership of which has not been known—and so the money has been lodged in Chancery.

In addition to the above, accounts stand on the names of Dock Companies, Corporations, School Boards, Silver Mines, Gas and Water Companies, Insurance Companies, Banks, Clubs, Societies, Hospitals, etc., but naturally the greater number are in the names of the deceased persons who originally had the money.

Many of the items represent unpaid dividends due to shareholders by Companies which have long since been wound up, some of the dividends amounting to less than forty shillings, others represent annuities, legacies, rents and profits of estates, title rents, shares in building societies, unpaid policy monies—and one account is in respect of "one-sixteenth part of a chapel in the City of London!"

Two of the accounts are under the heading of "Unknown Persons" who are entitled to some property in London—and it can easily be imagined that the heirs of these "unknown persons" will be very difficult to trace.

Naturally, the good old English names of Smith, Brown, Robinson and such like

appear very frequently and quite a large number of "persons of unsound mind" appear in the Paymaster's accounts.

It is easy to understand, therefore, that it is almost useless for the ordinary person who sees his surname in "Lists of Heirs Wanted" to apply for information to the Paymaster unless he has something really definite to go upon, yet quite a large number of them do so, and it is in this connection that the Paymaster has found it necessary to officially warn the public against relying on the "lists of next-of-kin heirs" and "heirs to unclaimed money" issued by various persons as—he says—"they often contain gross misstatements and exaggerations."

Persons are also warned against relying upon the statements of those styling themselves "Unclaimed Money Agents" who profess to be able to recover money in Chancery on payment of fees, or to act on behalf of the Court of Chancery. As a matter of fact the Court of Chancery has no such agents.

The best course for a person who feels convinced that some of the Chancery funds belong to him is to consult a responsible lawyer and ask him to make some preliminary investigations at the Pay Office on his behalf.

All the money in Chancery, as before mentioned, is booked up to accounts which relate to actions, causes, suits and matters that have arisen years before and the number and title of the cause or matter are always necessary before the Paymaster can trace it in his books.

A layman, however, can himself obtain information direct from the Court if he applies in writing to the Assistant Paymaster, Royal Courts of Justice, London. He must give the title of the matter on suit and state shortly the grounds on which he claims to be interested, but the mere fact that he has the same surname is not sufficient. A fee of 2s. 6d. is required. If such an applicant satisfies the Paymaster that there is really something in his claim, that gentleman will supply him with information that may be valuable as regards the amount in Court, the date of payment in, and particulars of the orders which affect the money claimed.

In this connection it may be stated that some of the accounts go back as far as the year 1720 and many of them earlier than 1800.

It should be remembered, too, that before a man can receive any of the "unclaimed money" out of Court he must legally prove his title to it to the satisfaction of the judge. The evidence must be fairly clear to get an order. Those who know anything of Chancery procedure will appreciate that it is rather a tedious operation—petitions have to be filed, enquiries made, affidavits prepared, the costs of which have to be deducted from the amount recovered, if any.

MANY claims put forward cannot be substantiated, but others are successful. For example, a man died in 1803, leaving his estate to his wife and then to his nephews on her death. The widow died and then it appeared that one of the nephews had gone to sea and could not be found. So his share went into Chancery. Years later the missing man's great-nephew filed a petition to the Court for the funds to be paid out to him. Advertisements were inserted in all kinds of newspapers, all sorts of enquiries made, and then, as no other claimants could be found, an order was made for the great-nephew to receive the money.

In general, it must be said, the Chancery Paymaster is not optimistic of claimants' chances of success. "In many cases," he says, "funds have remained in Court for more than a century and to prove a title may involve an expenditure quite out of proportion to the amount recoverable. Owing to the difficulty of establishing proof payment out of funds which have been undealt with for upwards of fifty years is rare."

Readers who consider they are entitled to some of the "Millions in Chancery" would do well to ponder these facts before incurring expense which may in the end lead nowhere.



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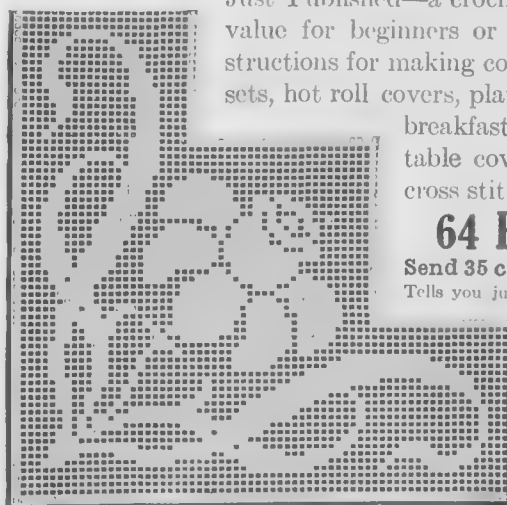
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INTO EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY

We Follow the Relentless Spring Sunbeam that Shows
Up Every Soiled and Worn Spot

By Sylvia Sims

A POOR attempt at a sunbeam, you will say, with a scornful wave at a thin and watery glimmer that sifts uncertainly through the window of the living room.

But it is of no use to adopt a superior and critical attitude. That particular sunbeam, one-tenth as powerful as the winter sunlight that streamed through that same window only last week, has a disturbing quality quite its own.

In the first place it rouses a distinct feeling of rebellion on your part, against the storm window that seems to try deliberately to block its entrance.



Horrid things, storm windows; you promptly forget how capably they protected you against the blizzards not so long ago. You make a note that very soon, if the weather keeps like this, those windows must come down—

And the curtains! Why they look positively grimy, this morning, although they have had several washings through the seasons. Those heavy velour drapes make you positively depressed. You wonder about them. Wouldn't it be nice to leave them down—put them away until next fall? Their colour is very warm for summer. How would it look to make a valance and side curtains of thin silk,—unlined, cool looking, the kind that flutter gently in the summer breeze? Or perhaps just a ruffled valance across the top, with tie-backs to match—made of taffeta or organdy. It would look very crisp.

That sunbeam! What is it doing—fading the cretonne on the comfy wing chair?

No—not fading it; the material was bought on a sun-proof guarantee. Looking closely, you see that the dimming of colours is simply a matter of soil. A tub of warm suds, quick drying in a breeze, careful ironing to give the well-tailored look essential to the success of slip covers—and the cretonnes will be bright as ever.

But the sunbeam is still prying; you follow a moment longer—and the decision is made.

You begin to put your house in condition to out-shine the most glittering sunbeam.

Even the very modern, very scientific and very well-equipped housekeeper, who is able to keep her house almost in just-after-the-house-cleaning condition pretty well all year 'round, feels a special urge at this time; she knows the relief it will be to be rid of snow-tracks, ashes, the soot from one's own and one's neighbors' fires. With the most old-fashioned of her friends, she bows to at least a modified Spring Cleaning.

While It's Still Too Early

OFTEN, our common sense tells us that we have felt the call too early; that we shall still need the furnace on bad days; that the spring is not yet here to stay.

That doesn't matter, for there are really so many things that it pays to do before we reach the part that will be affected by the weather.

Years of experience, each with its revealing spring, each with its new ideas and improved tools for the business of housekeeping, have given me a sort of general plan which I adapt, as I see fit, to the special conditions of a special season. Perhaps your own system resembles it closely; if it doesn't, I believe you would enjoy trying mine.

First, I take stock. It is a great idea, this careful inventory a business man makes each season. If he is quite frank with himself, he gains a most valuable idea of where he stands.

So I took this business idea and selected as much of it as I thought might be useful to me. It amounted to this:

I look squarely at the job I have to do.

I check over just the materials and tools I have on hand to do it with.

I make a list of things I have not got, which would help me to do my job if I had them.

Of course, that brings up the ever present financial problem. We can all make lists of things that would help in our work, and still longer lists of things we would like to have—if we could afford 'em.

But this is a business proposition and I meet it on business ground. I run my own house on an allowance that does not leave much come-and-go. It is always carefully planned, however, to buy the things that are most necessary and which will give me the biggest returns for the money spent.

So when my regular cleaning woman neglected me for several weeks one winter, I put aside her weekly stipend. Meantime, I had done her work myself—and that alone was a stimulus to some real planning.

A vacuum cleaner was the net result of that experience. The saved cleaning money supplied the initial payment, and I was quite content to dispense with my day-a-week cleaner, in return for the daily assistance of my "vac". Special cleaning is done better with the aid of the various attachments, than it was ever done before.

In just such ways I have bought all the most costly—but not expensive—equipment I own. None of it came easily, but it has all paid its way.

To return to list making, however. Most of the items are not of a nature to require the special attention of the Treasury Department:

A new broom; a good-sized common nail-brush for grooved wood-work.

A new mop, perhaps, or for the old one, a fresh treatment of the oil or wax preparation; (I use both; the first on painted floors and linoleums, the second on waxed surfaces which would be ruined by the oily mop; they are a wonderful help in the daily care of furniture.)

Soaps; soap chips; scouring materials.

Furniture polish; metal polishes; wax for the floors and woodwork. (I have a good supply of the rubbed-down, waxed woodwork—one of the most beautiful, in my estimation, of the available finishes.)

Then there are such oddments as dyes, for retinting bed-room curtains; camphor for the storage of furs, blankets, etc. I "put 'em on the list; they'll none of 'em be missed."

Dark Corners First

MY supplies assured, I tackle such jobs as the linen closet (listing again wherever there is a shortage apparent); the store-room—getting it ready for the winter garments, extra bedding, etc.; all clothes closets, chests of drawers and storage places of every kind. Doesn't matter how unpromising the weather for this work—and it's wonderful how much you feel has been accomplished, when it is over.

The same routine does for practically all the cupboards and drawers. Empty them, rub down walls, scrub wood surfaces and use a wooden skewer to oust any particle of dust from the corners; we are after everything that could provide hatching space for a moth egg. It's a good plan to wipe off the shelves of clothes closets with a little turpentine, and to dip a small brush in turpentine and "paint" all cracks and crevices with it.

Air thoroughly then replace the articles in use. Air heavy things out of doors, sunning them thoroughly. Turn out all pockets and seams and brush out fluff; sponge where spotted, with turpentine or gasoline. When they are all collected, do them up for the summer.

Putting Away Woollies

WOOLLEN underwear, winter coats, furs, heavy blankets and such things, can usually be safely stored over the summer if proper precautions are taken.

Air, sun, clean or wash each article as necessary. Collect plenty of cardboard boxes, all sizes, and take along a generous supply of old newspapers, stout cord and a pot of mucilage.

Do each article up, with whatever camphor preparation you prefer, in plenty of newspaper (printers' ink isn't liked by most insect pests—perhaps because it is used to say so much against them). Put into boxes which have been well brushed out; tie firmly and paste wide strips of paper over the edges of the lids. Make them absolutely tight. They should withstand the most persistent moth, if this is done well.

ANOTHER big job done. But there are still more of the preparatory sort of things to be got out of the way. For instance, I have found in the past that the minute my rooms are fresh and shiny, I want to wave a wand that will put on all the finishing touches at once. You lose half the good of the final effect if you must wait then, for instance, until curtains are laundered or new ones made.

So down come my curtains before-hand, off come slip covers; cushion tops are ripped off. And all



these things are laundered and new ones made, if that is part of the programme before the final turn-out.

One other thing it is wise to do before the actual cleaning is begun. As soon as the fires have been let out, have the chimney swept. An odd wind storm will not mean a layer of soot blown over everything, and next fall, the flues will be ready to give you their warmest co-operation.

The Rubbing and Scrubbing

IT is not such a big business today to clean a room, as it was before the use of hardwood or painted

Continued on page 65





Nothing is so handsome and altogether correct for Sport Wear

They are so colorful, so fresh in pattern, so undeniably smart and swagger.

The trimness, the dash, the becoming style of these sweaters make them the choice of well dressed men and women everywhere. Skillfully knit of pure Australian wool, each stitch uniformly perfect, these stylish



sweaters permanently retain their smart shape without bagging or sagging, and because of this selected wool and careful knitting, they also wear long and withstand hard service.

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By MARGIE MOORE



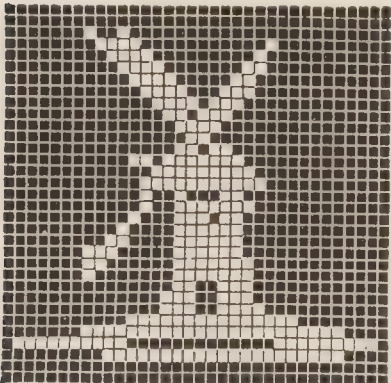
Filet Patterns for the Nursery

THESE medallions are planned for general nursery uses or for little ones who appreciate the picture touch on their own articles. A lovely medallion pillow may be made for the baby's crib, using the Christmas tree in the centre and the two round medallions alternately in the four corners. For the tiny baby they should be worked in 80 thread and set into finest linen; for the

patterns may be worked in cross stitch, using a soft blue on unbleached muslin, turning the hem up on the right side and caught down with a row of cross stitch.

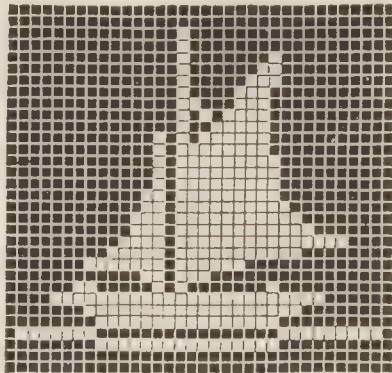
These patterns need not necessarily be confined to the nursery. The windmill and ship, may be worked into a luncheon cloth with charming effect, and in blue cross stitch they make a perfectly adorable trimming for the kitchen curtains.

Finish the entire edge with a row of single crochet and picot stitch. Baste the medallion in place, cut away the material underneath, roll the edge

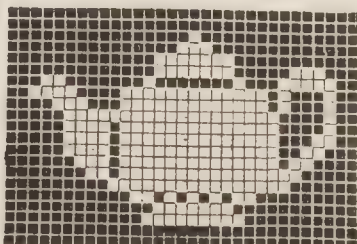
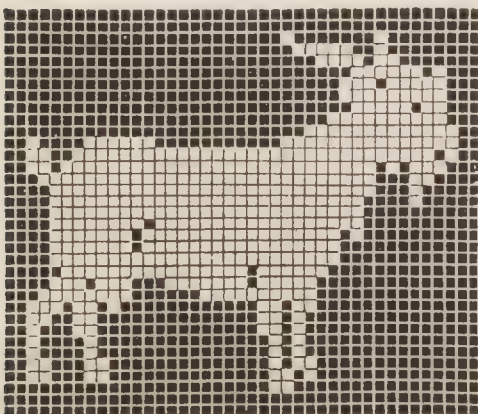
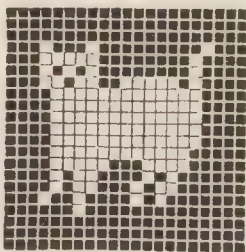
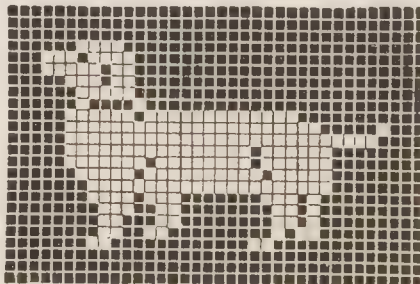
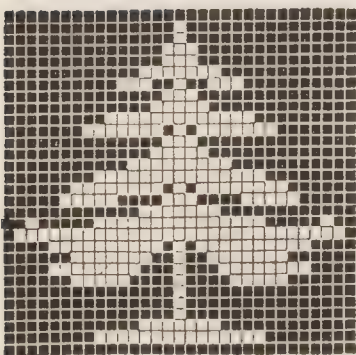
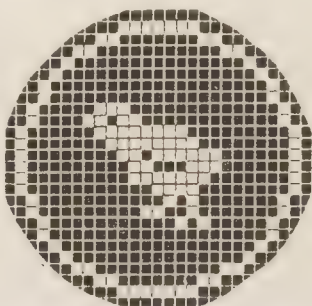
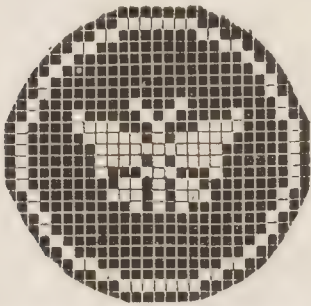


older child they may be worked in 50 thread and set into heavy pillow cotton. This pillow is very dainty if finished with a filet edging and a ribbon bow, blue for the boy, and pink for the girl.

The goat, windmill and ship form delightful decoration for the bedspread. The dog and cat are more appropriate for the dresser scarf. Any of these



under and sew securely with close, even stitches. Some prefer to omit the row of sc. and ps. around the edge, and sew the motif on to the material with closely worked buttonholing.



For everyday use—

"OH yes, you can use Winsome Soap everyday, for although it is absolutely pure, it is reasonably priced.

"I always use it, and Dick uses it, and I wouldn't think of using any other soap on Mary, because she has a very tender skin, and the purity and mildness of

Winsome

are just what she needs in the way of a skin cleanser."

Winsome is made in Canada, from the very finest and choicest materials, delicately blended with a perfume of the rarest fragrance.



Give your skin the benefit of Winsome today. You can get Winsome Soap at all good drug and department stores.

VINOLIA CO. LIMITED
Soapmakers to
H.M. the King
LONDON, PARIS
TORONTO

W-46

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

A Growing Bank Account

Is an incentive to greater effort, and a stepping stone to success.

For 58 years the Union Bank of Canada has helped many thousands of people to save their earnings.

Open a Savings Account NOW ; acquire the habit of saving regularly ; and you will have that feeling of security which comes with money in the bank.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Head Office - WINNIPEG



For those dark places — Use your Flashlight

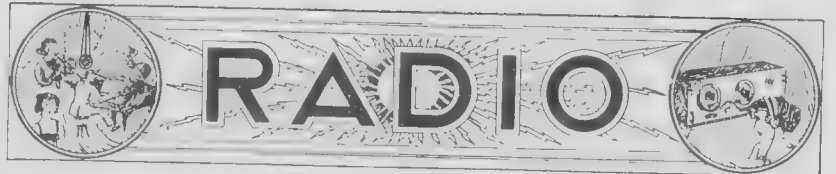
HERE is more light for all the dark places in the house. There is no need to stumble and fumble when searching in a closet or dark corner of the cellar. Use an Eveready Flashlight with its broad beam of brilliant light. Eveready is safe in the hands of a child. Nothing to do but push the switch on and off. Keep an Eveready in a handy place. Take it outside when you have errands to do after dark. It lights the way and prevents accidents.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO. LIMITED
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
—they last longer

Eveready Unit Cells make all Flashlights better. They fit and improve all tubular flashlights. Know the Eveready unit cell that fits your flashlight and you can buy extra ones without taking the flashlight with you.

Electrical,
Hardware, Drug and
Sporting Goods Stores
and Garages,
all sell Evereadys.



FOR a period of twelve days, three Chicago broadcasting stations made the same announcement. These three stations were the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, station KYW, the Chicago Board of Trade station WDAP, and the Zenith-Edgewater Beach Hotel broadcasting station WJAZ. Each of these stations asked its listening audience what it desired to hear most. They asked them whether they preferred to hear classical, popular, jazz, instrumental, vocal, religious, political, educational talks, or what. They told them that their desire would have a great influence on the future of radio broadcasting. They also announced that each listener could have only one vote and that if more than one vote were sent in or if the same person sent votes to two of the stations, neither

popular music; .3, quartette instrumental; .2, male quartette; .8, mixed quartettes; .5, religious music; 2.1, sacred music; 2.1, vocal selections.

Of the responses received, 32.5 per cent. were from women and 67.4 per cent. were from men.

Listeners' Vote—Grand Total by States for 10 Days

Alabama, 425; Alaska, 3; Arizona, 38; Arkansas, 1,004; California, 315; Colorado, 1,172; Connecticut, 635; Delaware, 90; District of Columbia, 134; Florida, 59; Georgia, 399; Hawaii, 1; Idaho, 24; Illinois, 40,880; Indiana, 3,482; Iowa, 6,435; Kansas, 3,899; Kentucky, 798; Louisiana, 358; Maine, 123; Maryland, 457; Massachusetts, 1,323; Michigan, 3,707; Minnesota, 4,421; Mississippi,



Miss King and Mr. O. J. Herman opening the mail

one of them would be counted. They found no duplication.

The three stations receiving in these twelve days a total of 263,410 pieces of mail. KYW brought in 37,900 of these, WDAP, 54,811, and WJAZ, 170,699. Conservative advertising men estimate that not more than one in fifty of the listeners will respond regardless of what the inducement offered is. This indicates a listening audience of 13,170,500. Taking the figures of the Zenith-Edgewater Beach Hotel station of 170,699, this represents a listening audience on this one station alone of 8,534,950. Station WJAZ in one day received 20,152 pieces of mail, representing an audience of over a million for a single night.

We are showing a list of the responses by WJAZ divided into States up to the time they had received a total of 122,000. After this time the responses were coming so rapidly that they could not sort them into States rapidly enough. An analysis of the desires of the listening audience shows that:

2.7 per cent. desire band music; 24.7, classical music; 2.9, dance music; .3, dramatic music; 1.0, Hawaiian music, 18.4, Jazz; .3, Mexican music; .3, male solos; 5.7, old-time songs; 1.7, grand opera; .9, orchestra; .5, pipe organ; 29.0,

416; Missouri, 3,677; Montana, 524; Nebraska, 3,146; Nevada, 12; New Hampshire, 148; New Jersey, 983; New Mexico, 128; New York, 6,245; North Carolina, 271; North Dakota, 3,429; Ohio, 6,801; Oklahoma, 1,902; Oregon, 62; Pennsylvania, 5,964; Rhode Island, 98; South Carolina, 193; South Dakota, 1,642; Tennessee, 1,138; Texas, 2,971; Utah, 6; Vermont, 220; Virginia, 403; Washington, 126; West Virginia, 870; Wisconsin, 5,950; Wyoming, 203; Canada, 4,076; Miscellaneous, 2,021; Mexico, 12; Cuba, 3; Central America, 1; Bermuda, 1; grand total, 122,974.

How to Use the Electric Bell System for Broadcasting

THERE have been very many suggestions on how to listen to broadcasting programmes in various rooms in the house which are in no way connected with the receiving apparatus, but most of these devices incur a lot of loose wire lying about, which often leads to accidents resulting in broken gear.

A Useful Idea

The following arrangement makes use of the electric bell system in a house, and is quite practical, as has been

Continued on page 65

FARM HELP SUPPLIED

FREE SERVICE NOW OFFERED

BY

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

COLONIZATION AND DEVELOPMENT DEPARTMENT

The work of this department is being rapidly extended throughout Western Canada to be of the best possible service to the public, and through its special representatives in the East, in Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and other European countries, it will be able to bring to Canada large numbers of immigrants, male and female, who in a short time should become permanent and desirable settlers. The great obstacle in the past has been the uncertainty of immediate employment for the new arrival and farmers can assist colonization work by employing their help through this channel, and if possible BY THE YEAR. The work is done without charge and no advances are required for transportation or for any similar purpose. All information given is used for the purpose of informing the settler requiring work only.

EVERY NEW SETTLER HELPS YOU PROSPER

ALL C.N.R. STATION AGENTS HAVE NECESSARY FORMS
—AND WILL TAKE YOUR APPLICATION, OR WRITE—

D. M. JOHNSON
General Agricultural Agent
WINNIPEG

R. C. W. LETT
General Agent
EDMONTON

COLONIZATION AND DEVELOPMENT DEPARTMENT

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

PAINTING THE PAGODA

Continued from page 11

The agony was ended at long last. I flattered myself it was a fine job.

OF COURSE, the whole town laughed itself sick over the colors. They always do laugh at anything out of the ordinary. History records that the folks laughed at Old Noah, when he started building a bigger steam-boat than the size then in vogue. But who laughed last? Exactly!

Jones complimented me on the fine-looking job I'd made. Well he might. Beside his dowdy old dark brown color scheme, my bright landscape looked snappy. It needed an artist to appreciate real color combinations, I consoled myself.

Followed a fortnight in which I basked in the resplendence of our front porch. Everybody was beginning to like it, I felt sure. Anyhow, nobody passed our place without looking—I saw that.

One day I observed Brown, the Painter, stop outside the place, and look at it critically. "What's eating him?" I wondered. Then, as he moved away, I noticed a wide grin on his homely face. It looked like a nasty sneer. "Aha! He's jealous!" I thought.

But there did seem to be something different about the place, as I looked around. Horrors! It struck me all of a sudden. The dern orange paint was fading!

In two days' time, the brilliant orange color was gone. In its place was a something looking like a baked salmon that had swallowed the hook whilst sick and anaemic.

I writhed inwardly. Then, calling on the paint-dealers, I writhed outwardly. They said I hadn't mixed it right! Me—always they blame Me!

Friend Wife threatened water-works every moment I was in the house. Life became unbearable.

I decided on heroic measures. I would buy ready-mixed paint, and do the job again.

I told Her my intention. "That guy Brown is going to be badly fooled if he thinks I have to call on him!" I grated. "B-b-but, Petey dear—hadn't you better" In that most exasperating tone, Herself butted in again. I retired hurriedly.

I WAS making good headway. About half the job done—looking snappier than ever.

Perched up on a ladder, I whistled merrily, as I swung a hefty brush.

The robin did it. At least, it looked like a robin to me. Mebby it was a sparrow, which had taken a sun-bath in the red paint pot.

Anyhow, I figured it would spoil the effect to have orange footmarks trailed all over the red roof. So I reached up and made a swipe at the bird. . . .

I WOKE up in bed, feeling rocky. The old bean wasn't hitting on all cylinders. I noticed that there seemed to be bandages everywhere.

"O-h, Pete-ey, dear-r-r. . . ." I heard Friend Wife whimper, as I stared around dazedly.

"Oho—now what is it?" I thought. Then I saw old Doc. Hunt in the room, gloomily shaking his head—and back I came to earth.

"He has a bad concussion. . . . collar-bone broken. . . . left arm fractured. . . . right leg badly wrenched. . . . internal injury is indicated. . . . outside of that, he seems to be O. K. . . . a month or two in the hospital will bring him around all right. . . ."

I felt ill, as I listened to the Doc. Caesar's Ghost! A month in hospital! Big bills. . . . doctor's fees. . . . and me financially flat! And (I got weaker and weaker) the house only half finished—looking like a boiled flamingo with the small pox. . . . O' Miserere! Where art thy Sting. . . . ?

Then I remembered. The accident policy! It covered this like a blanket.

"WIFE!" I cried out so loudly that they all jumped. "Send for Brown, the Painter. Get him to paint the house—any color and trim you like—right away!"

Back to Oblivion I went. Seemingly, it was Spring there, too—birds were singing.



Baby's Bedding

LITTLE woolly blankets—how soft and fluffy they must be kept for the Baby.

And linen, and fine raiment—they must not chafe or irritate his tender skin:

Baby's bedding must be washed as carefully as you would bathe his tender little self. No strong soap must be allowed to shrink or coarsen his dainty blankets, or make them stiff. There must be no harsh rubbing of his tiny garments and linen until they are fuzzed up, and rough.

Wash Baby's bedding in Lux. The delicate flakes dissolve instantly into a rich, generous suds that can be squeezed through and through each fabric until it is clean, and as sweet and fresh as when you first bought it. Don't let bedding get harsh and scratchy. Keep it soft and fluffy with Lux.

Sold only in sealed
packets—dustproof!

LUX

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
TORONTO

L-4-05



THE GREEN REPORTER—Continued from page 6

"I don't think that's much of a story. Those ghost yarns are played out." "Oh, but this is funny and it's true. I'm going to try it anyway."

"How much do you expect to get for it?"

"Oh, according to the Author's Guide I ought to get fifty dollars."

His optimism remained firm in the arguments that followed.

"Will you destroy that stuff and not send it in if I give you the fifty?" finally asked the disgruntled J. Allison.

"Oh, sure," beamed the young author, "but why?"

"Never mind 'why'; here's your fifty. Gregory is a witness to the transaction. What's your other story?"

"Oh I got that up Mayfield way. An old chap up there told me of a time they had with a fellow, I've got his

name, too, who fell part way down an old well. It's awful funny, too. The fellow was praying, screaming and crying. He gave them ten dollars to pull him out of the hole. He was raving about a snake at the bottom and it was nothing but ten feet of old rubber hose. I got a picture of it and the well. You see I carry a camera. It's a good story and I'm sure it'll get me fifty."

G. Gregory was an unhealthy color also, but he never argued. There was another agreement reached and witnessed. Fifty dollars more changed hands. Somehow the conversation dwindled in the compartment. The three got off in silence, the reporter going to the city as well.

When the two representatives of the Huntley Oil Burners faced King Hal in

his office they felt like Daniel in the Lion's den. King Hal roared like a king of the jungle.

"You two dumbbells, what's wrong with you? You haven't sold enough to pay your expenses. Don't tell me your excuses. Why did you let that National man work all around you?" And so forth, till he stopped for want of breath.

"I never saw him," ventured Gregory, in the lull. "What does he look like?"

"He's not dolled up like a Christmas tree, I'll admit," growled King Hal viciously. "But he sure can sell burners. I wish I had him on my staff. Look like? Oh, you'd think he was a country gink; queer clothes and an innocent baby-doll face; wears heavy boots and runs an old Ford, but he's a live one. I'll give you chaps one more trial; now get."

THE LOTUS THRONE—Continued from page 3



College Girl Chums

are the ideal shoes for girls in their "teens." Correct in shape for growing feet, yet stylish in appearance, and, most important of all, providing long months of wear.

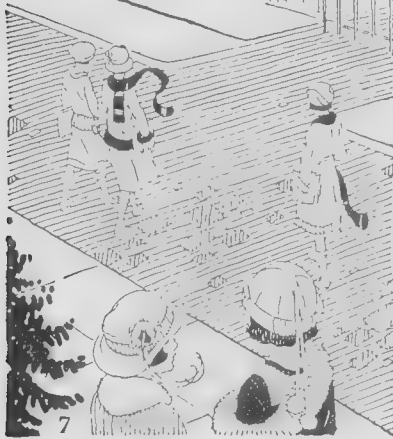
Chums shoes are made of the very best leather it is possible to secure, and the Ahrens tradition of "Quality First" is behind every pair of Chums.

There is no shoe like Chums for boys and girls. Ask for them by name.

Write for our Chums booklet and nearest dealer's name.

Made Only By

Charles A. AHRENS
limited
Kitchener,
Ont.



"FEEL IT HEAL"

Mentholatum

COLDS, CHAPPED HANDS, BURNS.
SOLD AT ALL DRUG STORES.

MONEY IN GRAIN

\$12.50 buys guarantee option on 10,000 bushels of wheat or corn. **No Further Risk.** A movement of 5c from option price gives you an opportunity to take \$500; 4c, \$400; 3c, \$300, etc. WRITE TODAY FOR PARTICULARS and FREE MARKET LETTER.

Investors Daily Guide, S. W. Branch, Dept. T-42
1016 Baltimore Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

officers with their dashing, animated wives; a sprinkling of ladies from the Japanese court, frail and gay and silken, like red and orange poppies—princes and lordly bankers, one or two influential tourists, a university president, a famous general, guests of wealth and rank, ad infinitum. I could see that Claire was in the seventh heaven, but to my own blase vision the whole affair was but the exact replica of a thousand other gorgeous formalities, and I was glad when I could finally consign her to the care of Mrs. Verlaine, the sweetest woman in all Tokyo, and quietly escape from the frivolity. All of Claire's dances had been snatched up immediately, she gave Tom one, and the Count four, so I had no reason to fear that she would not enjoy herself without me. I promised Mrs. Verlaine to return later, about midnight, and then I drove home by way of the humbler streets, so that I might enjoy to the utmost the Japan I loved—the quaint, lantern-hung, reverential Japan, gentle and law-abiding. I wanted to see troops of children, wearing audacious kimonos and saucy wooden shoes, and the paper houses, and the riotous display of fish and fruit and pottery in the open shops.

When I reached home I went into the drawing room and sat down by the open windows. A tremulous silver moon was rising behind the cryptomerias, flagreed with their leafy branches, and it cast an ethereal radiance over the pretty room with its hangings of rose pink and gauzy blue, and its fantastic ebony screens, upon which chrysanthemums of carved ivory stood out in queenly relief. Beyond, in the garden, the waters beneath the little bridge shone like a dark mirror, and the wistaria vine draping our miniature tea-house was already breaking into bloom, and in the phantom light seemed to be covered with black stars.

It was idyllic, this tender, nightingale-haunted garden. The great bronze Buddha maintained a serene dignity, upon the gigantic lotus flower that formed his throne. The stillness of the god almost appalled me. And gazing upon the imperturbable image, and dreaming of the millions who daily make obeisance to him, a conviction of my power was steadily borne upon me. I felt, as I had never felt so keenly before, that Japan was indeed no mere toyland of romance, nor a curious embroidery, nor a bit of painted porcelain. She was an empire, swayed by masterful, subtle minds. The hot breath of the typhoon fans her encompassing seas, and frequent earthquakes cause her foundations to tremble. Beneath the enamelled placidity of the landscape, the elaborate etiquette of the people, the studied calm of their lives—who knows what hidden forces may not be at work? A silent and deftly moving people, inured to ancient rites, to lofty customs, to extreme sacrifice.

While I pondered thus, with the spell of the East creeping upon my senses, a dark figure crossed the garden in front of me, stealthily. I was about to cry out in surprise, but something restrained me. The figure paused for a moment, near the Buddha, and seemed to look about cautiously. I caught hold of a curtain and peered out, holding my breath. Could I believe my eyes? The great bronze idol had slowly opened, as if swung on invisible hinges, and a second figure emerged from that strange hiding-place. The second apparition was clearly in pursuit of the first one. It glided noiselessly—then came a low, hissing sound, and a terrible wrestling bout. It could only have lasted a minute, though it seemed to me an eternity. I could not have screamed now, had my own safety depended on it. I could only watch, fascinated, and heard a dull thud, and knew that someone, the man who had been concealed in the Buddha, had suddenly thrown his opponent by a deadly feat of ju-jitsu, and I knew, without being told, that the man thus hurled to the ground would not rise again.

Almost instantaneously, servants came running to and fro with lanterns. There was a babel of voices, and a chaotic mingling of people. "Aileen!"

I heard Cecil exclaim in a loud, relieved voice, "How does it happen you are not at the ball? The imposture was only discovered a short time ago, it seems, and I came back with all the speed I could muster directly on receiving the wire."

"What do you mean?" I asked, faintly, "has there been any imposture? And what is the name of the man who was killed out there?"

"He was not Oscar Dreckendorf, at all events," said Cecil briefly. "The real Dreckendorf is at present lying seriously ill with fever in Shanghai. The man whose death you witnessed was a notorious European jewel thief. He was capable of acting in any role. A few years ago, having attached himself to a wealthy firm in Tokyo, as an expert in testing pearls, he succeeded in making away with the gems to the value of five hundred thousand yen. A considerable length of time having ensued, he evidently hoped to accomplish something on an equally brilliant scale this time. It seems that he was suspected by the authorities, however, very shortly after his arrival, and has been shadowed by them ever since."

"But I don't understand even yet," I returned in a dazed fashion, "why did he leave the French Embassy? and why should any officer of the law kill him in that fashion? And the bronze Buddha—"

"He came back here," said Cecil, "because he had doubtless discovered that the Secret Service men were on his track, and became, for so clever a hand, unaccountably panic-stricken. The police officer following him was driven to the ruse of concealing himself in the Buddha, and then sprang upon him unexpectedly. He did not intend to kill him—merely to overpower him. The thief made the killing a necessary act, however, by stabbing the officer in the arm with a villainous curved knife. I can tell you nothing about the Buddha, Aileen. Let's go inside and have some coffee."

I followed abstractedly. I hardly noticed Tom and Claire, brimming over with excitement, and wildly desirous of confirming the rumors that had reached them. I remember realizing that their quarrel must have terminated in a properly orthodox way, for they were behaving with all due foolishness, and Claire, instead of grieving over the untimely fate of the bogus Count, was actually saying over and over again with unparalleled temerity, "I'm not in the least surprised, Tom. I never trusted his eyes."

One week later they were quietly married, and immediately afterwards left for Kobe. The whole affair was so decidedly impromptu that Claire had very little time for shopping, and I was only too pleased with the opportunity of doing some of it for her after she had left us. Anything I bought was to be

forwarded to her, and she was particularly keen on having me secure some knick-knacks in Damascene ware.

According to habit, I requested a visit from one of the representatives of my favorite curio store. Shortly afterwards, in obedience to a summons from Arima, I descended the flight of steps leading from the drawing-room into the garden, and found Yamara blandly awaiting me. "Yes," he said with a gracious bow, "yes, Missy. I have come. You like this box, perhaps? Very nice box. Put bon-bon in."

"It would be rather fetching on Claire's boudoir table, I suppose," I returned absently. "Have you anything else?" And while he displayed his wares I strove vainly to put certain disjointed facts together. I was not succeeding very well, and indeed, was on the point of abandoning the task altogether, when, as he stooped to pick up a fallen trinket, the loose sleeve fell back from his arm and revealed a manifestly recent scar. "Yamara," I said carelessly, "what is the meaning of the motto engraved upon this paper weight?"

Yamara shook his head smilingly. "I no understand, Missy, no read Englishes."

"I suppose it would be hardly polite to say I did not believe you, Yamara? The secret service officers of Japan frequently read English very well, do they not?"

"I no understand," he repeated softly.

"You won't tell me about the old Buddha, then? Where did it come from, Yamara, and who discovered that it would open and shut? I suppose, two or three centuries ago, a lovely princess was sent as a hostage to some great Samurai, enclosed in the idol in that novel manner. Am I right?"

"I no understand, Missy. I have not much Englishes," Yamara sweetly persisted.

"Humbug!" I retorted, vehemently. "Missy no buy, then? Not like things I bring here?"

"Oh, yes, they'll do, I fancy. I suppose your serving in this capacity is a mere 'blind', Yamara. Well, I'll take this, and this, and—yes—I'll take that one, too."

He accepted a perfunctory dismissal with the utmost courtesy. I stood looking after him for a few moments, half laughing, a little vexed. Then, shaking my fist at the huge idol seated upon the spreading lotus flower, "Do you know that you have spoiled this lovely old garden for me completely?" I cried. "It can never be the same again—never!"

* * * * *

Cecil has just told me that there is a possibility of our being sent to Rome. I am very glad, for though there was a time, not long since, when Japan seemed an actual paradise to me, her hold upon my affections is now perceptibly weakened. When I am alone in the evening, especially if there happens to be a full moon, I look out into the garden and live over every detail of that strange and terrible happening. And I seem to see the bronze Buddha swinging back on invisible hinges, and dark forms wrestle beneath the cryptomerias, and are clearly reflected in the waters of the little lake.

The Bells of Dawn

Just at the top of a little hill
Where Spring's first flowers are born,
Touched by the first rays of morning sun,
Are ringing the Bells of Dawn.

To the earth is given a new day
And for all there's work to do,
Work that can be made a task or joy,
To such as I, or to you.

And when the Bells down in the Valley
Cry out that the day is dead,
Let us seek our rest with thanksgiving,
With unbowed and honored head.

For if give we to the world our best
And are strong for the right and true,
As surely will the best come back
In some way, to me and to you.
—H. H. Fariss.



Mr. J. W. Hamilton
General Manager of the Union Bank of
Canada, Winnipeg

THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

Continued from page 19

Weeks passed, then months, and still no reply to my letter. Each day I would watch for the postman, and would turn quickly away to hide my disappointment at the failure of my scheme to bring about a reconciliation between daughter and parents. One thing served to comfort me however, the knowledge that her husband lived, for Mr. Westmore crept slowly back to life a changed man, now fully appreciating the little woman he called wife. The day came when he resumed his work and conditions became normal once more. This was too good to last however, for Mr. Westmore was thrown idle, his employer giving as his reason "lack of work" and the man who had so recently come back to life began the weary search for employment. It now looked as if the home would be thrown into dire need again. I sighed wearily as I was powerless to render any further assistance. A great resentment arose in me against the people who had ignored their daughter in distress. How could they be so heartless, I thought. If they only knew how much their forgiveness meant to her—I am sure they would forget the past and try to brighten her future. Truly they would have been a "friend in need." Well my plan had failed miserably, and the only thing that remained for me to do now was to "watch and wait."

Mr. Westmore's search for employment proved fruitless as owing to his deformity he was unable to accept any kind of work then available. He became very disheartened, and had it not been for his wife who in spite of her recent troubles, did her utmost to comfort him he might have been tempted to do something desperate.

There is an old proverb which says that "everything comes to him who waits." I firmly believe in that old adage now, as just as I had given up all hope of a reply to my letter I received an epistle bearing the American post-mark. Words can scarcely express my feelings of surprise and delight, when I found that the envelope contained a note to myself, and a further letter in a firm hand-writing was addressed to "Mrs. Geraldine Westmore." I flew across to the house next door delighted to be the harbinger of such welcome news. I explained as calmly as I could what I had done, and finished by thrusting the sealed letter into Mrs. Westmore's hands. My story amazed her, and she opened her lips as if about to speak, but this I would not allow her to do until she had read the contents of her letter. With trembling fingers she broke the seal and took the letter from the envelope. As she did so a paper slipped out from the pages, and fell to the floor. I stooped to recover it, and a feeling of gladness engulfed me as I saw that it was a cheque for \$500.00. Truly, this old world wasn't so bad after all. Mrs. Westmore's face wreathed in smiles and she gave a happy little cry and flung her arms warmly around my neck.

"What a wonderful friend you have been to us. I don't even know how to express my gratitude, but I do want you to know, that I shall always remember your goodness to us in times of trouble, and when I am far away from here—I shall always harbor kind memories of my dear friend in Canada"—and then she told me the wonderful news her letter contained. "I was again her father's messenger to let 'by-gones be by-gones,' and entreating her to bring Jack and the children and return immediately to her old home. They had tried every means in their power to trace her, and had at length given up the weary search in vain. Her mother was now ill and calling for her repeatedly, and the family physician had declared that unless her request was granted her mother's illness might prove fatal."

SO THE home was sold and preparations were begun for an immediate departure. I watched these proceedings with a sad feeling that I was losing the friends I had become so dearly attached to, but when I accompanied them a few days later to the station, I felt comforted with the thought that I had at least accomplished my aim—that of re-uniting the two families. The parting proved a wrench on all sides, and little Ruby implored me with that sweet voice which had attracted me so forcibly to her, to "please come too." I kissed the pretty face and assured her that I would come

and visit her very, very soon, then with a catch in my voice I bade them "goodbye and good luck" as the train pulled out of the station. I made my way homeward feeling very lonely and yet within me was a feeling of gladness at having "done unto my neighbour what I would have had done unto me."

Two weeks later I received a letter from Mrs. Westmore telling me how happy they all were, and how glad her people had been to see them. Her mother was now well on the road to recovery, and Mr. Westmore was occupying a splendid position in her father's office. The letter also contained a very pressing invitation to visit them at the first opportunity, and a wee note from Ruby urging me to remember my promise at the station and come and see her pretty garden.

A year had elapsed since all this happened, but sometimes my thoughts stray

back to the past, and a little old verse keeps running through my mind.

"After the rain comes the sunshine again,
"And after the storm comes the calm."

And so I leave them happy with the knowledge that they have braved the storm of life that comes to us all at one time or other, and are now enjoying the contentment which accompanies "labor well done."

No Violation of the Law

"Here!" cried the fish warden, "What are you doing? Don't you know you're not allowed to catch fish here?"

The angler, who had sat three hours without a nibble, turned and surveyed the official sourly. "I'm not catchin' 'em," he retorted peevishly; "I'm feedin' 'em."

Rest

Rest, now the lingering day is done—
We have laughed and cried,
We have lost or won;
All your burdens lay by
With the down-going sun;
Rest, weary one, rest

Rest, and forget the shadow of care;
The sorrow is deep—
That no one can share;
But no mortal is tried
Beyond what he can bear;
Rest, weary one, rest.

Rest, the tangles tomorrow may clear,
Your tears end in smiles
And vanish all fear;
To that puzzle so dense,
Some solution appear;
Rest, weary one, rest.

—Frances.

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UMINGMUK KING OF THE BARRENS—Continued from page 8

Chapter IV

The Strange Haven

THAT marvellous journey of Buffalo Smith and his Eskimo from the Arkilnik River to the shores of Hudson Bay with the captured musk oxen is history now. How they built their rafts of spruce and floated down the river; how Beverly Lake and adjoining ones were crossed, and the waters of Chesterfield Inlet, and the many portages traversed, is a tale of arctic herculean labor to which not that of the ill-fated Franklin and his party is comparable. Overcoming obstacles seemingly insurmountable: forced even to sacrifice two of the animals for food, Buffalo Smith came at last to the shores of Hudson Bay and was picked up, as previously arranged, by the whaling schooner Ena of New Bedford.

So Omu and Muktu came to a different land; performed a wild animal Odyssey, the strangest ever that fell to the lot of arctic beasts. In quarters in the London Zoological Gardens, by men thought roomy, but to the musk-ox insignificant and confined after the open Barren, Omu and Muktu and the remaining members of the herd lived out their lives, creatures cramped in region unfamiliar; stared at by countless people, and made the objects of curious question and much conjecture.

Men since the earliest times have taken pleasure in keeping captive all manner of wild things from various countries; have expended countless dollars in the maintaining of zoological gardens. The ancient Romans did so as a means of sport; sent lions and leopards out to do battle with captured warriors, or used these beasts and others of like species as killers of martyr Christians. Those days of savagery and cruelty are past. Kindness and great consideration for the barred beasts is the rule today in all Gardens where man has gathered them. So Omu and her fellows fared well, and for all their alien feeling and change of food, survived, though did not increase in number. And here in the heart of the world's greatest city, Omu forgot her son far away on the Canadian Barren, and from Muktu's memory also faded the shaggy form of his twin brother who in their early calf days had always assumed the role of leader.

Chapter V

The Ineluctable Curiosity of Umingmuk

UMINGMUK stood upon a flat pinnacle at the end of the low ridge and surveyed the frozen world about him, doubly grey under the dying day, and still with the hanging hush of endless listening distance.

It was the tenth of January. And winter had already reigned through five months of fierce frost and tempestuous weather. Today the sun had risen at eleven o'clock over Umingmuk's domain. Now at two-thirty it was setting. In the months since Buffalo Smith's raid had left the musk-ox calf solitary; he had travelled far. Due to instinctive fear he had not returned to his old stamping grounds by the little lake on the day after his escape from the runway; instead had gone northward till the Arkilnik River was fifty miles behind. In this migration he was urged by something more than that fear which had first set him to moving—a subtle longing for companionship, of which he was not fully aware. It was a blind groping, the innate call of the herd instinct which from day to day kept his footsteps turning ever toward new places.

Now late in the afternoon of January tenth he stood on the pinnacle of the last of many low rises which here gave way to Barren absolutely flat, Barren proper, stretching away to the northward. The sun disappeared. Clouds slate grey and namelessly cold clung close to that equal desolation of earth below them, the dreary immensity of Barren lying snow-covered from sky rim to sky rim, its surface faintly striated, as if a pure white sea, while in ruffled motion from the wind, had been captured and made forever still. Nothing moved in this dead world. Under the grip of the relentless frost these northern reaches rested, profoundly still, sleeping the long sleep of winter, an infinite calm, overhung by cold almost as dreadful as that of the unknown void surrounding the myriad stars. In this cold, bitter beyond words, and which ruled malignant and terrible for eight months in the year, it seemed no living thing could continue to exist. Yet on this flat plain, cold-shining with a dead light ineffably melancholy, over which battled sometimes for a week on end great winds contrary of direction, Umingmuk was at home. Thick-wooled of undercoat, covered with long outer hair, he was by Nature fitted to survive even here where life's existing was a marvel.

Loneliness filled Umingmuk's heart as he watched the long arctic night creep down; and in his heart, stronger than ever before, was the queer urge to keep on travelling, to go on seeking for what he as yet did not realize he wanted.

Presently he turned back and went slowly down the ridge a short distance farther on where the slope was gradual. Reaching the level below he moved along the ridge seeking for a sheltered spot to spend the night.

At the ridge end, just beneath the flat-topped pinnacle, where a few moments before he had stood, he found an excellent resting place, the warmest and best protected he had come upon in many days. Here the ridge reared some twenty feet in the air, its face, almost as broad, broken by a cleft about five feet wide at the mouth, but narrowing so sharply as to only leave room for Umingmuk to lie down. The entrance faced south and east, a direction away from the generally prevailing winds. Within the shelter, his face turned outward to the Barren, Umingmuk lurched to his knees, his hind quarters sank. With forelegs tucked under him he closed his eyes. Full-fed, warm and sleepy, here in this perfect windbreak he relaxed, for not since he had deserted the tree-line months before had he been so comfortable.

THE Northern Lights came out and ribboned the blue cupola of the night, a shifting sheen of multi-colored flame, soft and subdued, an arras upon the sky alive and crackling from the currents of electricity which fathered the display. And over the sleeping world, frost bound and white, glowed a light pale and chill, like some mighty vault, a glow from the endless miles of snow reflecting the shine of the Northern Lights and the harsher farther stars. But all this awesome display of the incomprehensible Arctic Aurora, and the austere solemnity and silence of the snow-sheeted barren, were everyday matters to Umingmuk, arousing him neither to wonder nor admiration. Upon the night and the dancing lights and the wheeling stars he closed his eyes to bring sleep's coming.

Just in the moment when consciousness was giving way to the dream state shared in common by man and beast, Umingmuk's eyes opened and gazed about suspiciously in search of that which his keen nose a second before had told him was somewhere very near. Instinctively alertness had come with this odor reaching his nostrils. Yet Umingmuk had not any knowledge based on experience to guide him. The smell was an unfamiliar one. Yet now, all in an instant he was truly alert.

Marvel of Nature, this instantly arriving fear, born of an understanding that was his the first hour on earth; an understanding rising superior to the need of mother's teaching, or that harsher instructor, experience.

Umingmuk got to his feet. Bulked there in the cave mouth, the uneven rock sides of which were scarce two feet from his woolly ones, he waited watchful, his eyes on the Barren in front of him where now moving toward him was the enemy, one lone, cautiously moving bulk, an old, thin wolf, his ribs showing through his coat of mingled grey and black.

Amaruk, the grey wolf, now moving toward the musk-ox calf, was weary and weak from five days of fasting. Before that he had eaten only intermittently, the intervals between of hunger lengthy, the last time upon a caribou hulk, more aged even than he.

lower now, as calmed and wearied they realized their position. In that moment of standing studying these inclosing forms that today had so upset his life, Umingmuk saw only one course was his. Retreat cut off behind, his either side barred by walls impregnable, he charged down straight at the unknown foe, a baby bellow upon his lips. Putting forth all his strength he quickly gathered speed, with head lowered came on, a shaggy thunderbolt a hundred odd pounds in weight.

UNEXPECTED action is sometimes half the battle. Not even Buffalo Smith had anticipated Umingmuk's so daring move. Thus the musk ox calf was right upon the line before even he, quicker thinking than the Eskimo, could shout a command.

Between two of the Eskimo Umingmuk went dashing, and on toward the open Barren ahead. Something whistled near him, the loop of a lasso hastily thrown by Isuman, but falling short by half a yard.

A yell went up from the hunters, half anger, half admiration at the daring of the beast. And Buffalo Smith, true sportsman, big of heart, and always ready to pay tribute to worthy man or beast cried aloud: "Good luck, go it, little one! You deserve to be free."

Hardly had he spoken when a rifle snapped, fired by one of the best shots among the Eskimo, and Umingmuk reeled, veered sharply, went down. A cry of triumph came from the assembled hunters, for it was a shot most difficult. But in the next second it gave place to an exclamation of disappointment and surprise, for Umingmuk once more leaped to his feet and went on with gathering speed.

Before the marksman could again bring his rifle to his shoulder, Buffalo Smith shouted an order that left the man dumbfounded. Yet he obeyed the white man's strange command, the chivalrous order to cease firing. And so Umingmuk went free, galloped on with pounding heart straight out toward the distant higher Barren ridges. Blood streamed from his rump where the glancing bullet had skimmed, inflicting deep but not fatal flesh wound. The shock of the striking projectile had still been sufficient to knock him off his feet.

Once up again, the pain of this, his first wound, lent speed to already fearful feet.

Limbs trembling with fatigue, wracked by pain from the gushing wound, his breath loud, and more labored as the moments sped, he still forced himself to forward movement; bravely kept on going, though his baby heart was near to bursting. Heavier grew his legs. Increasing weariness of limb and weakness from much shed blood at last turned his gallop to a lope, and then, quite blown, he halted, stood shaking in every limb, forlorn and wistful, a solitary speck of fevered ferment amid the wide waste of the tundra, undulating away a treeless tract of rock and moss and dying flowers. A chill was in the air, a portent of long days of bitter winter soon to follow.

Wet and shivery and quite done, Umingmuk turned about and once more looked upon the Barren to the south and east, and now below him, for in his flight he had climbed the first of the ridges bordering his recent pasture ground. Long he looked upon the familiar landscape, seeming now queerly changed by the passing of the others of the herd, and the lonely feeling brought an ache, a great yearning for his loved ones, filling his heart with pain. His big eyes moistened, and presently through his deeply indented nostrils he blew a queer "woof," a pathetic expressing of melancholy which weighed upon him.

The sun was near to the horizon. A meadow lark, mottled messenger of joyous song even here on these far and lonely Barrens, throat liquid melody, a piping paean to the dying day, a gay glad tune of undismay and assurance of many bright tomorrows. And hearing, Umingmuk pricked up his ears, shook his woolly self, and walked slowly on seeking a sheltered spot, a new place of lodging for the night.

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THE NAME IS YOUR GUARANTEE

UMINGMUK—Continued from page 58

The bull, badly wounded a month and a half previously in the love season by a young antagonist, had never fully recovered. Yet, though left behind by the travelling band of which he had once been the strongest, he had clung to life alone, moving solitary over the Barren, a pathetic figure, until chance caused Amaruk to cross his path—Amaruk, also an aged and solitary wanderer, no longer fleet enough of foot or strong of fang to run with the pack forced far to range by winter's hungry need.

Under the crepuscular light of the arctic day, age came face to face with age; but not smilingly, with mutual sympathy and consideration for shaking limbs and rheumy eyes. No kindness here; only lust for meat on the part of the wolf, and the love to live in the heart of the caribou—desires chief actors in the staging of an arctic tragedy.

The caribou several days previous to the meeting had dropped his horns, as caribous do in January. Shorn of antlers, his last bulwark and weapon against a world horned and fanged against him, and decrepit of limb and slow of motion, he had still faced the grey wolf with a proud defiance; a desperate courage lingering yet in his senile, futile body.

Amaruk too was old; the evening of his life fast approaching. But teeth he still retained which, though loosening, and here and there decayed, were of a strength sufficient to bite and tear.

Round and round the bull the wolf had circled; and round and round, slowly turning, the bull had kept his face to him. Then Amaruk, with wisdom gained ruk had circled again till opposite the made a quick dash in, snapped closed teeth still fairly serviceable at a point where the bull had least expected—on that great cord, the hamstring, controlling the movement of the caribou's left hinder limb. Then leaping clear, Amaruk had circled again until opposite the bull's hind quarters, then charged and laid his lips and fangs to the hamstring of the right leg, severing with deadly sureness the second cord, as he had the first.

Thus robbed of ability to quickly move and keep his old head facing the circling enemy and so be ready to resist with hunting blow a charge, the bull in the next minute failed to meet the grey wolf leaping in from the side, and Amaruk's teeth sank home in the throat of the caribou, cutting deeply, a tearing wound, but one just missing the jugular vein.

A slashing bite, then leap away, then back again, is the way of the wolf in battle. And presently Amaruk found the great artery with his canine teeth and slashed it through. Springing clear from the sideways thrashing of the defender, he stepped back a score of feet and sat down and watched the caribou succumb from the red blood outflowing.

Close to the killed the killer kept till the last bone was clean and licked whiteily shining. Then on again Amaruk had gone, seeking, seeking in this lone harsh land wherewithal for his belly. Five days and nights he had travelled, grown leaner than on that day when he had pulled down his last quarry.

Then on this evening of the fifth had come wafted to his nostrils, super-sensitive with hunger, the warm, rich smell of Umingmuk as he went to his rest; and Amaruk, from walking, gave way to a bounding gallop toward the luscious feast that his nose said stood ready close to hand.

A dozen feet from the mouth of the cave Amaruk sat down on his haunches and gazed with mistful, watery eyes at the half-grown musk-ox so strongly entrenched before him.

Hunger urged him to immediate combat, while old age's wisdom held him on his haunches wishful but afraid, and deeply thinking. For now was no such monstrous irony as when five days before he had faced the life-weary and weakened caribou, and old age had stood matched with old age, contesting incongruously each to maintain an existence no longer worth while, yet clung to tenaciously as though it were a most precious possession.

Now Amaruk was faced with youth, lusty and lithe, supple, keen-eyed and spirited, strong with the strength of saprophy, growing limbs, and arteries coursing full with rich, red blood, pulsing perfectly and giving him the power greatly to protect his new life so worth while defending. Also, Umingmuk stood within the cave, the narrow entrance of which guarded his hamstrings from such successful strategy as had given Amaruk his last victory.

So the grey wolf sat under the grey sky on the coldly shining snow and gazed with great desire that was tempered with caution. And Umingmuk, firmly planted on his stocky legs, glared angry question at this still intruder; while overhead the Northern Lights flashed and ribboned, gay torchbearers at this grim ringside, awaiting the combatants' engaging.

Continued in the April issue

BACK TO SUNSHINE VALLEY—Continued from page 16

CHAPTER II.

IN the dim lighted back room of a little store, near the docks at Vancouver, four men sat over a card table; stevedores, all of them judging by their looks.

Over in a corner of the room, her elbows on a glass counter, leant a pretty girl, of somewhere in the vicinity of nineteen years. Her pretty chin resting in cupped hands, she watched the four silent players at their game of draw. The light from a hanging oil lamp occasionally sent a beam which would frolic with a loose coil of auburn hair.

Mary MacPherson, the young lady who leaned on the counter, wistfully watching the players, was the second daughter of Angus MacPherson, a long retired skipper of Scotch freighters. Angus had settled down in his little general store, and catered to the dock workers.

The back room was not a "dive," but merely a room set aside for the convenience of anyone who wanted a quiet game of cards. On such occasions, Mary usually waited on the players.

Had one been able to follow Mary's gaze as she looked off toward the card players, one would have learned that those lovely deep blue eyes were not focussed on the cards; but on the youngest of the players, a tall broad shouldered young fellow whose rather handsome face was much cleaner than those of his companions and whose keen bright eyes portrayed the fact that beneath

that rough mackinaw shirt, beat the heart of a manly man.

As Mary continued her scrutiny, she suddenly noticed the young man's face draw up as though in pain. In a flash his long arm shot out, and seized in a vice-like grip, the throat of the man on his right.

The girl's heart beat wildly, as, filled with mingled fear and pride, she watched the form of the young fellow rise from the chair; and at the same time those strong arms plucked the other from his seat.

"Stan' up, ye miserable dog, an' get ready for a beatin'!" The young fellow's face was now white with rage, as he hissed his commands to the other. "I'll give ye a lesson 'bout shootin' straight, that'll maybe serve ye well, whether ye be playin' cards, or shovelin' grain. Anyway, I'm goin' to lick ye for cheatin', now."

With those words the young man flung the other from him, and then launched into an attack.

Miles Garner, for it was he who had discovered the cheat, found that he had undertaken a somewhat heavy job, as the other man was equally as heavily built as Miles, and was perhaps better versed in the art of rough-and-tumble fighting.

The other two players, their dark faces lit with an evil leer drew closer to the fighters, who had now clinched.

Miles felt his opponent's fingers reaching slowly for a throat hold, so with a swift lurch to one side he

Continued on page 60

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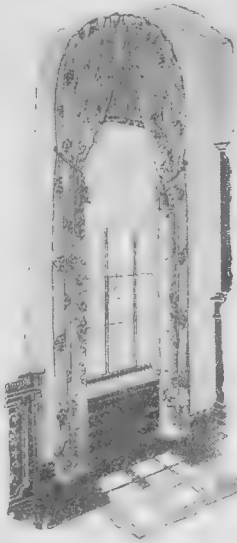
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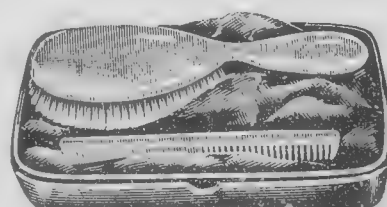
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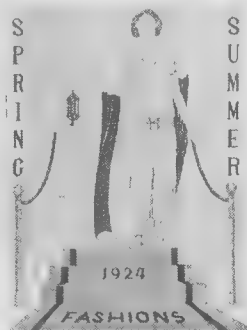
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BACK TO SUNSHINE VALLEY—Continued from page 59

wrenched himself free, and as his opponent shot past him, Miles fist swung upward, and caught the stevedore's chin a tremendous blow, which felled him like a log.

Steve, as he was known to his companions, lay at full length on the floor, where Miles' blow had dropped him. He was apparently knocked completely out.

Miles looked down at the form at his feet, and then turned toward the girl. In a flash a pair of strong arms whipped round his ankles, and he was hurled to the floor. He had been unprepared for this move, as he imagined Steve's knockout to be genuine; little did he know it was ninety per cent. frame up.

As the young northerner pitched forward to the floor Steve quickly hurled himself on to the young fellow's back, and sought once more to find a throat hold.

Both fought furiously for position as top man, and finally, when it seemed that all his strength had gone, Miles managed to gain a secure hold on top of his opponent.

Steve's face now resembled that of a wild beast, as, wild-eyed—with ruffled hair, and with blood streaming from his cut face, he sought to use his teeth on the fingers of Miles which now in turn endeavoured to find the throat of the other.

Miles quickly realized that the only way out for him was to use all his force and as quickly as possible, and choke his adversary to death before he would give up.

The young fellow had no desire to kill, but he knew that killing, to Steve, in a case of this kind, would be taken as a purely natural course of events.

Like a streak, Miles' fingers whipped in, dodging Steve's teeth, and found their objective.

Miles had been too busily engaged to worry over the other occupants of the room.

The girl had become frozen with horror, and had shrunk into a corner, behind her counter, too frightened to call for help.

At Miles' back, a form crept silently closer, then swiftly a knife blade gleamed in the dim lamp-light, and the young northerner rolled off his opponent with a deep groan, as the blade sank into his flesh.

Steve was helped quickly to his feet by his companions, and together the three retreated through the rear door, out into the night. The morning would find them out to sea on some freighter—out of reach of the law's long arm.

The opening and closing of the door had served to arouse Mary, who sensed some new turn of events.

Quietly the girl stole from her place of retreat, and quickly she searched the room. Her eyes fell upon the bleeding form of the young man whom she had admired. With a scream of horror she rushed from the room for her father, who mustered assistance, and Miles weak, and bleeding freely, but still breathing was carried to a bedroom, where he was made comfortable, until a surgeon had been secured.

CHAPTER III.

MILES Garner lay in the little bedroom at MacPherson's for several days before the doctor pronounced him out of danger. The knife had just missed, very narrowly, the right lung, and had caused a very nasty flesh wound. Loss of blood, however, was the most serious factor of the case, and it was due only to a strong constitution, wrought by years of hard northern life, that Miles' life was saved.

Throughout his illness, Miles had been attended by Mary, who proved a competent nurse.

One afternoon, Miles awakened from his first good sleep in several days. At the window sat Mary, softly humming an old Scotch air.

Miles turned toward her, very quietly, lest he should disturb her, and so destroy the picture she presented, as piloted with deft fingers Mary's embroidery needle clicked as though keeping time to the tune she hummed.

An afternoon sun beat through the window, and flung its rays among the auburn coils of the girl's hair, stray strands of which flashed like vagrant streaks of gold.

As the young northerner drank eagerly of Mary's charms, he pictured that same mass of auburn curls tinted by the sun at Sunshine Valley. He imagined how proud he would feel, just supposing he were handing Mary out of the canoe on the Big Smoky, and presenting her as his wife, to Jack McPhee.

A sigh broke in on Mary's humming. She turned to see her patient lying wide awake, and watching her.

"Heavens man!" exclaimed she, "How long have ye been awake, an' listening to my foolish singing?" Laying aside her work, Mary pulled Miles' bed over to the window which overlooked the sea. "There now!" said she, with a smile. "Hae a wee glance at the outdoors, the view's not the best, but a bit of sunshine 'll no hurt ye."

Miles was then propped up with pillows so that he could get a view of the sea; but he continued to look at his companion, who had again resumed her work.

"Mary," said he, at length, "ye've bin real white to me since I came here, both ye an' all ye're folks, an' I don't know how I'm ever goin' to pay ye for all ye've done for me. Pretty soon I'll be goin' back to th' north. I've heard th' pines a' callin', same's Jack said they would; an' th' music o' th' ripples, I've heard them too. Then there's the great big silent night, Mary, when th' stars is all playin' tag roun' the bright northern lights; an' I've heard that ol' bull moose a'callin' to his mate. So ye see, girl, all them great things is needin' me, and I've got to go Mary—I've got to return."

Miles had exhausted his strength, and lay back on the pillows.

Mary's eyes were filled with tears as she gazed wistfully into space. The thoughts of losing her young friend, whom she had learned to love, pained her considerably.

"Miles!" Mary ventured softly, "must you really go back to the north? Is the sun here no pretty enough? An' th' harbour lights at night, are they no as gay as yon northern lights? Then there's the roar o' the waves, Miles. Isn't that no a bit more majestic than the ripple o' a wee stream? An' there's stars here—millions o' stars."

A faint smile crept into Miles' pale face as once more he turned to the girl.

"Mary," he questioned, "Haven't ye just one other reason why I shouldn't dig out an' leave ye? Is there no reason but the lights an' th' stars why I shouldn't hit th' north trail pretty soon?"

Mary's pretty head drooped as Miles plied his questions, and great tears scampered down her cheeks.

Miles reached out and touched her gently on the shoulder. "I believe ye're the other reason, Mary! I believe ye love me, girl, same's I do you. Maybe I'm kin' o' weak headed, same's Jack used to figger I was. But I figger ye love me. Do ye Mary? Do ye think enough of me that ye'll not try an' stop me goin' north—alone?"

Mary raised her wet eyes to those of her lover; her lips trembled as she replied: "Yes Miles, I love ye, an' I don't see any reason why ye should go back north—alone; that is if ye want me to go too."

A SHARP rat-tat on the door, and Mary quickly removed her hand which Miles was holding. "Come in!" she called. The door opened, and Angus MacPherson stood on the threshold, an amused light filling his eyes as he looked over to the window.

"Hoots!" called Angus with mock severity, "an' is this the way ye're supposed to be sick? An' as for you Mary, ye ought to think shame to yersel! Hooever in all the wurld d'ye think the lad's goin' to mend with ye hangin' roun' him—yer eyes all filled wi' tears like some daft, love-sick wench?"

Further comment on Angus part was cut short by Miles, who beckoned the old Scot over to the bedside.

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BACK TO SUNSHINE VALLEY—Continued from page 60

"Angus," awkwardly commenced the young man: "I've—that is—we've—Mary an' me, has got things figgered as how we's—that is us, is—well, kin' o' built for each other; an', if it's all th' same to you, Angus, I've—that is, we've kin' o' planned to git married."

That was almost too much for Miles, who lay back on the pillows, panting, his eyes fixed on those of the girl's father.

"Awa doon noo, Mary lass, an' tend the store a while. I'll be needin' to talk to this young mon, an' figure oot what way he's bletherin'."

With a knowing wink from her father, Mary tripped lightly from the room, happy of heart, for her father's wink had conveyed much to her.

Angus remained with Miles for about an hour, and when he left he cautioned the young fellow, with his usual good nature: "Get ye off to sleep laddie," said he, "or ye'll no be fit to walk aroun' a block, let alane pilot Mary all they miles up to yon Sunshine Valley."

THAT night all the lures of the north returned once more to Miles—many a picture of the future was created by his imagination. Yes! He was going back, and he would surprise his old partner—Jack McPhee. He pictured the doubtful look on Jack's face when Mrs. Miles Garner made her appearance in Sunshine Valley.

With such pleasant thoughts, Miles' weariness took possession, and ordered sleep. The young northerner's sleep that night was of a kind that is often coveted by many: the sound sleep of youth when happiness is at last found.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT a mile above Big Bend, on the Peace River, a canoe, carrying a man and a woman, turned sharply into to the bank. With a strong stroke of his paddle, the man, who sat in the back shot the canoe well up on the sand.

Miles Garner stepped lightly out, and assisted his young wife to dry ground. "Mary, girl," he called excitedly, "this is where we make camp to-night." A more delightful campsite could not have been found.

Miles, a man of long experience on the northern rivers, knew well the features necessary to comfort in a camp-site, and on this great occasion, when he was bringing to the north his young wife, he chose such of the many beauty spots as would appeal to her.

Towering spruces nodded their sage heads on both sides of a small creek, which stream, with gusto, contributed its portion to the great Peace River.

Down the Peace, about a mile, where for countless years the swirling waters had plunged at the banks—a huge bend was formed, and one got the impression that surely beyond that halt, would lie the great mystic northland, in all its mightiness.

While Miles gathered together their kit, Mary continued to gaze on the grandeur which lay northward. It appeared that the portion of the Pacific ocean, and the big ships which had been a great part of her life, were mere details of insignificance, compared to all the majesty which her eyes drank in.

The season was the end of September, and the air was filled with multitudinous sounds of busy insect life. A soft nor'-westerly breeze blew down the river and fanned Mary's face, and with the breeze, came the fragrance of many varieties of wild flowers and foliage. Frogs croaked persistently their raucous chorus, as though striving to drown all other noises. At the tips of the tall spruces, which fringed the river banks at Big Bend, the sun, with all his golden horde enmassed, was preparing to dip from sight, and leave the world to the shadows of twilight.

Mary turned, to find Miles waiting for her, his face lit with a smile as he remarked: "Mary, I believe th' north's taken possession o' ye'r heart already. Come now girl, an' we'll get some supper." Taking his wife's arm, Miles led

her to the camp fire where the supper coffee steamed and bubbled merrily.

Their meal was eaten in silence, and when Miles had got his pipe working, he lay back near the tent, watching Mary clear away the dishes. As she worked, Mary sang lightly one of her favorite songs, which were ever pleasing to Miles' ear. Her work finished, Mary found a seat beside her husband. "Tell me all about Jack, Miles. Do ye think he'll be disappointed when I get there?"

Miles knocked out his pipe and sat up alongside his wife. Placing an arm about her, he kissed her tenderly. "Mary girl," he exclaimed in a low tone, "ye've no need to worry over Jack. He's a great big, white man, an' he'll be mighty proud o' ye; aye aye, girl! Jack 'll treat ye same's ye was his own daughter."

"I can't tell ye all about Jack, for I'd need several days to do that in; there's things Jack's done for me Mary would make ye weep for him."

Mary nestled closer to Miles as he continued: "I remember one winter, we was trappin' east o' Sunshine Valley—takin' in th' creeks, an' a chain o' small lakes. Jack's line took the lakes an' mine th' creeks. Every secon' night we'd meet at a small cabin we'd run up, kin' o' tem'p'ry.

"One night, when Jack got to the cabin, I wasn't there, and I should 've bin. Jack's day had bin a long one, an' th' cold. Mary, was nigh enough to kill ye. I'd had tough luck that day, an' it was 'most dark when I got through, so I took a short cut for th' cabin. About two miles from the cabin was a small creek, where, once in a while we ran a trap or two for mink, an' in crossin' this I struck one o' them springs—a place that never freezes over, an' I went in up to th' hip.

"I had a hard struggle gettin' out o' that place, an' broke one o' my snowshoes. When I'd crawled out I hadn't gone many steps before I was 'bout frozen stiff; in fact, my right leg was as stiff as a board, an' it looked like a bad time ahead; if I'd had both my snowshoes, Mary, it mightn't have been so bad, but th' snow was deep, an' I stumbled 'roun' without makin' much headway. It was pitch dark, an' I'd about a mile and a half further to go, when one o' my feet give clean out. I could feel it go, Mary, like it was cut clean off, an' wasn't there no more. I tried crawlin', but couldn't make much o' that, so there was only one thing left, an' that was to kin'le a fire, not to thaw out by, but as a sign in case Jack should be huntin' me."

Mary stirred uneasily as Miles continued: "Jack foun' me, Mary, an' packed me in; an' I lay in that cabin for th' rest o' th' winter, like as there wasn't much chance for me gettin' roun' again. Jack had a mighty rough time. He couldn't leave me even to go out for flour; our traplines had to be 'bandoned, an' Jack..." Miles voice faltered as he continued, brokenly, "he most nigh starved to death, girl, so's there'd be enough grub for me. But by Spring he'd pulled me through, an' that year we made good wi' th' transportation company, an' settled in Sunshine Valley."

Miles filled and lighted his pipe. Mary stared into the embers of the campfire, her long lashes flecked with tears. Her husband's voice once more broke in on her reverie. "Mary girl," exclaimed Miles, drawing her closer to him, "There's no wonder that a man would want to return to a country as holds th' likes o' Jack McPhee. Ye'll like him! Aye, an' ye'll like this country o' ourn, for ye've a strong heart, girl, an' wi' that ye've th' key to the great doors which hold the myst'ry an' treasures o' th' mighty north."

It was quite late. A great silence hushed all earthly sounds, save the incessant croaking of the frogs, and the gentle murmur of the river.

On her couch of spruce boughs lay Mary, her weary frame long since claimed in sleep. Wrapped in a blanket, close to the tent doorway, lay Miles, fast asleep. Perchance he dreamed of the future; of the life which lay beyond the big river bend. *Continued on page 62*



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Continued on page 62

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BACK TO SUNSHINE VALLEY—Continued from page 61

OVER a week had gone by since Miles and his wife had crossed the boundary of British Columbia, into Alberta, where they took to the Peace river. Miles was in no hurry, for he wished his wife to enjoy her trip north. They had left the Peace river and Miles paddled against the stream of the Big Smoky in a south-easterly direction.

The afternoon was quite young when Miles turned the nose of the canoe into the bank. Mary wondered at this new turn of events.

"Man, but ye must be aillin'; or is it lazy ye are?" she questioned, teasingly. "It's no long sin' we'd lunch, an' here ye're lookin' for a place to camp th' night."

As Miles helped Mary out of the canoe, he kissed her, lightly, and whispered: "Wait a while girl, an' I'll maybe tell ye a big secret."

After supper that evening, Mary noticed that her husband was considerably excited. He hummed snatches of one of Mary's favourites; it seemed as though he could not rest easy for two minutes at a time. At length he strolled down to the river.

Mary lay back watching the stars. From some nearby timber came the too-too-whoo, of a great horned owl, whose duty, it seemed, was to proclaim the close of day.

Mary's gaze was still on the heavens, when suddenly, as though a searchlight from some distant unknown had been switched on, the sky was lit by a beam of lemon-tinted light, which for a moment flashed brightly and then as quickly did it disappear.

Mary was puzzled, and imagined that she had been dreaming. Miles' voice then broke the silence: "Ho Mary! Come along," he called, and Mary tripped along to join her husband, who stood at the water's edge.

Miles found a suitable spot, and he and Mary sat down on the bank. "I promised I'd a secret for ye Mary," said Miles. "Well, so I have. Roun' that bend," and he pointed up the river, "there comes the doors o' Sunshine Valley. We could have made it tonight, but I want ye to enter th' valley when th' sun has just risen. We'll get an early start, an' take ol' Jack by surprise."

The two then strode back to the camp, and on the way, Mary's eyes were turned skyward, where again she saw the mystic light. She stopped and gripped her husband's arm. "Look! Miles, look! That light in the sky! Now it's gone again," as the light faded from view.

"That's th' start o' th' northern lights, girl; wait a while Mary, an' ye'll see a sight that'll thrill ye thro' and thro'."

At about ten o'clock that night, when the great silence held the travellers in its spell, Miles pointed to the sky, where, flitting in all her wonderful radiance—the gorgeous Aurora danced in the heavens, accompanied by myriads of daintily attired sprite-like shapes.

For a long time Mary was silent; then, as the heavenly brilliance faded from sight with mystic grace, Mary laid her head on Miles' shoulder. "Miles boy," said she, "I don't wonder that ye were called back to this land, for it stirs the very soul of me already. I'm right pleased that ye loved me enough to bring me back along wi' ye; an' I know, Miles, that I shall be happy up here; I'm sure I shall."

That night, as Mary slept on her couch of spruce boughs, Miles lay awake, counting the hours till sunrise, which would mark for him the proudest moment of his life, when he would pilot his young wife through the charming gateway, into Sunshine Valley.

DAYLIGHT dawned, and with the dawn came the noisy clamour of wild life. From a nearby slough, the mallards quacked their messages. Sweet pipings of the birds, and the chatter of red squirrels broke in on Mary's slumbers. A river mist hung about the low-lands, rising, and falling with wraith-like grace.

Miles had the breakfast ready when Mary joined him, and in an hour they were ready to start. It seemed that

nature had well prepared herself to receive Miles and his young bride, for her wild loveliness was at its best.

The mists were becoming finer, as Miles started the canoe up against the river. Like smoke wreaths, the mists hung above the water, screening from view the landscape ahead.

It was necessary to hold the canoe well into the bank, out of reach of the swift current in the centre of the stream.

Miles had timed their progress well, for as the canoe rounded the bend, at which spot Miles had bid farewell to Jack and his home almost three years previously, the sun burst up above the trees, and parted the mists.

To Mary, it was the most fairy-like scene she had ever witnessed. Gold-flecked mist drops filled the air, and as the lace-like curtain parted, there appeared a most wonderful panorama, bathed in a sea of gold.

A long valley ran eastward from the river, and seemed to terminate right beneath the glowing sun. On both sides of the valley, belts of spruce and pine, of many shades of green, added a softness to the scene, while the foliage of the scattered willows and poplars, tinted by a light, early frost, and now shot with the sun's gold, lent a glorious richness to the beautiful picture.

A small creek wound its way down the full length of the valley, twining in and out the patches of timber; hiding often, only to appear again—flashing in the sunlight. Close to the mouth of the creek, at a spot some two hundred yards from the river—nestling cosily amongst a clump of pines, Mary saw a log cabin, and her heart beat wildly as she realized that the little shack must be her future home.

Miles had ceased paddling, and held the canoe well against the bank, in order that Mary might more fully enjoy the loveliness of the sunrise. He also wished to drink once more of the old charms which had called him back.

AS Miles beached the canoe, he observed a thin spiral of smoke stealing skyward from the cabin's stove pipe. Miles knew that Jack usually returned to Sunshine Valley about the first of each September, and he chuckled as he thought of the surprise he had in store for McPhee.

The door of the cabin opened, and Miles saw the opening filled by the big frame of his friend. In a low tone Miles asked Mary to hide, then cupping his hands, he called aloud. This call came to McPhee like a charm; it was the call he and Miles used when trapping and hunting together.

Jack could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw his young friend standing on the river bank.

McPhee disappeared into the cabin, apparently to get his hat; another moment and he was excitedly wringing Miles' hand. "Great guns, son! but I'm pleased to see ye. I knowed ye'd be back Miles; I've often told Ja—that is, I've said many times 'at ye'd come back." Just then, Mary coughed and emerged from her hiding place. Miles chuckled with mischievous delight, and Jack gave a start of surprise. He turned from the smiling girl, to Miles, then again he turned to the advancing girl. His face lit up with a broad smile as he snatched off his hat and took Mary's hand in his huge fist. "Ma'am," said he, "there's no need to tell me who ye are, an' I'm right pleased to be able to welcome ye to this, your new home. Miles said in his letter that he believed there was good times to be had, and good things existin' in th' outland an' I guess he knowed what he was talkin' about."

"I'm more pleased than ye know," continued Jack, to greet such a woman as th' wife o' Miles Garner, an' you'll bring additional sunshine to this valley o' ourn."

The three then strode toward the cabin. Miles noticed on the way, that just at the end of the clump of pines there nestled another cabin. "Bin building some, eh Jack," he remarked. "Yes lad, I figured we was cramped some

BACK TO SUNSHINE VALLEY--Continued from page 62

afore." Another surprise awaited Miles for he observed that the little window of his old home was draped with a prettily decorated curtain. "Bin gettin' kin' o' pernikerty since I left ye," he remarked with a laugh. "Humm-m!" replied the older man, "kin o' figgered them decorations might make th' place a bit more like a real home." Miles failed to notice the smile playing about Jack's features.

As they reached the door, Jack flung it open, and to the great surprise of Mary and her husband, out stepped a pleasant-looking woman of middle age, who held out her hands in welcome.

"Welcome back to Sunshine Valley, Miles Garner, and a right welcome to you my dear girl." Saying this, the lady took Mary in her arms.

McPhee who had stood to one side now broke into a loud laugh. "Folks," he called, "meet Mrs. John McPhee, o' Sunshine Valley." Miles took one of Mrs. McPhee's hands, and with a smile at Mary, he said: "We'd hoped to surprise th' whole o' Sunshine Valley; but, ma'am, you an' Jack has beat us at our own game; but, its thankful I am to see ye, for I know that Mary'll be happy wi' ye roun', an' the two o' ye'll never git lonesome—here in this great Sunshine Valley."

RAILS AND THEIR MEN--Continued from page 10

The little woman smiled, then grew serious. "What is your mission? My retiring time is at hand."

"I—we, the boys—" he supplemented, "want you to take Casey back. His heart is broken."

"Then why doesn't he return and beg my forgiveness?"

"Whew!" ejaculated Bud lowly. And aloud: "He's afraid you won't grant him that. Would you write him, Mrs Nolan? I could deliver—"

"I am sorry, sir, but it is exceedingly late. Goodbye!"

Bud was walking, now, along bedimmed Main street toward the depot: toward defeat of his roused hopes. Foolish hopes.

"Exceedingly late!" he snorted.

"Why, it ain't nine o'clock. Gosh ding woman anyway, when they're proud and pretty, and—lovable. And ding bust such fools as Casey Nolan. Exceedingly late! Late! Humph! Little Bud's goin' to show 'em it's never late; not too late."

The last words of the song that broke from him were almost touchingly done:

"Is my little blooooo-eyed dove."

THREE days in advance Casey Nolan and Bud Fraley were informed that upon request they were to handle a Special on Christmas Eve. President Mitchel must of necessity preside at an impromptu meeting in Albany that afternoon. Immediately afterward, the Special was to rush him to his home in New York. And he had specified that Casey Nolan be the pilot.

"Don't he know we'd like a little Christmas, too," Bud stated to Casey.

"All foolishness," Casey growled. "Christmas ain't no different from any other time!"

"This one might be," Bud was grinning.

"Say, if you're goin' with me, 'tend your business."

Bud tended, presumably. But what a man does without, and thinks within . . .

At five-ten on the holiday Eve the president's special glided along the path systematically strewn on either side by almost numberless rails. Casey Nolan's hand was on the throttle; his eyes upon the rails. Which, as any man of the road knows, is totally wrong. The left eye must function upon gauges, and valves, and allow the right to attend to sentinel duty.

Now Bud Fraley, unusually restless yet glum, saw that and rejoiced, as he pulled for a continuance. For Bud's new scheme, and the time to spring it, was ripe, and the more distracted his partner was, the greater chance there was of success. "Gosh," ruminated Bud, "wonder how Mitchel will take it."

Straightened away at last, Casey obeyed instructions and drew the throttle back until the flying special with right of way fairly sizzled o'er strands of united steel. Night supplanted dusk with inky blackness. The stream of light preceding them appeared to say: "Don't bother us. We've got to make our schedule." The bright signals of safety stared always from the semaphores. The road was clear. Full speed ahead!

They raced on, even faster perhaps than the thoughts of the two men of guidance. Bud's heart was pounding. "Got to cut down on smokin'," he mumbled beneath his breath, as though that were to blame.

As for Casey, he was thinking of a little town he again was to pass through, a mere town with nothing more of intent than a shack, and a neat fence . . .

He struggled slightly, then visioned, though eyes did appear to be upon the rails, a little room decorated with holly and its red berries; red like tiny balls of fire! In the corner was a tree. How it shone! Its gaudy tinsel was not gaudy at all, in the dream. And over there . . . God, how he yearned to look! . . . was a wonderful wife and mother, admiring her finished work. He, Casey, was beside her, trying to tell how happy he was, trying to locate her waist.

Now she was walking to the stairway; listening. The lad who slept above would race down in the morning to thrill at the wondrous sight. The boy was a real Irishman: Casey's own. He was—Rodney.

"Hell!" Casey blurted this out and the picture went with it. The throttle stood for a little more!

To the nervous Bud it seemed that hurtling steel would rack itself to pieces. Supposing they left the track, upset his plans! He fussed about; eyed the town they were racing through.

Casey's remark broke the tensity. "Damn," he cried and rubbed his right eye.

"What?" Bud demanded.

"A cinder—the biggest in two states!" Casey mumbled, dabbing at the optic.

"That don't help matters any," Bud thought. "He's grouchy enough as it is."

After a time Casey resigned himself to the tantalizing misfortune. He sent his eyes . . . both of them . . . back upon . . .

Bud Fraley's increased vigor was outwardly of calm nature. He began to shovel rapidly, unassuming. He watched Casey; satisfied, he resumed efforts. He shovelled, shovelled, shovelled. He mused around with the poker; shovelled, and some more. Hand shot up to his water injector. The steam gauge began to move; backward, slowly at first, then gaining in receding movement.

Casey was seeing a Christmas tree; Casey, the man who didn't rely on luck. Yet even the best of us . . .

Just why the president's special began to slow near Glenwood could perhaps be explained most truthfully by Bud Fraley. And he, sweating hopefully, wouldn't bother with the information.

Utility Casey came back to life. He glared.

"You dub," he cried, "you've throwed in enough coal for ten engines. You've killed my power!"

The president's special was limping on this all-important run. Casey, the brainy, brought her to a standstill. Glenwood station loomed near, proof of excellent judgment on the part of . . .

"You ain't ever goin' to fire with me again," Casey glared. "You or me is done." Bud hung his head as Casey stepped to the ground.

The conductor and brakeman preceded the president by a mere minute. Casey, again the competent, issued orders to the brakeman. "Go back, and keep your eyes open. That farmer went to sleep, and in his dreams he shovelled too much—Say, one of us is done!"

The executive was chagrined. "What will we do?" he asked.

"Porter lives here. I might rout him out," Casey mumbled. But he motioned with tenacity toward Bud's outline, listening expectantly. "What are ya goin' to do with him?"

"He," said the big man expressively, "is discharged." For the moment anger ruled him.

Continued on page 67

Napoleon's Secret



The secret of Napoleon's power was his immense vitality. The same is true of most great men — they were successful because they were never tired.

"Tiredness" means that your food is failing to nourish nerves and muscle as it should. If you drink Bovril you are sure of being properly nourished. Your food starts to do you more good. It enables you to work better and with less fatigue.

Don't get tired—drink

BOVRIL

1-224

OUR MARCH FRONTISPIECE

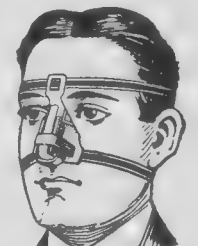
THROUGH the kindness of Drs. Garvin, Johnson, Warriner, Brown and Lang, the well known Winnipeg dentists, we are privileged this month in presenting to our readers a particularly attractive frontispiece. The four color reproduction is from the painting by the famous Italian artist, Zampighi. It portrays a scene of domestic felicity in the interior of that country and is particularly representative of the happy peasant home life. The delineation of age and youth and the sources from which both can derive their simple wholesouled pleasures are the special features of the picture, proving again the old adage that "Often in a Wooden House a Golden Room We Find".

While the special business of Dr. Garvin and his associates is to banish the aches and pains incidental to tooth trouble, they are also connoisseurs in art. A member of the firm has on many occasions visited the best European art centres, so that their offices present a wonderfully attractive and fascinating appearance. The fact that one has the privilege of studying the works of a great master while his molars are being extracted or remodelled, makes that ordeal a good deal less fearful.

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?

A NEW SCIENTIFIC PAINLESS METHOD OF CORRECTING ILL-SHAPED NOSES.

IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks". Therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare. Upon the impression you constantly make rests the future or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny?



(Above illustration represents my "Trade-Mark," and shows my first and oldest Nose Shaper. It is not a replica of my latest superior model No. 25.)

My newest greatly improved superior Nose Shaper, "TRADOS MODEL 25" British Patent, corrects all ill-shaped noses, without operation, you entire satisfaction and a perfectly shaped nose. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials on hand, and my fifteen years of studying and manufacturing. Nose Shapers are at your disposal, which guarantee corrects all ill-shaped noses, without operation, you entire satisfaction and a perfectly shaped nose. Write to-day for free booklet which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

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Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

Something to Learn The Four Winds

In winter when the wind I hear,
I know the clouds will disappear;
For 'tis the wind who sweeps the sky.
And piles the snow in ridges high.

In spring, when stirs the wind, I know
That soon the crocus buds will show;
For 'tis the wind who bids them wake
And into pretty blossoms break.

In summer when it softly blows,
Soon red I know will be the rose,
For 'tis the wind to her who speaks
And brings the blushes to her cheeks.

In Autumn when the wind is up,
I know the acorn's out of its cup;
For 'tis the wind who takes it out
And plants an oak somewhere about.

Prizes Won by Clever People

Well, the calendars for January were a great success, we got a lot of them, and they were nearly all good. I am going to tell you about some of them.

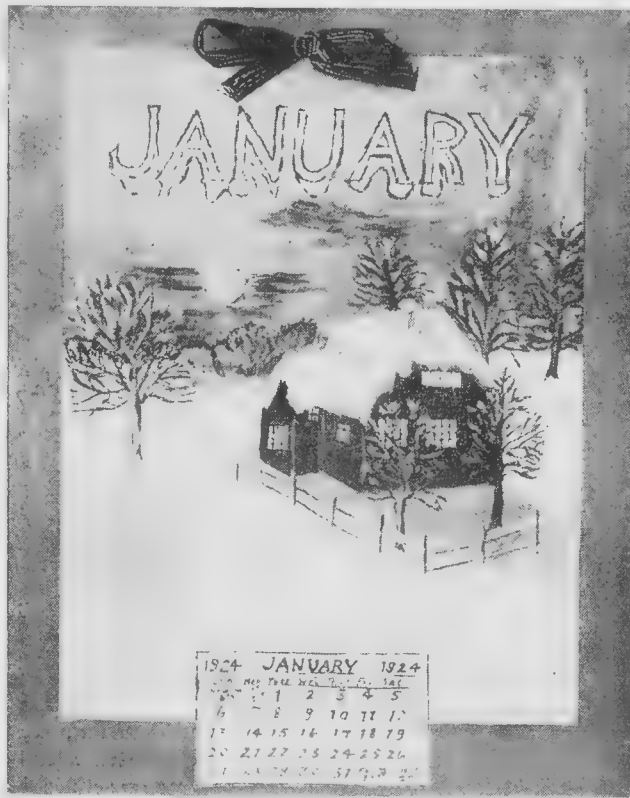
are, and here are the best stories, all of them, I am sure, you will enjoy and think very clever. Desert, dessert, ocean, dirigible, island, polar bear, Honolulu, dreaming, rudder, Toronto, palm trees, palaces, explorers, newspapers, bonfire, cabbages, motor, mosquitoes, Christmas, and Fairyland. The book prize would have been won by Margaret Craik of Wallenstein, Ont., only she unfortunately left out the word "rudder" so I am afraid she will only get a button, Bert Morrow of Seal, Alta., will win the book, while the second button will go to Orma Smith of Semans, Sask., whose story, however, is too long to print.

Seal, Alberta, Dec. 24th, 1923.

On the Desert

This desert was a small island and there were very seldom any ships seen on the ocean surrounding it. There were not many people on it, but they always celebrated Christmas.

It was very hot here and many palm trees grew and threw a very good shade.



The first prize calendar on the left was done by Dorothy Paynter, and is beautifully painted. The second prize goes to Sarah Goodman, who sent in the daintily crayoned calendar on the right.

The prize winning one was drawn and painted by Dorothy E. Paynter, of Beulah, Man., so you can see she lived up to her name, and is a painter. If the printers can do it we will put a picture of the calendar in for you, but that will not show the very pretty colors. I think Dorothy copied her picture, but it is very well copied. The second prize is a very neat calendar done in crayons by Sarah Goodman of Libau, Man. Sarah has made the whole year's calendar pad herself, putting in all the tiny figures beautifully. I wish I could show you just how neat and nice they are. J. N. Bryden of Mannville, Alta., aged nine years, has sent us such an original calendar, so well done for his age, that we are going to give him a button too, so this month we have three prize winners. I am going to give honorable mention to Clifford Jones of Donald, Alta., and Clarence De Long of Prongua, Sask., for a very brave attempt to use water colors on hard paper, and there were two other calendars without names that were very good attempts indeed, and we feel proud of our young artists in the Cosy Corner. Now that clears up the January competition, but here's one from December, that story that was to contain all the queer jumble of words. Do you remember what they were? Well here they

Dates were the main food of the people and goat's milk their dessert.

They never saw a motor car nor ever tasted cabbages. There were many mosquitoes but they had never heard of a polar bear. There were no cities like Toronto or Honolulu, but there was one little village, so of course, there were no large palaces.

The people got newspapers every month by a ship and they had a bonfire at the end of the year to burn up the old papers and other things that were of no use. The children were always dreaming of fairyland and Santa Claus.

One day some explorers came in a boat and the rudder was partly broken by a wave. When the men got on shore they looked around the island and made a new rudder and then went away.

One other day a dirigible balloon flew over and all the people were filled with wonder.

Bert Morrow (age 12).

Wallenstein, Ont., R. R. 2 Dec 26 1923.

When I lived in Toronto I used to like it very much when around Christmas time a gentleman would come to show pictures on different countries.

One Saturday afternoon he put on a special show for the children alone. He started by showing us the big ships

sailing across the ocean. When we arrived in England one of the first things we saw was a big dirigible going up. He took us to the King's palaces then to the zoo gardens to see the polar bear and other animals.

After showing us all the principal places in England, he took us to Scotland where we saw a motor race going on, on the hills between an American and a Scotch gentleman. The American won with his Ford, so the Scotch, to be sports made a big bonfire and had a big time in honor of the American. He took us all over Europe and all over Egypt to show us the wonderful desert of that country.

He also took us to China and Japan and he told us about the funny dessert they gave him in those places.

Then we paid a visit to the island of Honolulu and saw the palm trees and all the other interesting things of the island. He also told us about other islands the explorers had not visited yet, and to finish up the show, he showed us pictures of different gardens where some had lovely flowers in them and others had cabbages and other vegetables, and pictures where cattle were lying dreaming under the shady trees.

Some of these beautiful places we thought were regular fairylands where the mosquitoes would never bother you in summer. We could see these pictures



by cutting out a coupon out of the newspaper and send six cents.

Margaret Craik.

Something to do for April

Our competition this month will be a hard one for some of you, but easy for others. We want a spring poem and it must be all your own work and your own ideas of spring. It mustn't be more than thirty lines long and there will be a prize of a book of poems for the best poem, so do your best and have them all in to the editor's office by the first of April and this is no April fool joke either!

Something to Play

Beast, Bird, or Fish—The children sit in a circle. One throws a knotted handkerchief at another exclaiming, "Beast!" "Bird!" or "Fish!" and then counts ten. Before ten is counted the other must name a beast or bird or fish, being sure to mention one of the right class and not repeat what has been mentioned before. The first one who fails pays a forfeit.

Birds Fly—The leader cries—"..... fly!" naming any bird or animal, and at the same time holding up his hands. The others hold up their hands only in case a flying bird is mentioned. Whoever misses it is out.

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Get rid of Rats

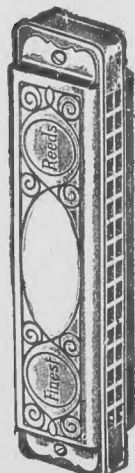
WHY be annoyed with rats and mice
when you can clear them out quickly
and cheaply with Rough on Rats? Mix
it with some different food each night
and you'll get them all. At all drug
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INTO EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY—

Continued from page 50

floors and loose rugs, of vacuum cleaners
and first rate polishes and wood-finishes,
and the score of other helps that are
offered the modern housekeeper. The
most backward of our number, have
managed some of the easier methods.

The procedure I have blocked out
when I come to clean a room, is the net
result of various experiments.

1. Lift rugs and clean them or send
them away to be cleaned.

2. Undress the windows; draw down
the blinds before lifting from their
brackets, lay them on the floor and dust
first one side then the other; roll them
up, being careful to keep them straight
and tight or the spring will not work.
Put cleaned blinds away.

3. Take down and dust pictures, wash-
ing off the glass with a cloth tightly
wrung out of soft water. Cover and
put aside.

4. Remove and dust books, wipe off
shelves, replace books and cover well.

5. Wash or brush off ornaments.

6. Remove slip covers from furniture;
go over the upholstered furniture with
the vacuum cleaner or strong whisk,
and rub over with gasoline if soiled.
Remove from the room or cover closely.

7. Dust ceiling, moulding and walls.
The vacuum cleaner will do this per-
fectly. If you haven't got one, do not
rub with a cloth. This rubs the soil
into the wall papers, causing a greasy
smear. Dust off lightly.

8. Wash woodwork with warm water

to which has been added a little wash-
ing soda (a teaspoonful to a gallon.)
For light paint, a mild soap may be
used. A little whiting, mixed to a
paste with water, is effective, and there
are very good paint cleaners on the
market.

9. Clean floors, wash plain or painted
floors with warm water, a little soda
and a mild soap. A new coat of paint
may be indicated. (We shall go quite
fully into the question of paint-pot
magic next month.)

Clean spots off hardwood floors with
turpentine, benzine or one of the
cleaners prepared for the purpose by
floor specialists. Wax and polish.

10. Wash furniture, using a fresh soft
cloth wrung out of a bowl of hot water
with a generous pinch of washing soda
in it. Polish with your favourite
preparation—using always a fresh, un-
smear and soft cloth. An old bit of
pongee silk or a piece of chamois leather,
is excellent to rub up the furniture.

The Enjoyable Part

SUDDENLY, the cleaning is done. It
is a joy to replace dusted window
blinds, hang crisp curtains, put fresh
and shining furniture in place, re-hang
pictures (perhaps re-arranging them
and the furniture, too, to give a new
interest to the room.)

This brings a sweet moment of ap-
preciation and enjoyment. It is worth
all the effort it has required.

RADIO NOTES—Continued from page 54

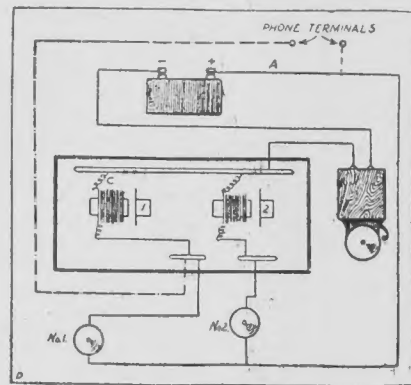
proved, providing that signals are fairly
loud and the bell wiring in good con-
dition, though an extra stage of L.F.
amplification would, in certain cases,
make a big difference.

For simplicity a two-way indicator
will be taken. From one of the phone
terminals of the set a wire is taken to
A, the feed wire for the pushes. (If
the bell battery is the Leclanche type
and properly connected, this should be
the wire from the porous pot.) From
the other phone terminal a wire is taken
to the magnet-wire of the pendulum
indicating the room in which it is required
to use the phones, in this case No. 1
pendulum. Be sure that the connection
is made on the correct side of the mag-
net coil, as shown in the diagram.

It will be found necessary to discon-
nect the magnet wire at C from the
common return for the magnet coils, as
interference would be caused by closing
the circuit of No. 1 room, and if the

current were strong enough, would re-
sult in ringing the bell.

All that is now required is to connect
the phone tags to the push terminals in
No. 1 room, after having tuned in and
found everything O.K. at the phone ter-
minals of the apparatus.



CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Continued from page 64

Something Received by the Editor
Letters from Bruno and Arwid Linden-
berg of Rapid City

Arwid tells of his pets, a dog and three
cats. The dog Fido, is very playful,
and is fond of all outdoor sports,
especially shooting. Arwid is in grade
five and has three quarters of a mile
to walk to school. He closes with a
riddle.

What letter means death to a turkey?
"A" because it changes roosting to
roasting.

Bruno tells us how much he enjoys
the C. C. C. He rides horseback and is
learning music from his brother who
takes lessons on the organ. The boys
milk four cows every morning.

I am sorry boys that I cannot send you
a button, but these at present are given
only as prizes for competitions, so you
must try one the next time.

Dear Bobby Burke:

May I join your Cosy Corner? We
have taken the W. H. M. for some time
but this is my first letter. I am twelve
years old and live on a farm. I am
sending some riddles.

1. Why doesn't the man in the moon
ever get rich?

He only has four quarters a month
and he spends them all getting full.

2. If you were a tiny child what land
would you like?

Lapland.

I would like to have correspondence
with any girl or boy my own age.

Helen Patterson, Grey's Mills, King's
Co., New Brunswick.

(Let me tell you something interest-
ing, both Helen and Alice got pretty
blue letter paper for Christmas with
scalloped edges. I wonder if they know
each other?)

It's a big jump from New Brunswick
to Alberta, but here is a letter from
Angelo Sasso at Exshaw, Alta.

This is my first letter. I am send-
ing some riddles, puzzles and jokes for
the C. C. C. I would like to be a mem-
ber and see this letter in print and have
some new correspondents. I am in grade
VII.

What's the difference between a fisher-
man and a lazy school boy. One baits
his hooks, and the other hates his books.

A boat springs a leak 105 miles from
shore. It starts for shore and makes
10 miles the first hour. It becomes
water logged and its speed decreases
10 per cent. from its original rate each
hour. How long before it will reach
shore. Never—it will sink five miles out.

City Chap—Which is correct to speak
of a sitting hen or a setting hen?

Farmer—Don't know and don't care.
What I'd like to know is when a hen
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Turning to Bancroft, the detective said, "It was a late hour for you to be leaving the office?" (His manner now was very much minus servility). "Can you state why you returned to the office on the night of an important social event at which you were a guest?"

"I thought of some work I could finish. I accomplished it and went home."

"What caused you to think of unfinished work?"

"I do not see that my coming into the office and finishing work has anything to do with the case you have in hand."

"Do you not? Then I will not question you further." And the detective left the office well satisfied; he felt he had hooked his victim.

Brentford had never before gone through such a rapid sequence of important events; the visit of the Prince, the grand ball, the engagement of Mayor Offiler's daughter to Frank Doxey who now appeared a wealthy man. The town was agog! Then the huge theft—truly the townspeople could not grumble at stagnation of events. The theft, though, for the time being had taken a place in the rear of the minds of Brentford's population. They were swayed now into anticipation of local festivities once again. The marriage of Mildred Doxey took place. The Mayor was not a man to do things by halves; local rejoicings again held sway.

Very beautiful did Mildred look in her shimmering gown of white satin, trimmed with rare and costly lace. Her golden hair gleamed through the veil of Brussels net. "She looks like an angel," thought John Bancroft, who had performed the office of Best Man to the Bridegroom. He stooped and kissed her white fingers softly as they left en route for London on their honeymoon, which was to be spent in Southern France. He wished her happiness.

A DISTRESSED attitude; the people were gathered together in knots; sad-faced women and deeply concerned men talked in low tones and shook their heads. "Circumstantial evidence." "Yes, but it's hung many a one," said Joe Barnes. "On bail is he?" "Yes, Mayor Offiler is bond for £1,000." "God help him." "I'm sure he is innocent." "Aye, aye," murmured Jim Bates, "I'd back my last penny on John Bancroft," and a suspicious moisture dimmed the vision of Jim's eye. This time the turn of events was holding the people of Brentford aghast.

John Bancroft arrested! and the lawyer could not get him to talk; he seemed determined to be his own hangman as it were.

Tomorrow Frank and Mildred Doxey returned and John Bancroft's trial commenced at 2 p.m.

THE warm September sun filtered through the dusty window panes; shone on the grimy walls of the old court room, and seemed to emphasize the mustiness of the atmosphere and the tenseness of human suffering.

The Counsel for the prosecution rose and addressed the Judge—a worthy citizen and one who had admired the integrity of John Bancroft.

"The prisoner at the bar stands condemned, your worship. On the night of the ball, where he was an honoured guest, he left early—very early—and entered the offices of Dobson & Wright. Your worship, the excuse and explanation of the prisoner at the bar is very unsatisfactory. It is very inadequate. He was seen leaving, by the janitor, about midnight, who admits under cross-examination that he was impressed by the prisoner's agitated manner. His rooms have been searched, and a key which the firm never allows out of the office is found in his desk. Your Worship, the prisoner refuses to state how that key came to be in his possession. Your Worship, his refusal to recognize such an important clue, his contemptuous gesture when pressed, condemns him. The sum of £250,000 is missing and cannot be found. Evidence and the whereabouts of the prisoner on the night

A Strong Man's Love

Continued from page 7

of the ball are sufficient in justifying my firm opinion that the prisoner is guilty of the theft."

The Counsel for the prosecution sat down and wiped his brow. The prisoner had refused all help. He declined all the Mayor's offers of learned counsel and legal advice.

The jury filed out. The tense atmosphere of suppressed human feeling found vent in a woman's cough. The jury returned. The judge rose and addressed the jury. "Gentlemen of the jury, do you find the prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, my lord," answered the foreman.

"Prisoner," the Judge's voice was husky, "you have been found guilty of the theft of a large sum of money. The firm placed implicit trust in you. Such an act demands that I give you a heavy sentence. I sentence you to fifteen years imprisonment in the First Offender's Act."

daughter, was as much to him as Mildred, her mother, had been to Mayor Offiler.

Years sped by. Joyce was now a charming child of ten summers. She was going to a fashionable boarding school in Southern France. Doxey insisted that to acquire a French accent perfectly a pupil must live among the people, must breathe the same atmosphere. To be near her Doxey had bought a lovely, almost gorgeous mansion in a select and beautiful part of France. His thought in the purchase had been on Mildred's account as well as Joyce's. He felt disturbed, deeply, at Mildred's health. She seemed to be wilting as a flower, exquisite in colouring and tender growth, wilts in the hot sun. He hoped much from their stay in Southern France.

But no matter what he planned, Mildred seemed gradually to sink. They were seated near a beautiful marble column, which gleamed white where the

Number 19, or John Bancroft entered his cell. His good conduct had earned him the privilege of being allowed the daily papers to read. Brentford news he was well posted in. Doxey's rise to the Mayoral office caused him to smile a strong, sad smile.

He entered the governor's room and a bitter intense longing for liberty gripped his soul. Ever and anon his eyes wandered over the wind-swept moors. He thought of Mildred; he resumed his work once more:—"For Mildred's sake."

The magnificent home of the Doxeyes in Southern France bore an air of sadness; Mildred had become much weaker. She begged to be taken home "to die."

It was September, mellow and soft in yellowing tones; even Dartmoor bore a less harsh appearance in the late afternoon's sunshine. Evening shadows lengthened, and Number 19 raised his head to look in astonishment into the Governor's face. "Bancroft," said he, "I've always thought you innocent. Here is your release, signed by the Home Secretary. You are a free man tomorrow."

The walls of the room receded, the Governor's kind face seemed in a mist, which gradually revealed an angel's face to John's confused mind and dimmed vision; she seemed to be surrounded with gauzy material; she stooped and kissed him, saying, "God bless you John: I know all."

"Coming to, Bancroft? I ought to have broken the news more gently. Take my arm, man. You are my guest tonight."

BRENTFORD oncemore. Again the town was in thrall to events, but this time, sad. A large funeral cortege slowly wended its way towards the cemetery. The beautiful body of Mildred Doxey was consigned to earth. Exquisite wreaths, a harp with a broken string, fashioned in costly flowers, a cross of pure white lilies came in for curious attention, for inscribed on a plain white card were just these words, "For Mildred's sake," and a tall, bent man, grey-haired, with a strong sad face, lingered after the mourners had retired.

Judge Slawson, the Rev. R. Rowland and Mayor Doxey were seated in the well-appointed library. The Rev. Rowland was congratulating the Mayor on his philanthropic spirit. He was saying, "The old people in the 'Mildred Almshouses' sing your praises loudly Mayor: the sick in the Mildred Wing call down blessings on your head."

Frank Doxey smiled sadly: "Be seated, Rector," he said, and continued, "You are here tonight, along with Judge Slawson, to listen to and witness my confession. I am of all sinners the most contemptible. I have allowed a man to suffer long years of imprisonment in my stead. Eleven years ago I stole, so that I might win for my wife the beautiful woman you have known, and who is now dead. Sign this please. I take John Bancroft's place tomorrow."

A silence, painful and terrible to the rector and the Judge; and then the heavy curtain of velvet was thrust aside and Joyce Doxey stepped forth sobbing bitterly. The door opened softly—Bancroft stepped in unannounced.

Doxey started on seeing Bancroft. He said in broken accents, "John, here is my confession. I stand before you a self-confessed thief." His head sank on his chest.

"Daddy," moaned Joyce, "How you must have suffered these long, long, years! And you," turning to Bancroft, "you must have loved my mother like God loves us."

"Child," said sad-faced John, "I suffered imprisonment to keep from your mother the knowledge of your father's guilt." (Frank's head sank lower) "Your father stole to give your mother the good things of this world."

Joyce took his gnarled hands in hers, kissed them, and tears like an angel's pity, fell upon them.

John Bancroft raised her face, kissed her brow, and murmured, "For Mildred's sake," and he passed out into the night.

"O God," murmured the rector, as if in benediction, "we thank Thee that thou hast permitted us to see the beauty of a strong man's lofty soul: the essence of life called Love."

March

MARCH is depicted as a man of ruddy countenance with a basket of seeds on his arm and a spade in his hand, preparatory to breaking up the earth for Spring.

Who is this, his flag unfurling,
From his throne the Ice King hurling,
Winds a riot, maddening, whirling?
This is March.

Winter's power is slowly breaking,
Earth, newborn, is now awaking,
Spring the sceptre is re-taking,
For 'tis March.

In their cosy beds—tho' sleeping,
Flowers are turning, restless, peeping,
Tiny tendrils upward creeping,
Knowing March.

What tho' winds are wildly blowing
Spring is near, the snow is going,
March is here, I'm knowing, knowing,
Bondage breaking, freedom loving
March.

—Irene Armstrong.

A rasping breath was heard. It came from many throats.

John Bancroft's eyes, sad and mournful, held the gaze of a man at the back of the court. That man threw up his hands; he fell in a faint; he was carried out with respect; his car was waiting; he was driven home.

Bancroft bowed his head and his white lips murmured, "For Mildred's sake."

And in his library, his shaking hands mixing a strong liquor, Frank Doxey murmured also, "For Mildred's sake. O John, my friend, my friend!"

A nine day's wonder and talk and Brentford settled down into busy activity once more. Mayor Offiler died suddenly, and Frank Doxey was elected Mayor. Wealth multiplied rapidly—money made money. Mildred had everything the heart of woman could desire. A beautiful baby girl added to the charm of the Doxey establishment. Care and lavish expenditure were showered on the child, she was the apple of her parents' eye. Doxey was partner now in the firm of Dobson & Wright. He was highly respected, and Joyce, his

flowering creeper had not succeeded in covering it. Her frame, sadly thinning, was often shaken by that dread cough. Clever physicians, medical experts, skilful nursing, were all in vain; the malady was incurable. She leaned heavily on her husband's arm, but brightened visibly at the approach of Joyce. She had pleaded for Joyce to be at home with her, and Frank Doxey obeyed her slightest whim and request. A tutor was engaged for Joyce, and just now they made a charming family group.

Months went slowly and languorously by to Mildred in sunny France, but away on Dartmoor's bleak moors a man in his cell aged quickly; his stalwart form was slightly bent; he did not talk with the other prisoners even when chance permitted. His hands were gnarled, his nails worn and roughened. Number 19 gave no trouble to warders; in fact very often he assisted the governor with clerical work. The warden approached him. "Number 19, you are wanted at the Governor's office." The governor reported frequently on his good conduct.

RAILS AND THEIR MEN

Continued from page 63

"Yes, sir," said Bud. "I'm sorry."

Casey hustled away to call a taxi. Bud hadn't figured on Porter, hadn't planned anything concrete in fact. Only that he was somehow going to accomplish his purpose. Now, Casey's move made things easier, and

Bud trailed Casey closely. When the auto came Bud climbed unceremoniously upon the seat beside the driver. "Where to?" Bud called back to Casey.

"None of your business!"

"Where to?" Bud repeated. Casey spat forth Porter's address. Bud whispered to the driver. They started. Then Bud whispered some more. His talk, backed by argument and mention of veritable wealth, grew impressive apparently. Besides, the driver knew something of Casey Nolan.

When they halted they were in front of Mrs. Casey Nolan's bungalow. Casey peered out, at the neat fence. "Say, this ain't—" He didn't finish.

A lighted window was prominent, though the curtain was drawn. What was on the other side? Was she . . . ?

As Casey got unsteadily from the vehicle, Bud and the driver eased backward into the gloom. That undefinable something in the breasts of strong men that persuades them to disobey cold calculation had swung the responsibility from their shoulders. Bud's taut muscles, all nerved for brisk action had it proved necessary, relaxed.

Casey was stumbling toward the bungalow. His footsteps sounded grotesque upon the walk. He reached the upper step, shuffled to the door, hesitated with hand upon the knob, even as a child might half-heartedly pretend to not want offered candy. Then he choked; thrust a hand to the pulsating lump just above his stiff blue collar; and turned the knob. The door was open! Casey was easing through the aperture. Bud Fraley leaned weakly against a fender of the waiting auto. The idea of perspiring on Christmas Eve!

Inside, Casey saw in a corner . . . just the one he had visioned . . . a tree. The tinsel upon it was gaudy—no, it wasn't—there was a woman, but he wasn't going to relax his pride because of this crude stunt. He had been weak to come this far. Stalling the president's special merely to

"Casey—boy!" Why, that tone would whip the fervently-made determination of an Irish regiment. Casey closed the door behind him.

Would you care to gaze upon President Mitchel and his conductor for half an hour? Eh, what? The little room? That would disturb the needed privacy. When a man hasn't seen

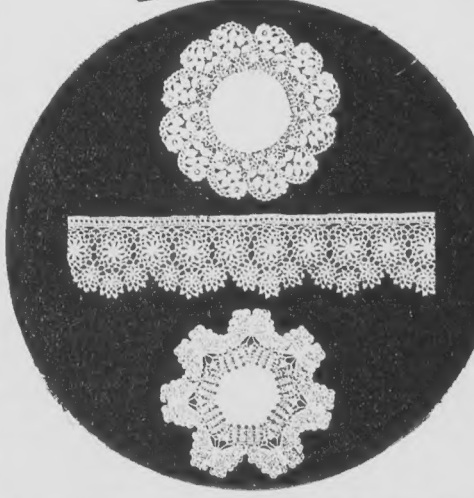
Casey Nolan was back in his cab. But his face was grinning, eager to make his run, to get home again. Home! She, and Rodney. Wasn't that a wonderful name for a youngster? So much more—well, refined—than Michael. He looked over at Porter, striving capably to restore that smouldering heap to proper status. Porter was a good fellow, a darn good fellow, but—what was it? Hell, why couldn't he find out what was wrong with Porter? Nothing—absolutely nothing. There was too! Porter wasn't—that was it—he wasn't Bud. Good old Bud! Bud, who sang of shacks and waiting girls.

"I want Bud!" Casey whirled to look down at President Mitchel. It was an order, faintly disguised as a request, issued as freely and confidently as though he, Casey Nolan, was the chief executive.

The latter was a big man; that's why the directors chose him. Into his heart came a sweeping touch of the Yuletide spirit. He started putting two and two together. Fraley, one of the most capable men they had, pulled a boner. But he took his medicine with a satisfaction that aroused suspicion. And Casey, back on the job, grinning as of old. This was Glenwood—Casey's home was—

Mitchel looked sharply at his engineer. He knew men; knew they erred, sometimes wandered from each other, and he rejoiced when they straggled back. "Better get him," he laughed abruptly at Casey.

"Better get him!" Casey caught up the laughing spirit too; and was amazed to find it changing without permission to something radically different. Tears! Bah! The second time to-night. The others were warranted—love for a



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| Insertions | Edgings |
| Floral Pattern Insertion | Lace Point Pattern |
| Thistle Insertion | Cypress Edging |
| The Pict Insertion | Baby Lace |
| Fairy Insertion | Leaf Edging |
| Doilies | Marguerite Lace |
| Solder Web | Bridge Edging |
| Sunflower | Flower Edging |
| The Ailes | Clover Leaf |
| Ring | Rosettes |
| Square Doily in | Naples Edgings |
| Filet Crochet | The Wheel and Sham- |
| The Starfish | rock Edging |
| Hexagon Doily in | The Pilgrim Pattern |
| Filet Crochet | The Pinner Lace |
| The Presto | Cornflower Edging |
| The Roman | Spotted Edging |
| The Anemone Design | Thistle Lace |
| The Daisy Design | Borders and Corners |
| The Pearl Doily | Star Border |
| The Star Fish Doily | Snowflake Corner |
| The Seaweed Doily | The Silkeberg |
| The Lucia Doily | Clyre Border and |
| The Rose Spray Doily | Corner |
| Yokes | The Elms' Corner and |
| Every Blouse Yoke | Border |
| The Oliva Nightdress | Dutchess Corner and |
| Yoke | Border |
| The Karina Camisole | Goose Girl Lace and |
| Yoke | Corner |
| The Malvern Yoke | The Strathmore Border |
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| Yoke | Clover Lace and Corner |
| The Floral Pattern | The Everest Border |
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| Yoke | The Grapevine Corner |
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woman—but these . . . why, Bud was an old hard-shelled man with grimy overalls These tears were terribly big salty

Casey turned his back and stroked his cheek with the back of his grimy right hand. He looked at the wet smear on the hairy surface; stared hard. And then he blinked.

"What do ya think of that?" he asked of nobody in particular. "The biggest cinder in two states!" Then he leaped away to find Bud Fraley.

THE ROMANCE OF "MANY BEARS"

Continued from page 13

the mission far up the lake and inland. The Padre's canoe was drawn up on the shore, the padre himself having no surplice with him was marrying the pair dressed as he was in corduroys and knee boots, and the Indian couple stood before him with bare bent heads. There among the dark green cedars against the blue lake they made a striking picture. It

was a solemn and entirely satisfactory moment for all concerned.

When the ceremony was concluded "Many Bears," who was no piker, gave the padre a fee. It was a handsome fee, in the form of a string of fish, freshly-caught, glistening beauties they were and the padre accepted them gratefully. Smilingly he replaced his sheepskin cap and then pushed off. From the top of a jackpine "Many Bears" deftly retrieved the purple handkerchief with which they had signalled the padre and "Silver Cloud" tied it about her dusky head. The happy couple left immediately for points north, on foot. The groom led the way five paces ahead carrying his gun and the bride followed with the tent, the fish-poles, the baskets and a stone jar of something tied up in a gay cotton quilt.

Unnecessarw Preparation

"Jimmy," called the mother of the youth, "be sure to come in at four o'clock and get your bath before you go over to Jones's for supper!"

"But, mamma, I don't need any bath for that," protested Jimmy. "They said it was a-goin' to be very informal."

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ant grin this time. "Not much, old son," he answered. "I got a pal way down at Cobalt would give me a hundred and fifty for that dog. He's mine, and I ain't selling under."

A hundred and fifty! Tom was helpless. He did not possess a hundred and fifty in all the world. He possessed little, beyond his cabin and his cooking utensils and his claim, and his claim wasn't worth anything, anyway. There never was any gold on it, and never would be. Tom knew this in the innermost recesses of his mind, had known it a year past, yet he was still going on steadily with the assessment work, telling himself with every load of dump he shovelled out that he was just on the point of striking the pay streak.

And now, even now, as Rag's purchaser turned triumphantly on his heels, the words came to Tom's mind—"there ain't going to be no pay streak." The knowledge came too that he was just wearing out his life, among the blackflies and mosquitos, as thousands of others were wearying out their lives in this infernal north country, waiting for something to turn up, lured on by the success of just a few; knowing that, in the manly order of things, he was but a derelict on the infinite seas of adventure.

It had not seemed to matter much whether or not the dump contained any yellow grains when each morning he had to search for his slippers under the snow; when each mid-day the task of rubbing fat on the purp's nose had been his lot; when each evening, if there was nothing else to be done, time could be well spent repairing the aforesaid slippers. Even the slippers were gone, and Tom shuffled about without them, with the result that one of his immense feet became frost-bitten, and he went lame. Having so much time on his hands he neglected the bite, and it became worse, till one of the men from Camp No. 7, happening along one evening, advised him to take care of himself or he might lose a foot. Thereupon Tom advised the man to look after his own feet, and not go nosing about what did not concern him.

"Old Tom's terrible terse," remarked his adviser at Camp No. 7, that night.

"Expect he misses his purp," observed another.

"He's getting an old man, anyway," put in a third, while yet a fourth grunted something about one-man loneliness and "this soul-freezing north." "A man ain't any right to live alone without a dorg," he added.

"Not when he's once had a dorg," supplemented the second speaker.

So old Tom began to go down hill a little, but though he missed his dog, he did not realize that it was owing to the loss of that frivolous young animal that the fates seemed to be taking a turn against him.

MEANTIME little Rag had been conveyed on a loose-wheeled buggy over forty miles of unspeakable forest trail which fairly jolted his teeth loose, then over fifty miles of rickety railway metals to Cross Creeks, a prisoner throughout the trip in a close wooden box. When at length he gained his liberty, he too had changed a little. He seemed no longer a silly pup, but a grown dog. He growled in a most terrible and fear-inspiring manner at his purchaser; he refused to eat or drink, and all he knew was that he wanted old Tom very badly. So, when that evening—a dull winter evening—the man from the lumber camp took Rag for an airing, Rag, as soon as his nose was through the door, set off in a bee-line for—somewhere, anywhere. At all events, he was not going back to the man from whom he had escaped.

This much was in Rag's mind—he would go back to Tom. How he was to achieve that feat he did not know, but, like Micawber, he was quite confident something would turn up. And, as he fled down the main avenue of Cross Creeks, with its pretentious, hollow shop fronts, each pretending, by dint of waste boarding, to be larger than it was—as he collided with tree after tree in the hard-trodden, glassy snow, just as he had collided with old Tom's stove, he heard a sound which suggested a solution—the clank-clank of the bell on a locomotive just about to start. So he headed for

the railway depot, and arrived just as the train began to move. The nigger porter on a first class Pullman helped him in, thinking he belonged to one of the jostling passengers, and Rag crawled under a seat occupied by some children. The train had brought him here, so the train could jolly well take him back!

But, alas, it was bound for a point five hundred miles further than ever from old Tom's cabin, though of course Rag did not know this. On the whole he spent a very desirable evening, for the children were glad of his company, and he slept the night curled up in the arms of a twelve-year-old boy, on the warmest, softest bed he had ever known.

Bright and early next morning the train stopped at a little bush camp, and hearing another dog barking Rag got out to inquire into the matter. So the train went without him, but it did not matter much. Old Tom could wait. He would manage somehow. Rag went off with the other dog, quite a decent chap, though he belonged to the Indians, who had many dogs. Next morning the tribe moved on, and Rag, curled up on a folded wigwam in the waist of a birchbark canoe, propelled by an old squaw who smoked a clay pipe, went with them.

He was with them nearly a fortnight, and obtained a great deal of useful information in the savage art of taking care of himself. Then it occurred to him that it was time to take the train home, but, alas, the train was many miles away! So Rag wandered for days in the bush, living chiefly on frogs and snakes, and other things which looked bad but tasted a good deal worse. At length, footsore and lean, he fell in with a couple of fire-scourged, fly-bitten rangers, and gave them such a greeting that they felt compelled to take him aboard their canoe. They were making for the railhead, and to the railhead they took Rag, where they hailed the train and all three scrambled aboard a timber truck, dragging their canoe after them.

At the place where the train stopped, after a whole day of jolting and rain, there was no other train to take them on, but next thing to it, a river steamer with stern paddle wheel. So Rag, having sheltered the day under one of the ranger's tattered jackets, climbed aboard the steamer, where no one would own him because no one wanted to pay his fare. But he shared the boilerman's supper and slept in the boiler room from Kootenay landing to Nelson.

So Rag travelled a thousand miles by craft of every kind, found himself in Vancouver, thence back to Nelson and Kootenay, never without a man friend, for he was a winning little dog, yet he searched the while for one friend. His nautical career terminated by a raft going to bits when he was crossing the Red River with a gang of Italian laborers. Most of the laborers tried to swim upstream and were drowned, but that was their affair. Rag swam downstream, a matter of two miles or more, then climbed ashore, and, sick of the water (indeed, he was sick of it several times), he took the first train for Medicine Hat, lived a day or two in ranch country, then climbed aboard another train.

Curled up under a seat, he thought about old Tom, who, no doubt, was making an unholy mess of things during his absence. Well, he was going home, though it took a long time to get there, and he would be glad to see old Tom again. He did not know that the locomotive ahead was labelled Athabasca.

As luck would have it, the train took him back to Cross Creeks, and recognizing the place from the step, Rag dodged the boot of the inspector and got back

in. That was the luckiest chance so far, for the train took him another thirty miles nearer home, where he got out of his own accord because he was hungry, and went and made eyes at the attendant in the refreshment room. Half a chicken and a saucer of cold tea set him right, and as the train had gone he started to walk the remaining distance home, for he knew, in the mysterious way that dogs do know such things, that home and Tom were very near now.

It was now that the first real hardships befell little Rag, for he left the railway lines and so lost himself. He had come to know most of the wild folk—Milord the skunk, the white-tailed deer, the squirrels and the chipmunks which were too quick for him, for he had learnt much while with the Indians, but there was one he did not know—Unkwa, the porcupine.

So, that first night in the woods, with the great yellow moon overhead and just a flicker of aurora lights drawn out in a crescent northwards, Rag wondered at the strange sniffing and grunting in the thicket ahead, and stealing up he saw the beast, which became motionless at the sound of his footfall. He waited and stared, then he stole forward again, just to sniff the inanimate mass, but, as he did so, the porcupine whisked its tail, and filled his muzzle with barb-pointed spines.

He backed away, snarling and gnashing. The terrier in his veins bade him go right in and obtain his vengeance, but the wild dog, awakened by the woods, bade him steal away and leave this beast which the wise do not touch. So he stole away, but during the days which followed he hid, for the most part, under a windfall, going down to the crystal stream every now and then to drink. Most of the quills worked through into his mouth, and he got rid of them, but there was one which worked upward into his nasal passage, so that he could not breathe naturally, and this one caused him agonies.

So to Rag there came the knowledge that unless he bestirred himself he was doomed, for he was sinking. More than ever he wanted Tom, that god supreme in a world of gods, for only Tom could save him the burning, gnawing fret of that barbed needle of agony. So he pressed on, and to him now came an understanding which he never arrived at when he lived with the Indian dogs—that he was one singled out among the kindred of the woods, because he belonged rightly to man's threshold. How they know, no man can say. They just know, and in his enfeebled state even the squirrels and chipmunks churred at him, and once a lank, lean fox followed at his heels, snarling and hissing, till he turned and closed with the fox, and they fought for hours. At sunset—such a sunset—which stained the forest blue then crimson, while overhead the rampant dye of heaven ran riot among the tamaracs, they lay face to face and panted, till the fox shifted his gaze, then stole off, neither any the better though they were both a good deal the worse for the conflict.

SO the day came when Rag, dragging one limb after another, panting, resting, dragging on, heard the sound of a heavy footfall coming towards him down a baseline clearing just through the thicket ahead. How long he had been in the woods he did not know. A magnet had been drawing him on, though he had lost all sense of direction; somewhere in the back of his brain there lurked a little compass, the needle of which was set towards his all-consuming desire. So now he ploughed through the thicket, and saw what neither he nor any living soul had ever seen before—old Tom running, yes, running!

For that day Tom had awakened to the knowledge that if he did not bestir himself he would run out of firewood, so he took his axe and hobbled up the clearing. As he came to the crest of a mound he saw a big bear standing in the centre of the trail just ahead.

Tom took no notice of the bear, for often he had seen more bears in one day than he would care to count, but as the animal did not move he said in a gruff monotone—"Well, ol' son, either you or me is got to git, and I guess it ain't me."

But there Tom made a big mistake, for this bear was one in ten thousand. Probably it did not know what he was, but anyway it dropped to its forepaws and uttered two short coughs which meant—"I'm coming!" And Tom realized in that fraction of a second that if he did not get out of the way he was likely to have his head knocked clean off his shoulders.

Tom had never been a sprinter, but now, one foot crippled and swathed in immense bandages, hope died when over his shoulder he saw the bear following. The cabin was two hundred yards away over rough ground. He could never make it at his present speed, which was all he could muster. He felt the bear drawing nearer, nearer, and catching a glimpse of his cabin through the trees he awakened all at once to the realization that the place was very dear to him, and that home was home. And how sweet home would have been at that moment!

He felt the heavy tread of his pursuer at his heels, he felt the bear rear up to strike him, and instinctively he ducked—and fell. Something white seemed to flash under his feet, and as his whiskers buried themselves in the clay he heard a roar and a snarl and a click behind him. He peered round, and saw the bear striking at the small white thing, then he got up and shuffled on.

Again he felt the bear at his heels, but ere it closed he heard that snarl again, and felt the monster halt and turn. Something unusual was taking place, and he turned and looked.

Then he saw and understood.

Behind the bear was a terrier—his terrier—and every time the monster got into its stride the dog snapped at its hamstrings and dodged back ere the bear could turn with a raking slash.

A dozen times if once this happened, till the monster, tortured beyond endurance, turned at length to hunt the vexatious terrier and so forsook the man. Thus, as Tom reached his cabin, he saw the bear crashing from thicket to thicket, to pounce on each in turn then listen after the crash, to see if it had flushed its quarry. For the terrier, having seen the man safely home, was making good its escape as best it could, for, feeble and starved, its foe was a formidable one.

Tom went in, and took the rusty Winchester from its rusty hooks above the tiny parchment window. Then he tore away the parchment, and sighted long and carefully. When at length he pulled the trigger, and crouched like an image, his eye still to the sights, watching the effect, he saw the bear roll over like a sack of wheat, and it did not stir again.

A little while later a white terrier dragged itself to the threshold and looked into its master's face with eyes of love and greeting.

There was no sickly sentiment between them, and what had to be done Tom did with a pair of pincers—the removal of that wicked quill, while the terrier tried to bite him, and would have bitten him, but that there was a cord about its mouth. Later its angry snarls turned to caresses, and while the dog and Tom shared their supper from the same bowl, Tom said—"Boy, we'll be quit of this. These yere woods is getting me down. We'll take the train for Cross Creeks tomorrow, and start new in the Arrowhead country. Ain't never seen the lakes have you? My—but you're a clever dog to find your way home."

And there was not much question now as to Rag's pluck.

